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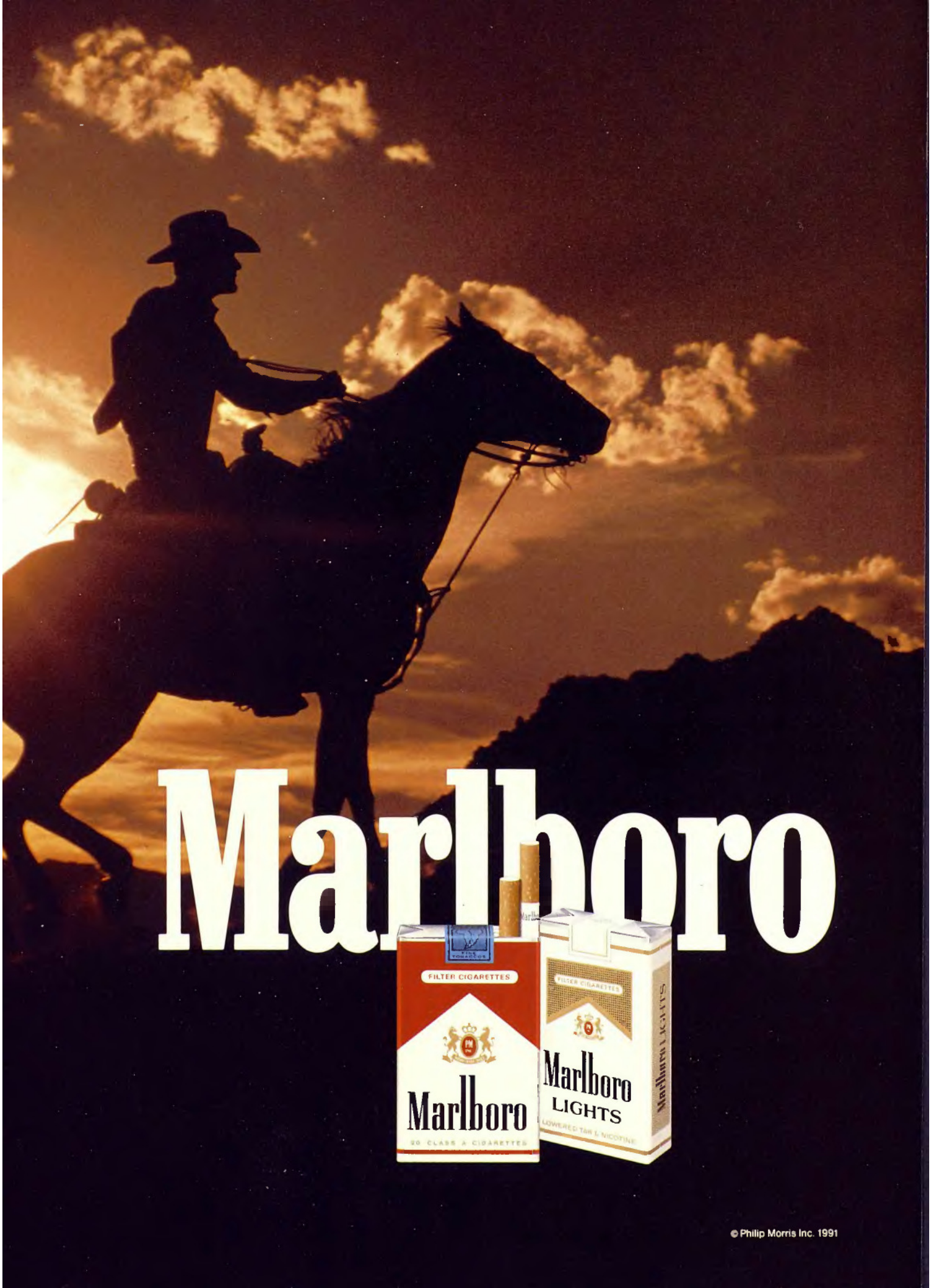

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PLAYBILL

WHILE THE REST OF US were watching the Gulf war on CNN, Contributing Editor **Morgan Strong** was racing toward Kuwait City in the cab of a Toyota pickup. That vantage point had its drawbacks, such as unexploded ordnance, Iraqi soldiers and mine fields. But it also afforded a perspective free of the dreaded press pool. For his battlefield piece *No, Mein Kuwait* (illustrated by **Amy Crehore**), Strong got to the heart of the newly liberated country and took a close look at the real winners of this war. No, they weren't the Kuwaitis—or the Americans.

Dodging missiles of another sort this month was entertainment critic **Elvis Mitchell,** who conducted the *Playboy Interview* with director **Spike Lee,** the force behind *Do the Right Thing* and the forthcoming *Jungle Fever*. Lee fires off opinions about why he'll never be part of an interracial couple, why blacks can't be racist and why **Eddie Murphy** makes him mad.

For three decades, Supreme Court Justice **William Brennan** fought for such causes as civil rights, freedom of the press and the right to privacy. In *The Justice Breaks His Silence*, longtime *Playboy* contributor **Nat Hentoff** got the first significant interview with the recently retired Justice, who discoursed on everything from the resilience of the Constitution to the passions of **Sandra Day O'Connor. Gary Kelley** provided the accompanying portrait.

Paul Simon says that there must be 50 ways to leave your lover, but what happens when she walks out on *you*? Contributing Editor **Denis Boyles** addresses that prickly subject in *The Thinking Man's Guide to Breaking Up*, a must-read manual on surviving heartbreak. Also, look for Boyles's latest book, *Man Eaters Motel*, in the bookstores. It's about lions, not ladies. Either way, Boyles knows his way around a dangerous species.

For the past year, *Playboy's History of Jazz and Rock* has chronicled America's indigenous art form, as the African music of the slaves evolved into sizzling jazz in New Orleans. In this third installment, *Some Like It Hot*, **David Standish** traces the hot licks as they grab Chicago by its big shoulders. This one's for you, **Satchmo.**

Also doing some serious riffing—the verbal variety—this month is **Eric Bogosian,** the splatter-mouth subject of **Warren Kalbacker's** *20 Questions*. Bogosian, known for his hyperaggressive stage monologs (*Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll*) and the film of his spookily intense *Talk Radio*, vents his thoughts on horny guys, decadent living and vegetable gardens.

No baseball fans have suffered more than Red Sox fans, which helps explain the grim retribution in **Lucius Shepard's** story *Sports in America*. It's truly a diamond passion to kill for. **David Wilcox** contributed the artwork.

Those of you putting together your midsummer wardrobes may want to check out some more peaceable boys of summer—and their dads—in *Playboy*'s sport-shirt collection, photographed by **Andrew Eccles.** We've outfitted the **Ripken** family—**Cal, Cal, Jr.,** and brother **Billy,** of the Orioles—and two **Alomars, Sandy** and **Sandy, Jr.,** the latter with the Indians, in off-field finery.

None of the chatter about overexposure to ultraviolet rays scares automobile writer **Ken Gross** or Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley.** They braved the rays to bring you a sun lover's guide to convertibles. (Next month: sun screens.)

Gross and Fegley aren't the only ones exposing sensitive derma to the open air. **Miss Bulgaria** doffed her protective coverings to give us a new perspective on Eastern Europe, and in *The Height Report*, produced by West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** (seen right with tall girl **Tracy Tweed**), we incline our gaze upward at women of dizzying proportions. That's just what you need in the summer: a long, tall drink of water.

STRONG

CREHORE

MITCHELL

GRABOWSKI, TWEED

BOYLES

ECCLES

STANDISH

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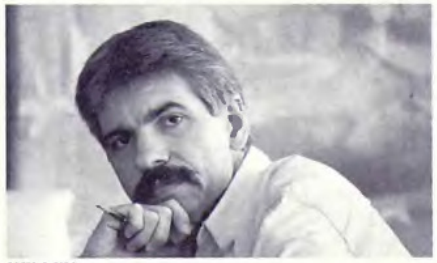
KELLEY

SHEPARD

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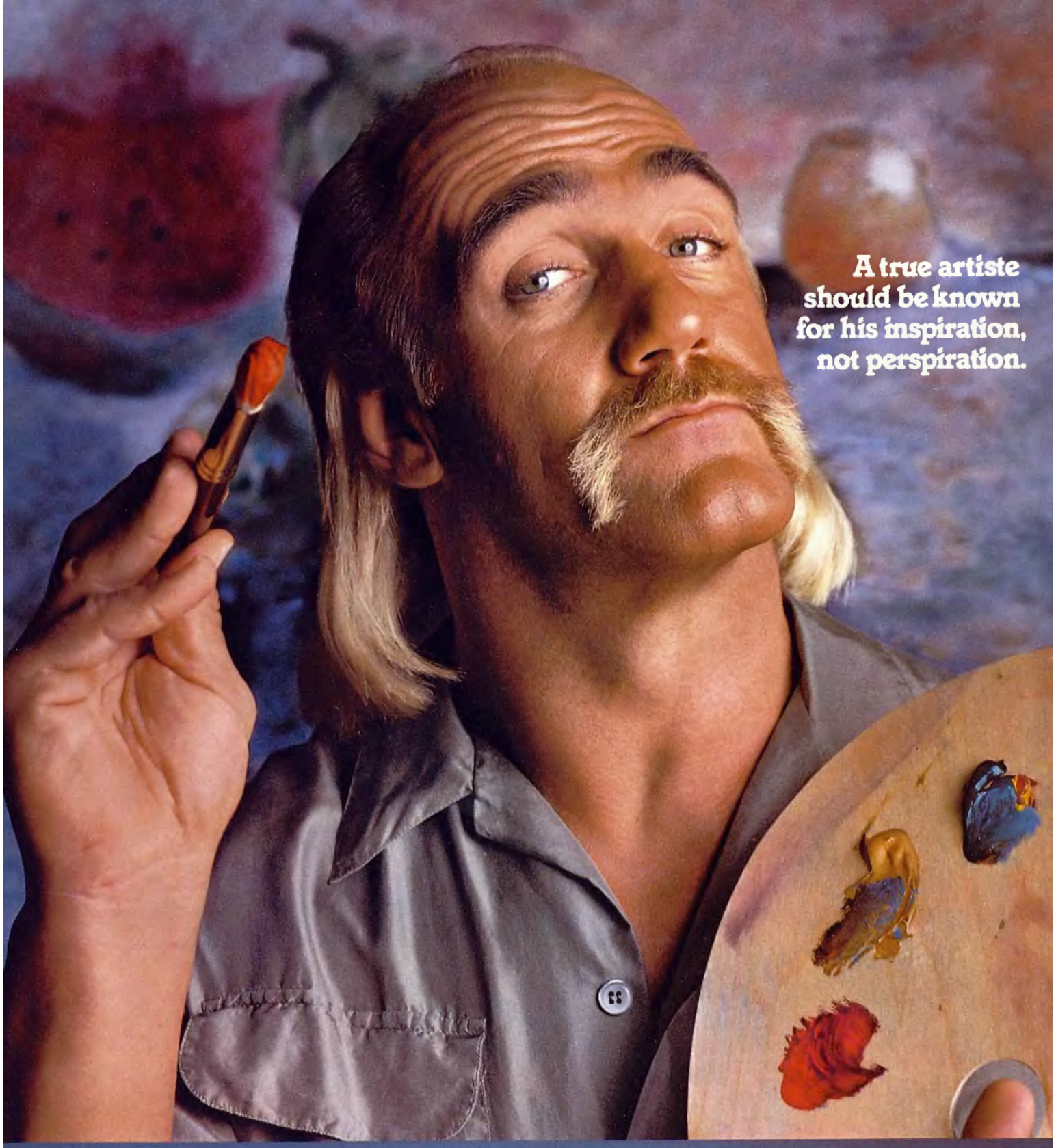
FEGLEY

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), July 1991, volume 38, number 7. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.



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PLAYBOY

vol. 38, no. 7—july 1991

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COVER STORY

September Playmate Samantha Dorman makes a cameo appearance on our summer cover, designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. Thanks go to John Victor and Pat Tomlinson for Samantha's hair and make-up. Lingerie by Natori, jewelry by Kaso at D. P. Associates, New York City, and shoes from Charles Jourdan Boutique. "She's a shoe-in," the Rabbit quips.

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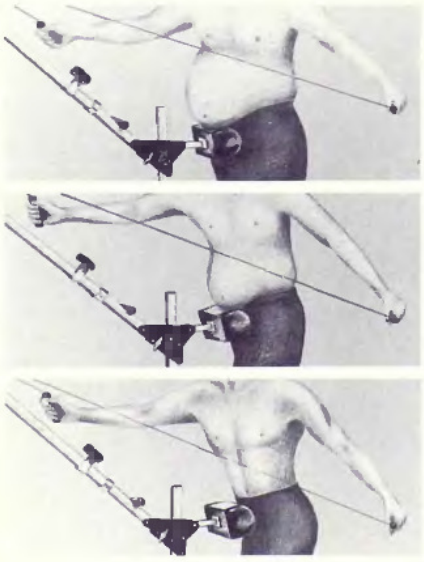

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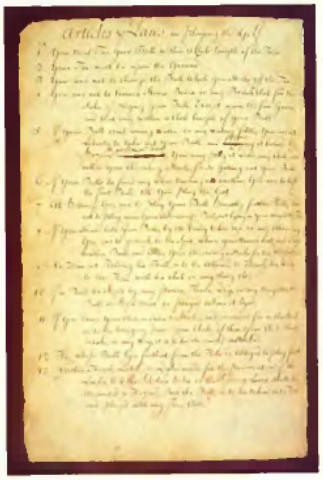

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CALL OF THE WILD

I have worked in the psychology-of-men field for 17 years as a psychologist and researcher. I have spoken at and given seminars all over the world and written a best-selling book (*The Secrets Men Keep*) on the subject. There are many voices speaking today about men—none as powerful and clear as that of Asa Baber. Baber is insightful and courageous. His article in your April issue, *Call of the Wild*, will go down as a classic—a "must read" for men and women who are truly interested in understanding the male soul. My only criticism is that Baber references Robert Bly too much and his own pioneering *Men* column not enough.

It's easy to take cheap shots at other people's rituals. Thank you, Asa Baber, for once again putting it all on the line in this inspired article. If there really is a "New Warrior," it is you.

Dr. Ken Druck
Solana Beach, California

I have been reading Asa Baber's column religiously for more than two years. He has been on the cutting edge of the men's movement for years and is more than qualified to write about its historical perspective. *Call of the Wild* is great, very well written and I am honored to have my name associated with Asa Baber's.

Ronald R. Hering, Ph.D., President
Peak Performance Center
Lake Mills, Wisconsin

Regarding Asa Baber's *Call of the Wild*: It is my belief that "wildman" energy exists in both sexes. Until our culture learns to understand and welcome that essential part of the human being, shame will continue to play too large a role in all our lives.

Melody Barnhart
Lewisville, Texas

I have just finished reading Asa Baber's *Call of the Wild* and I'd like to thank him not just for this article but for the difference he and a few visionary men like him have made in my life.

Through his *Men* columns, Baber has provided guideposts for my journey to my wildman and, ultimately, to myself. His writing has given me the benefit of experience and a framework in which to chart discoveries about myself, my gender and my society.

In college, I met all kinds of people and considered all kinds of thoughts and theories. Happily, I found men and women (several feminists among them—the harder they think, the more they see) who were conscious of male identity crises and who spoke out against misconceptions of the male gender in today's world. Thanks to their help and to Baber's, I have became a person I can live with, a person I like and a person in whom I am secure.

Keith C. Nolen
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

"LET'S HEAR IT FOR MARIE OSMOND"

Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook* "Let's Hear It for Marie Osmond" (*Playboy*, April) questions our defense of a country whose repressive religious policy is applied to its defenders as well as to its own citizens with equal fanatical zeal. Scheer also questions our aid to a society that views us as infidels. Although I agree with his basic assessment, I wonder if he hasn't missed an important point. Weren't the Saudis reluctant recipients of our aid? Didn't Dick Cheney and others have to twist the Saudis' arms to allow us a launching pad for our offensive against the Iraqis? Perhaps strict compliance to Islamic law is part of the price we pay for the privilege.

William C. Olson
Lake City, Michigan

Unless you have information that has been kept from everyone else, the evidence is

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convincing that once Saddam rattled the walls, the Saudis tumbled straight to us.

Robert Scheer's "Let's Hear It for Marie Osmond" is by far the best article I have read in 30 years of enjoying *Playboy*. As a World War Two veteran, I strongly support the points made by Scheer.

We really got suckered into this one. With a recession staring the Administration in the face and with the President's popularity at an all-time low, along came Saddam Hussein to provide the Administration with a vehicle to turn things around, and Bush jumped at the chance.

What were we doing over there? Putting down aggression? Where were we when Russia invaded Afghanistan? Bush made a big point about how we went to war with Iraq because of the UN resolutions. However, whenever there is a UN resolution censuring us for some act, we ignore it.

DeForrest E. Cline
Springfield, Missouri

SPRING BREAK

As a longtime subscriber, I've always enjoyed your magazine and, over the past several years, appreciated your public-service messages for safe and responsible motorcycling on behalf of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the Motorcycle Industry Council.

Your *Give Us a Break!* pictorial (*Playboy*, April), however, with its display of mindless morons and their bimbos on motorcycles, sans clothes and helmets and any shred of safety or common sense, leaves me cold. To add to its photographic stupidity, the copy on page 80 reads, "We suggest a bullet bike and a passenger in thong bikini."

Playboy, please give *me* a break. Motorcycling is a sport that can be very dangerous if not treated with respect.

Paul Golde
Mission Viejo, California

You're right, Paul, and we want to reaffirm our advocacy of safe motorcycling. The photos you mention were taken for their visual effect and are not intended to be a model of sensible behavior on a motorcycle.

I was enjoying your April issue's spring-break pictorial, *Give Us a Break!*, when I noticed a familiar face. Looking back in my *Playboy* library, I realized *exactly* where I had seen this face before. It was in the *Girls of the Southeastern Conference* pictorial in your October 1989 "Bold Back to Campus Issue." The face is that of Wendy Christine, a beautiful blonde coed.

The part that perplexes me is how Wendy could be "going after a master's in marketing" in 1989, and in 1991 be "a University of Georgia senior."

Gregory Maratea
Deer Park, New York

When you look as good as Wendy Christine, Greg, you can pursue your education in any order you want.

WOMEN OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES

I have seen your April issue featuring the pictorial *Women of the Women's Colleges* and, yes, there are women at Centenary College. Lots of men, too.

Centenary has been coed since 1987 and 26 percent of our population is male. We have enrolled men in all our majors and have sports for men, as well as a fraternity.

So Centenary is out of place in an issue featuring students exclusively from women's colleges. Men and women here are enjoying the benefits of a small, independent coeducational college with excellent academics and a great campus environment.

Dr. Stephanie M. Bennett, President
Centenary College
Hackettstown, New Jersey

Thank you for writing, Dr. Bennett. Centenary's long-standing reputation as a women's college and Karey Axell's winning smile blinded us to the school's more recent coed status.

MARTIN SCORSESE

Contributing Editor David Rensin's *Playboy Interview* with Martin Scorsese (April) is great! I find it very refreshing that Scorsese, unlike many of his contemporaries, comes off as being neither conceited nor arrogant. I hope he'll be directing for many years to come, because his films make it worth going to the movies.

Shawn Watson
Arlington, Texas

CHRISTINA LEARDINI

I have apparently been seriously remiss in my patronage of fast-food restaurants. I've never seen anyone like Christina Leardini sweeping the floor in one. As a longtime subscriber, I think Christina is one of the best Playmates ever. Playmate of the Year—hands down. If Christina is, as she says, "a nerd," she must be the most exquisite nerd alive.

Jim Millick
Bettendorf, Iowa

April Playmate Christina Leardini is a honey! If two people from different cultures such as her parents can join to achieve such beauty, two very different regions (ours and the Middle East) can get together to achieve peace.

As a fight fan, I also enjoyed *20 Questions* with George Foreman. Foreman has all the characteristics a man needs to be a fighter: a willingness to dominate, intimidate and be greedy. Which prompts one question. Is he going to run for Congress?

David Huggins, Jr.
Buffalo, New York

PLAYBOY IN THE GULF

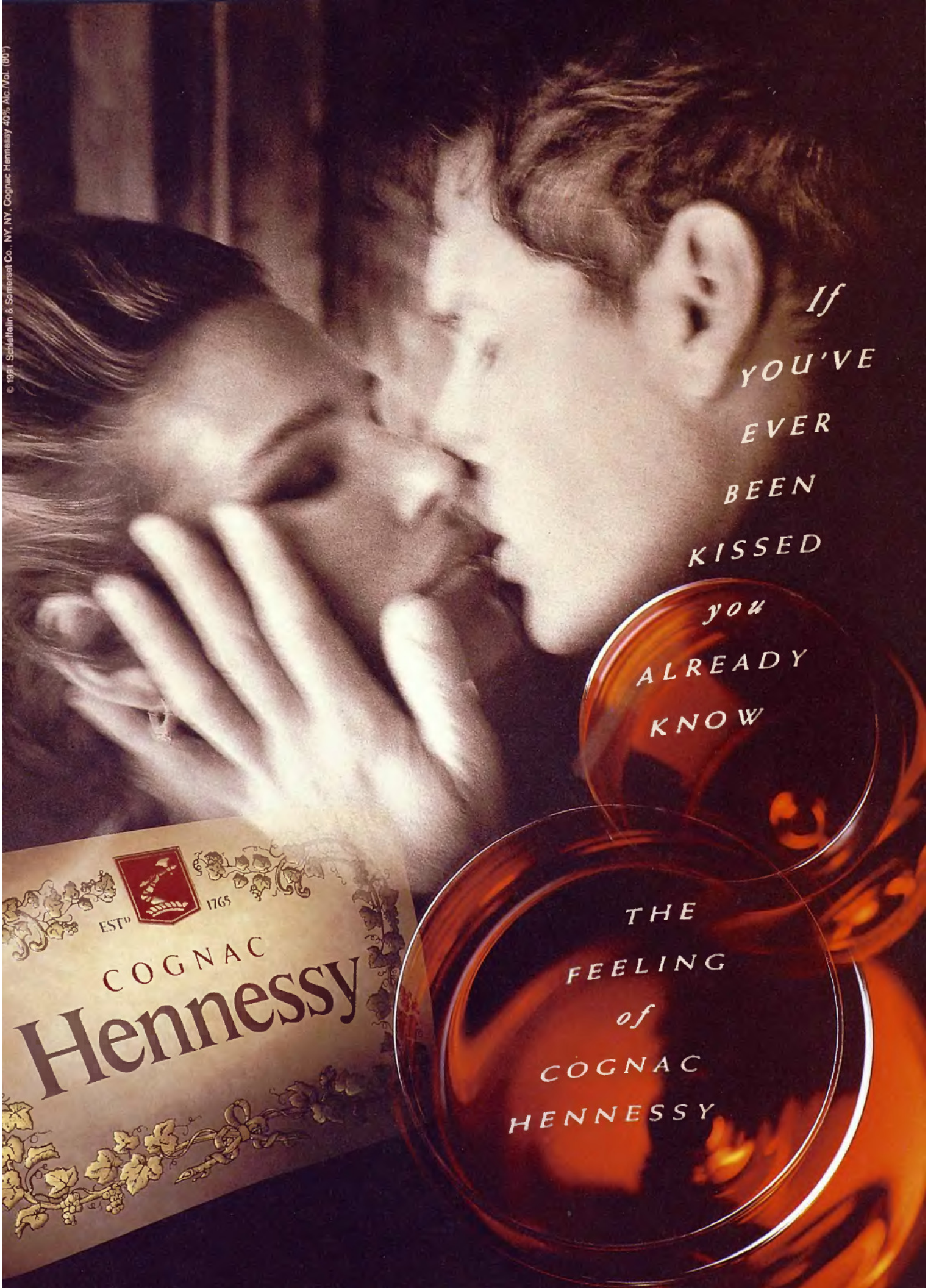
By now, the fighting is over and we will be coming home soon. I wanted to let you folks know that even though we were not allowed to read *Playboy* magazine during our six-month stay, you were never far from our thoughts.

Even as the Scuds were dropping around us, every morning, we'd run out to check to make sure the *Playboy* sign was still proudly flying.

God bless America and God bless *Playboy*.

OS/3 Carl Canga
RM/1 Stephen Specht
Lt. Tom Kymn
APO New York, New York 09770

Our boys in the Gulf kept their priorities straight.



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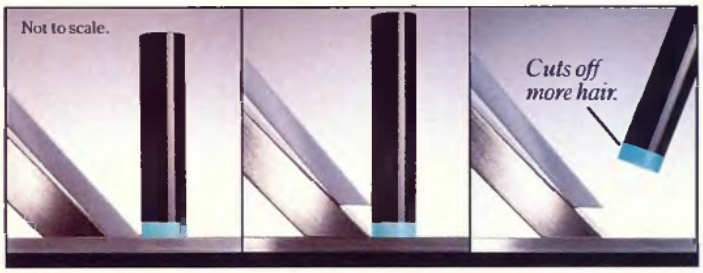
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING THE PERFECT SHAVE, YOU'RE NOT EVEN CLOSE.

This new standard of shaving excellence was achieved through major improvements in virtually every area



More hair enters the chamber of the improved "Lift and Cut" system. *Improved system lifts and exposes additional hair.* *Improved system cuts hair even closer.*

of the Norelco patented "Lift and Cut"™ system. The comb slots have been redesigned so hair growing at any angle can be quickly directed to the blades. The cutting system has been engineered to shave even closer without the blades touching your skin. And an improved bearing mechanism delivers a more consistent, smoother cutting action.

Together, these engineering advances shave you closer than ever. Yet not one iota of comfort has been lost. Rather, you've gained a new level of closeness and comfort.

Experience this exceptional shave for yourself. Once you do, you'll never come close to being satisfied with anything else.

THE NEW NORELCO SHAVES CLOSER THAN EVER WITH THE SAME INCREDIBLE COMFORT.

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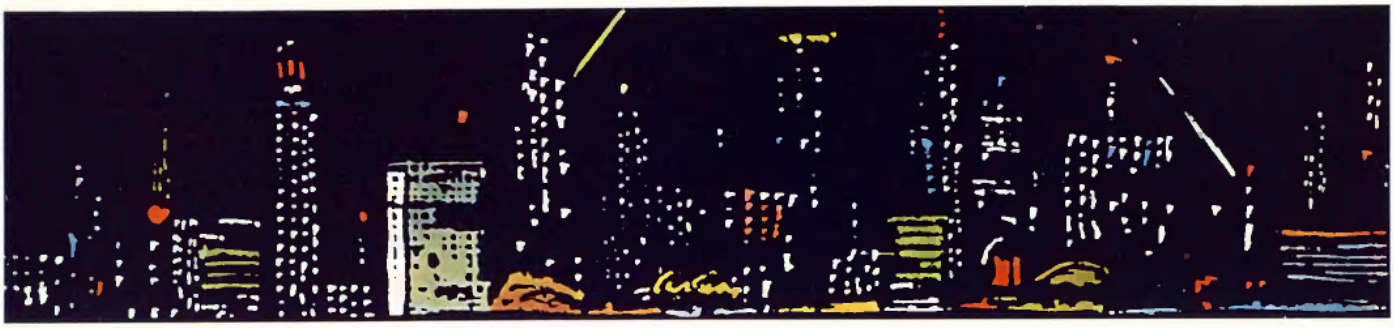
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



STUPID BURGLAR TRICKS

Pleading guilty to a charge of criminal mischief may be the smartest thing James Babcock of Pittsburgh has done. Here's what happened when he tried to break into a shed, garage and home:

Stupid Move Number One: Babcock thrusts fist through window of shed, cutting his hand.

S.M. Number Two: Babcock breaks into second story of nearby garage. It's dark—very dark. He doesn't see hole in floor and plummets to first story (kids, don't try this at home).

S.M. Number Three: Woozy perpetrator staggers around garage, falls into grease pit, splits head open.

S.M. Number Four: Babcock shifts to house, breaks in by smashing $300 window in front door. Once inside, he topples again—this time down cellar stairs.

S.M. Number Five: The Bad-Luck Burglar, as cops subsequently christen him, decides to leave. He starts car, drives down hill, hits tree and sustains blow to head.

S.M. Number Six: Would-be thief exits car, locking all doors (can't have getaway car stolen) and returns to garage. Falls once more into grease pit.

S.M. Number Seven: Babcock heads for car, can't find keys. Shatters car's rear window, breaks gear shift to get it into neutral but can't unlock steering wheel. Hits second tree.

S.M. Number Eight: Bruised, battered, Babcock falls unconscious. Head drops against steering wheel. Horn blares continuously—until police arrive.

No word from Chevy Chase's agent.

HISTORY IN THE (MONEY) MAKING

Bad news for memorabilia collectors: Your most prized holdings—that mint-condition Mantle autograph, your rare Botswanian stamp, the stack of Desert Storm trading cards—are officially second-class. Gallery of History, a museum-like emporium that has set up shop in eight American cities, is doing a whopping business in historic documents. Although its inventory is vast (131,600 items now in stock, ranging in price from $195 to $1,500,000), History's president, Todd Axelrod, does have his faves—some sold, some still available.

Most valuable: Abe Lincoln's letter to Grace Bedell, the little girl who suggested he sport a beard to boost his PR.

Funniest: Letter from Errol Flynn apologizing for a barroom tantrum.

Vilest: A document outlining Hitler's plan for extermination of the Jews.

Most ironic: Einstein's first scientific paper—written in 1895 when he was 16—which he self-effacingly called "naïve and imperfect." Modern physicists, says Axelrod, have discovered in it "the seeds of the theory of relativity."

Happiest: A letter by Margaret Mitchell expressing her joy at winning the Pulitzer Prize for *Gone with the Wind*. Just a friend's prediction that she *might* win, she wrote, had so amused her that she dropped her glasses into her soup.

Sexiest: A tossup between a signed photo of a young Sophia Loren and an autographed photo of Marilyn Monroe from the first issue of *Playboy* that Axelrod believes was "ripped out of the magazine."

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

Presidential mementos sell at a brisk pace. "Lincoln material gets the most requests," says Axelrod, "followed by Washington, then Jefferson, Truman and Kennedy." And which Prez draws the least bids? "Chester A. Arthur. Poor guy—the only time we sell an Arthur is when somebody's buying the whole set and *has* to take him."

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

A study by the World Health Organization found that an injection of testosterone enanthate, a synthetic hormone, stops sperm production in men by convincing the body it has plenty already (sort of a male pill). However, a few test subjects experienced two minor side effects: acne and weight gain. Which makes sense: You'll be so fat and pimply no woman will ever sleep with you.

A STAND-UP KINDA GUY

Sometimes a debate erupts among members of the scientific community—and it just boggles the mind. To wit, the following letter from University of Miami geology professor Cesare Emiliani, in a recent issue of *Discover* magazine.

"Regarding Solomon Katz's theory that beer brewing was responsible for the change from a hunting-gathering society to an agricultural one, I have developed a vastly more important theory that goes to the core of the most crucial event in the evolutionary history of humankind—the acquisition of vertical posture. Because vertical posture entails a colossal disadvantage—it exposes to attack and injury the most delicate parts of the body—it must have been overshadowed by an even more colossal advantage. Generations of scholars have pondered this problem, but no convincing explanation has ever been advanced. My theory is that early hominids, having accidentally discovered that water in which fruits were rotting away had desirable, mood-enhancing qualities, rapidly assumed vertical posture to stomp on grapes and other fruits and make wine. Unquestionably, the better stompers had

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Show me a nation whose national beverage is beer, and I'll show you an advanced toilet technology."—PUNDIT MARK HAWKINS IN *Toasts: The Complete Book of the Best Toasts, Sentiments, Blessings, Curses and Graces*, BY PAUL DICKSON

SCANDALIZED

According to the TV rating service Arbitron, the number of viewers who tuned in to the top-20 syndicated religious programs in November 1985, 11,551,000; in November 1990, 7,700,000.

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In November 1985, number of households tuned in to Jimmy Swaggart, 2,200,000; Oral Roberts, 1,100,000; Jerry Falwell, 604,000; Pat Robertson, 543,000; Jim and Tammy Bakker, 339,000.

•

In November 1990, number of households tuned in to Jimmy Swaggart, 404,000; Oral Roberts, 536,000; Jerry Falwell, 15,000; Pat Robertson, 290,000; Jim and Tammy Bakker, 0.

NEW AIRBORNE ORDER

Cost to the Government for the new Boeing 747-200B serving as Air Force One and its identical backup: $266,000,000.

•

Cost of the hangar at Andrews Air Force Base to house the two jumbo jets: $47,000,000.

•

Number of lavatories per plane, seven; telephones, 85; passenger seats, 70; seats for crew members, 23; seats for reporters, photographers, television crews, 13.

FACT OF THE MONTH

One of every 15 people in the United States work force got his or her first job at McDonald's.

Number of gallons of jet fuel carried on board: 53,611.

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Number of gallons of fuel burned per hour: 3142.86.

•

Percentage increase in fuel consumption over that for the previous Presidential jet: 46.6.

GENDER GAP

Percentage of full-time working men in professional or managerial jobs, 29; of women, 30.

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Percentage of men in lower-paying administrative-support jobs, six; of women, 31.

•

Percentage of full-time working men who have incomes of $50,000 or more, 15; of women, three.

LEMON SQUEEZERS

In 1980, average number of defects found by inspectors per 100 cars at the end of the assembly line at Chrysler, 810; General Motors, 740; Ford, 670; Japanese car makers, 205.

•

In 1989, average number of defects per 100 cars for Chrysler, 175; for General Motors, 168; for Ford, 149; for Japanese car makers, 150.

JUST THE FAX

Number of fax machines sold in 1985, 145,000; in 1990, 1,600,000.

JUST THE BARE FACTS

Percentage of American men who slept in the nude in 1985, 19; in 1991, 26.

•

Percentage of American women who slept in the nude in 1985, six; in 1991, six.

—BETTY SCHAAL AND CAROL ACKERBERG

a huge advantage, especially when it came to wooing the most desirable mates (one can still see this early trait in modern bars). My theory also explains why the evolution of the pelvis preceded that of the brain—it does not take much brains to stomp."

But did it occur to Dr. Emiliani that stomping on all fours might have produced more wine? We'll rate his theory 15 on a scale of one to 20.

HOLY ROCK-AND-ROLLERS

Say you form a band with a bunch of greasy, young white kids who want to put down their bourgeois backgrounds. What do you call your new group? Something shocking, something taboo—something that takes His name in vain, maybe? We went on an informal search for rockers inspired by the early-era punk band Teenage Jesus and the Jerks and found the following: Jesus Jones (its LP *Doubt* hit number one on college charts in March), the Jesus and Mary Chain, Sleazy Jesus and the Splatter Pigs, Jesus Lizard, Jumpin' Jesus, MC 900-ft. Jesus, Liquid Jesus, Jesus Couldn't Drum and Jesus Chrysler. Other bands of which we've only heard rumors: Econo Jesus, Jesus Schmesus, Screaming Purple Jesus (not the drink—save your postage) and Jesus, Carpenter Dude. Good Lord, this guy's bigger than Elvis.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE KOSHER KIND

Leah Adler, a.k.a. Steven Spielberg's mom, says she dubbed her L.A. restaurant The Milky Way in honor of her boy's film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Filled with stars, it's the only kosher dairy restaurant where the celebrated clientele rivals that of such Hollywood watering holes as Spago and Morton's. It's also the only joint in town where you might find Steven Spielberg in the kitchen trying to make a kosher pizza. (His mother reports his skills as a pie twirler don't quite equal his cinematic savvy—but that's OK, he's a nice boy.)

Mrs. Adler is a zany 71-year-old, fond of dashing about her domain sporting Groucho Marx–style glasses, nose and mustache, offering diners tidbits of dishes never found in gloomy kosher restaurants on New York's Lower East Side. At The Milky Way, agents, directors, producers and actors nibble on appetizers of pot stickers, salmon puffs and *guacamole*; entrees of spinach crepes, salmon *roulades*, *chimichangas*, potato pancakes, fish and chips, cheese blintzes, cabbage rolls and an Oriental stir fry. The food does for kosher cooking what *Jaws* did for thrillers: It puts the bite back into the basics. And how does her *glatt* fare compare with the delicacies of other L.A. posh spots? Adler wouldn't know. "I've never been to Spago," she says wistfully. "Tell me what it's like."

WINGS OF GLORY

The definitive pewter sculpture of the U.S. Navy F-14 Tomcat.

Shown smaller than actual size of 8¼" in length. Scale 1:90.

It's a major triumph in the eternal fight for freedom! And this exciting commemorative sculpture will forever honor those who risked everything in freedom's cause.

Recapturing all the majesty and power of America's F-14 fighter jet, this dramatic symbol of superiority in the skies is packed with detail, from its missiles to its historic "swing wings" that can change configuration in mid-flight.

The issue price for this spectacular display piece: Just $195, payable in convenient monthly installments. Exclusively from The Franklin Mint.

THIRTY DAY RETURN ASSURANCE POLICY

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

Positioned on its own hardwood and metal display, this exciting sculpture soars dramatically skyward.

Intricately sculptured, richly detailed.

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Please mail by July 31, 1991.

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Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

YES! Please enter my order for the definitive pewter replica of the F-14 Tomcat. This spectacular imported display piece is to be hand-cast in pewter, handcrafted, and hand-rubbed to a full, rich patina.

I need send no payment now. I will be billed for my deposit of $39.* prior to shipment, and for the balance in 4 equal monthly installments of $39.* each, after shipment. The handsome hardwood and metal display stand will be provided at no additional charge.

**Plus my state sales tax and a one-time charge of $3. for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

STARRING Madonna, who is credited as the film's executive producer, ***Truth or Dare*** (Miramax) sounds like a vanity production that might shy away from any titillating revelations. But prudence and caution are not Madonna's style. This highly effective game of picture-making peekaboo was shot backstage and off stage during the rock bombshell's Blond Ambition tour by director Alex Keshishian, 26, who was clearly given a green light to catch his instinctively camera-wise subject off guard—with family members, with Warren Beatty, with gay dancers tumbling around in bed, with staff members in nightly preshow prayers or at lunch, where she impishly demonstrates oral sex with a water bottle. On stage, she is a phenomenal exhibitionist. At leisure backstage or in a hotel suite, she is still every inch a superstar—willful, beautiful, opinionated, very much in charge of her surroundings and about as vulnerable as an armored tank. ¥¥¥½

•

Despite all the hoopla about ***The Marrying Man*** (Hollywood Pictures), with stars Kim Basinger and Alec Baldwin reportedly less than pleased with their Disney/Buena Vista production team and vice versa, the movie is pretty bland. In fact, the best things happening here emanate from Neil Simon's screenplay and the secondary characters (played by Armand Assante as Bugsy Siegel, Robert Loggia as a Hollywood mogul and Paul Reiser, Fisher Stevens, Peter Dobson and Steve Hytner as Baldwin's buddies). Baldwin plays a tooth-paste heir named Charley Pearl who marries, divorces, remarries, divorces, etc., the lounge chantootsie from Vegas, played—and sung in a surprisingly strong voice, but with more style than soul—by Basinger. Their attack on this marital comedy seems strained and superficial; the highly publicized Basinger–Baldwin personal relationship rarely ignites on screen. ¥¥½

•

Karen Allen plays the American beauty whose charms derail the best-laid scams of an incorrigible con man in ***Sweet Talker*** (New Line), an airy comedy about love, greed, ecology and economic exploitation in Australia. Bryan Brown is the ex-con who steals a former cellmate's plans for gleaning big profits from the citizens of a scenic coastal village, supposedly near the site of an ancient shipwreck. The specifics don't much matter. *Sweet Talker*'s tricky plot is contrived, but Allen and Brown are an unfailingly appealing duo with strong backing—especially from the precocious lad (Justin Rosniak) who plays Allen's son without being too cute about it. ¥¥

Truth or Dare plays peekaboo with Madonna.

A Marrying Man,
a Sweet Talker and
an irresistible Frenchman.

•

Bryan Brown strikes again, hitting hard in a curiously timely, powerful and ambitious cliff-hanger about Australia's trial of Japanese war criminals at the end of World War Two. It happened, in fact, on the South Pacific island of Amboina. ***Blood Oath*** (Skouras), fictionalized but faithful in spirit, is set in a makeshift jungle courtroom, where it follows the case against a Japanese prison-camp commander (played by *Star Trek*'s Mr. Sulu, George Takei) who is held responsible for the torturing and beheading of four Australian airmen and the murder of hundreds more. Brown forcefully portrays Captain Cooper, the prosecutor whose efforts are thwarted by a U.S. Army man (Terry O'Quinn). *His* mission is to whitewash Japanese officialdom, because America has begun to set up a puppet government in Tokyo. The tried and true—and, sad to say, continuing—principle of expediency over ethics dictates that a young Japanese officer has to die to pay for the sins of his superiors. After a conventional start recapping history, director Stephen Wallace and two screenwriters get *Blood Oath* under way as a cogent, moving dramatization of how so-called national interests all too often take precedence over justice. ¥¥¥

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Writer-director Eric Rochant's subtitled ***Love Without Pity*** (Orion Classics) is yet another corrosive French comedy about an antisocial, irresistible young lout who attracts women (Mireille Perrier is his prime target) but doesn't have a lot of staying power. A go-to-hell handsome actor named Hippolyte Girardot plays the leading role, which would probably have gone to Sean Penn if the movie had been made in English. In any language, it's the kind of portrait of a magnetic born loser that seems to charge film makers' batteries. ¥¥

•

Heartwarming human comedy was the secret ingredient that infused virtually every frame of 1989's Oscar-winning foreign film, *Cinema Paradiso*. Italian director Giuseppe Tornatore is back again with ***Everybody's Fine*** (Miramax), starring Marcello Mastroianni. There's no better movie actor anywhere than Mastroianni, even as a deluded old man named Matteo, looking at the world through thick-lensed glasses. On a trip from Sicily to the mainland cities where his grown children have to pretend they are all OK, he refuses to see that his daughter the actress is just a runway model with an illegitimate child. Nor can he accept the awful truth that one of his three sons has committed suicide. The melancholy story is alleviated by Matteo's charming chance encounter with a woman in transit (France's Michele Morgan), also by touches of Felliniesque fantasy every time Matteo reminisces in flashback about happier days—with moody music by Ennio Morricone. Mastroianni salvages much of it with star power. Still, another visit to *Cinema Paradiso* may be easier to take than *Everybody's Fine* the first time around. ¥¥½

•

Bruce Willis appears briefly as a *macho* murder victim who more or less deserves what he gets in the suspenseful melodrama ***Mortal Thoughts*** (Columbia). Star of director Alan Rudolph's crafty whodunit is Willis' wife, Demi Moore, who plays the best friend of the dead man's widow (Glenne Headly). The two women run a New Jersey beauty shop, where they share confidences about wife abuse, disposing of the body and other domestic matters. Harvey Keitel plays the detective who grills Demi on video tape to divulge every lurid detail. The facts of the case turn out to be far less believable than the performances. ¥¥½

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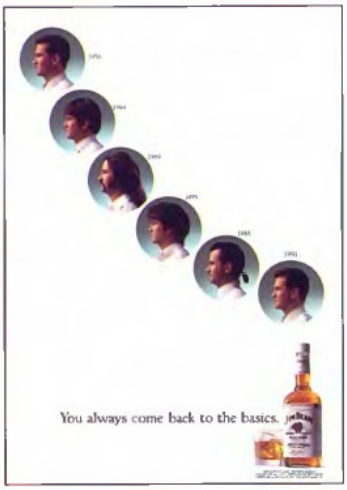
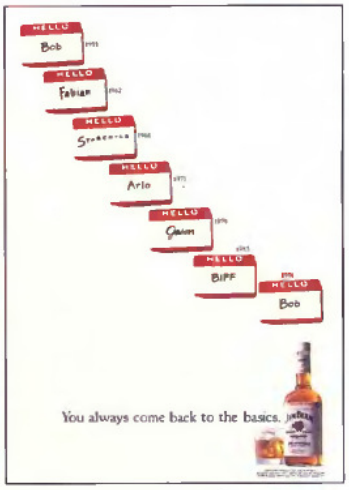
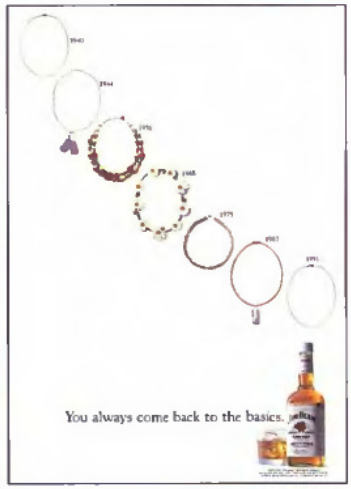
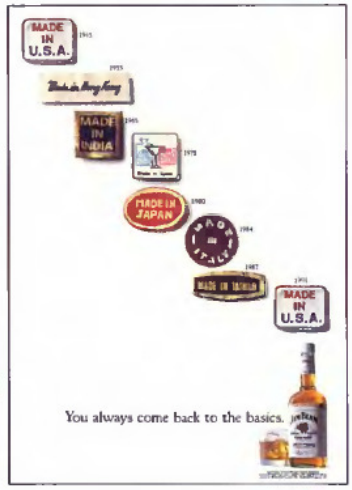
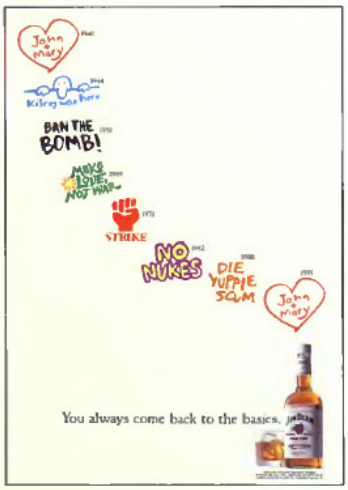
The subtitled ***Europa, Europa*** (Orion Classics) is a compelling saga of the Holocaust era with an entirely new twist. Based on the true story of Solomon Perel, a handsome German Jewish boy (Marco Hofschneider) who eventually











Now what?

You always come back to the basics.

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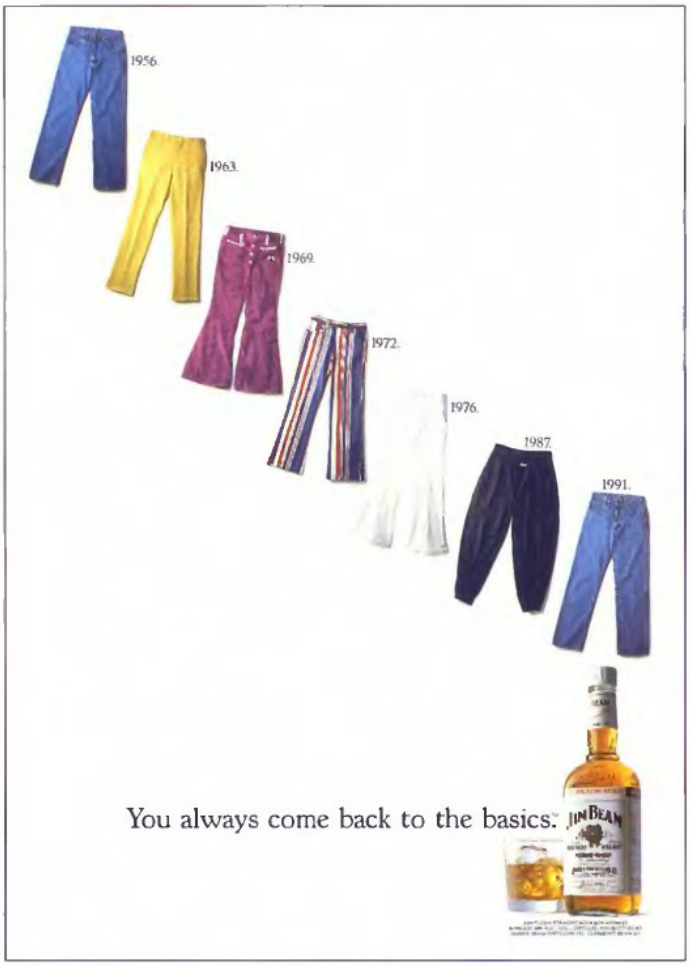

For example.

We thought it was time we let someone else take a crack at doing one of our "Back to the Basics" ads. And you're just the someone we had in mind.

Simply draw your dates and pictures on the official entry form on the next page. (Those who prefer can describe their idea in words.) If your ad is judged the best, you'll see it reproduced in national magazines and receive a check for $10,000. Or, you could win one of over 1,000 additional prizes. Contest ends July 15, 1991.

You'll find extra forms at participating Jim Beam retailers—fill out as many as you like. It's fun and, despite all the fine print at the bottom of this page, simple.

Now, you'd better get to work.

We, on the other hand, are going to sit back and have some Jim Beam.

OFFICIAL RULES

1. No purchase necessary. On attached entry form, print your name, address, zip code and age, sign your name where indicated and use the blank surface to "Create Your Own Ad." Mail to: JIM BEAM AD CONTEST, P.O. Box 812960, Chicago, IL 60681-2960. All entries must be received by July 15, 1991. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be original and mailed separately. No mechanically reproduced, incomplete or illegible entries will be accepted. Not responsible for late, lost or misdirected mail.

2. Winners will be selected by an independent panel of judges. All judging will be conducted under the supervision of William A. Robinson, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Entries judged on judges' perception of: creativity—original or innovative concept/theme (0-50 pts); appropriateness—relevance to JIM BEAM image and advertising (0-50 pts). No entry will be returned or acknowledged. In the event of a tie, the tied entries will be re-judged.

3. Grand Prize (1): $10,000.00, your ad published in *Rolling Stone, Playboy, Entertainment Weekly, Omni,* and *Sports Illustrated,* and 1-year subscription to each of these magazines (approx. retail value $180.00). First Prize (3): $1,000.00 and 1-year subscription to any one of these 5 magazines (approx. retail value $36.00). Second Prize (1,000): a collection of 20 JIM BEAM ad reprints. No substitutions or exchanges allowed. Winners will be notified by mail.

4. Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, compliance with rules, publicity release, and warranty as to originality or ownership.

5. You may request an official entry form by writing to: JIM BEAM AD CONTEST ENTRY FORM, P.O. Box 811547, Chicago, IL 60681-1547. One request per envelope, request must be received by July 1, 1991.

6. Entrants acknowledge and agree that all entries become the sole property of Jim Beam Brands Co., which thereby has the right, without any obligation, to edit, adapt, modify, publish, promote and otherwise use or not use in any way the entries received or chosen, without any compensation or liability to entrant other than any applicable award. Entrants waive all rights or remedies at law or in equity for any claim they may have.

7. Open to U.S. residents 21 years of age or older, except employees and agents of Jim Beam Brands Co., its affiliates, subsidiaries, agencies, distributors, holders of resale alcohol beverage licenses/permits, their families and/or household members. Void where prohibited. Taxes are responsibility of winners.

8. For a list of major winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: JIM BEAM AD CONTEST WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 811337, Chicago, IL 60621-1337.

9. Void in CA, UT, TX, MO, OH, and OR.

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JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

Name _____ Street Address _____ I have complied with the official rules accompanying this entry.

Age _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Signature _____

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to the basics.™

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changes his last name to Peters, writer-director Agnieska Holland's harrowing odyssey sends her teenaged hero criss-crossing borders during World War Two. After his family flees to a Polish ghetto, he escapes into Russia, where, in an orphanage, he learns the language and becomes an ardent Communist. The winds of war ultimately send him back to the invading German military, where he confides his identity to a fellow soldier and ends up learning about love as the heroic new boy in an elite school for Hitler Youth. Without being funny about it, *Europa*'s protagonist spends a lot of time keeping his circumcised penis under wraps, lest someone suspect that he is Jewish. Hofschneider oozes boyish desperation as Perel (the actual Perel, today a man in his 60s, is alive and well in Israel). At war's end, he is advised to keep his remarkable story to himself, "because nobody will believe you." The movie depicts an unnerving series of truths that would, indeed, be preposterous as fiction. ¥¥¥

•

Raw emotion and anger propel ***Straight Out of Brooklyn*** (Goldwyn), an abrasive, semiprofessional but memorable first feature by writer-producer-director Matty Rich. Just 19 years old when he made the movie, Rich won a Special Jury Award and considerable acclaim at Utah's Sundance Film Festival early this year. He also has a small role as Larry, a friend of the young hero Dennis (Lawrence Gilliard, Jr.), who lives in Brooklyn's rugged Red Hook section and sees armed robbery as the only escape from a black Third World dominated by white injustice. Dennis sleeps in a room with his kid sister, listening to the crash of crockery as his frustrated father beats up on his mother, running off to his girlfriend's bed when he can't take it any longer. Only his compassionate caring brightens the bitterly downbeat urban landscape that Rich seems to know like the black of his hand. ¥¥

•

The 1990 Academy Award for the best foreign-language film went to ***Journey of Hope*** (Miramax), an upset winner with obvious underdog appeal. Swiss writer-director Xavier Koller earns his honors, however, with the horrendous, wrenching story of a Turkish couple (Necmettin Cobanoglu and Nur Surer as man and wife) who emigrate from their impoverished homeland to Switzerland, taking along just one of their seven children (the chosen one is played by a scene-stealing tyke named Mehmet Ali). While en route by bus, ship and semi, they are bilked of their cash, turned back at the Swiss–Italian border and left by smugglers to freeze in the Alps, where they lose their pitifully few belongings. Only a heart of marble could be unmoved by their plight, which is dramatically photographed and acted by stars with unpronounceable names giving performances you won't soon forget. ¥¥¥

Rothrock: Dangerous moves.

OFF CAMERA

Rousingly celebrated in faraway places as the female Bruce Lee, blonde **Cynthia Rothrock** is a martial-arts champ and traffic-stopping movie star (with 14 foreign-made films under her black belt). Her public appearances instigate riots from London to Hong Kong. "When I made a movie in Indonesia, people were screaming and chasing me. And in the Philippines, they said, 'If you want to run for president, you'll probably win.'"

She could get the same attention here when U.S. audiences catch the upcoming *Fast Getaway*, which introduces her as an agile bank robber in what Rothrock calls "my first world theatrical release. My goal now is to get the kind of reputation here in America that I have everywhere else."

Raised in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Rothrock, now in her early 30s, does all her own stunt work and has been crazy for kung fu since she was 13. "In 1982, I was the first woman to win the weapons title in martial arts, the first woman on the cover of a karate magazine." Now retired from competition, she has been inducted into the Black Belt Hall of Fame, "the highest honor you can get." A Kentucky Fried Chicken commercial paved the way to her very first movie, "a top grosser in Asia and Europe. From then on, I kept getting offer after offer." Among them is a contract to make two pictures for Sylvester Stallone's company. Surprisingly, Rothrock is a mere 5'3" tall. "You don't have to be *big*," she notes. "I feel strongly that all women should learn martial arts, if only as self-defense. It's a dangerous world out there." Unless you know the right moves.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Ballad of the Sad Cafe (Reviewed 6/91) Vanessa belting out her vision of McCullers' odd heroine. ¥¥¥¥

Blood Oath (See review) Japanese war crimes taken to trial by Aussies. ¥¥¥

The Comfort of Strangers (5/91) Venice plays host to a lewd quartet. ¥

Cross My Heart (6/91) French students unite to protect one of their own. ¥¥¥

The Doors (5/91) Sixties nihilism as an art form—by Jim Morrison. ¥¥¥¥

Drowning by Numbers (6/91) Peter Greenaway gears up again. ¥¥½

Europa, Europa (See review) A nice Jewish boy learns the Nazi credo. ¥¥¥

Everybody's Fine (See review) Marcello Mastroianni on a family junket. ¥¥½

F/X 2 (5/91) Ubiquitous Bryan Brown, plus Brian Dennehy, deploying special effects in a passable sequel. ¥¥½

Hangin' with the Homeboys (6/91) Four fun seekers at large in the Bronx. ¥¥¥

Journey of Hope (See review) Hard traveling with an Oscar winner. ¥¥¥

Julia Has Two Lovers (5/91) Romance jump-started by wrong number. ¥¥¥

Love Without Pity (See review) *Tout* Paris seems to love a bad boy. ¥¥

The Marrying Man (See review) They keep doing it, with mild results. ¥¥½

Mortal Thoughts (See review) Stars shine in a slight case of murder. ¥¥½

A Rage in Harlem (Listed only) Bloody black comedy/drama with deft teamwork by Robin Givens and Forest Whitaker. ¥¥½

The Silence of the Lambs (4/91) So far, the year's top thriller—with Jodie Foster and Anthony Hopkins. ¥¥¥¥

Straight Out of Brooklyn (See review) Potent, if you can take it. ¥¥

Strangers in Good Company (6/91) Life through the eyes of some wondrous old women lost in Quebec. ¥¥¥½

Sweet Talker (See review) Once again, Bryan Brown on a caper. ¥¥

Switch (6/91) Girl meets boy, and both turn out to be Ellen Barkin. ¥¥½

Tatie Danielle (5/91) Mean-spirited fun with a French senior citizen. ¥¥¥

Thelma & Louise (5/91) No brakes for Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis on an *Easy Rider* road trip. ¥¥¥¥

Truly, Madly, Deeply (6/91) Woman in love with a dead cellist. ¥¥¥

Truth or Dare (See review) Madonna on a roll, which appears to be her only means of travel. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"I don't go to the movies," says **Mario Puzo**, two-time Oscar winner and best-selling author of *The Godfather*, "because I love to watch videos." Playing regularly on one of two huge home screens are, naturally, the Corleone family saga ("I watched parts one and two four times in order to write the third"); *Gone with the Wind* ("The second half is much worse than the first"); *Chariots of Fire* ("because it's charming"); and *Jesus Christ Superstar*, which he has seen "a thousand times" despite walking out on it in the theater. "As for horror movies," he says, "I never watch them, though *The Exorcist* is a perfectly executed film." Of oldies that "stand up well," Puzo cites *The Informer* and *Double Indemnity*. "[Producer] Bob Evans said *Body Heat* was better than *Indemnity*, but he's full of shit, for my money." So what *won't* Puzo watch? "Music videos. To me, they're just kids being wise guys."

—JOAN GOODMAN

VIDEO SLEEPERS
good movies that crept out of town

Choose Me: In a zany romantic drama directed by Alan Rudolph, Keith Carradine meets Lesley Ann Warren and Genevieve Bujold, the latter as a radio talk-show host for the lovelorn.

Desert Bloom: Set in Nevada during atom-bomb testings, this 1985 drama stars Jon Voight, JoBeth Williams and Annabeth Gish—with Ellen Barkin as the seductive bad sister. Potent and perceptive.

Green for Danger: It'd be a crime to miss Britain's brilliant Alastair Sim as a droll Scotland Yard inspector in one of the niftiest suspense comedies of all time.

I Know Where I'm Going: One of the great romantic comedies, Michael Powell's 1945 winner stars Wendy Hiller as a girl on her way to Scotland to marry for money.

Running on Empty: In a touching, earthy drama directed by Sidney Lumet, Christine Lahti and Judd Hirsch are a Sixties rebel couple on the run with their kids. River Phoenix co-stars.

Touch of Evil: All about drugs, corruption and chicanery in a Mexican border town, directed by Orson Welles at his peak—and starring Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, Marlene Dietrich and Welles himself. Super.—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO SIX-PACK
around-the-world diversions

Voyager Odyssey: NASA photography and computer animation track the visually spectacular space journeys of Voyagers 1 and 2 to Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune—and beyond (Malibu).

Ring of Fire: Four-tape account of British film makers Lawrence and Lorne Blair's ten-year adventure in the Indonesian archipelago (Mystic Fire).

Inside the Soviet Union: Twenty volumes of pre-*glasnost* propaganda films, depicting a life that questionably existed under a system that no longer exists (MPI).

The Raggedy Rawney: Directed by and starring Bob Hoskins, this provocative culture-clash melodrama lovingly captures the vibrant, sensuous textures of a gypsy community in a country ravaged by war (Cannon).

Royalty: An Uncommon Working Family: Britain's major royals are seen as a hard-working executive team running the family business in this video version of a four-hour German TV documentary (International Historic Films).

The Las Vegas Tapes: On-the-street interviews reflect the tarnished underbelly of Glitter Gulch (Subtle Communications).

—TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDBITS

Looking for a video and can't find it *anywhere*? The Critics' Choice Video Search Line (900-370-6500) fields your inquiry—by title, star or subject matter—and does the search for you. Your only costs are the call (one dollar for the first minute, 50 cents each additional minute) and the video itself. Allow one to two weeks for a response. . . . Brian Heir's ***Tone-A-Metrics*** exercise video is a true ground breaker: The workout is especially designed for the physically challenged (those recovering from accidents or disease, the obese, AIDS patients) with exercises that can be done from bed. Tape also features a color-coded icon in the corner of the screen for easy fast-forwarding to the exercises of your choice. Call 800-678-HEIR for more info. . . . Best new vid blast from the past: V.I.E.W.'s Video's ***The Patti Page Video Songbook,*** 18 tunes from her Fifties TV show, including *How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?* and *Tennessee Waltz*.

SHORT TAKES

Rudest Dad's-Day Video: *My Father the Clown*; **Least Kosher Instructional Tape:** *Ham: Lesson 25*; **Best Blind-Date-Bail-out Video:** *Introduction to Securities Filings Under the 1933 and 1934 Acts*; **Least Subtle "Howdy, Neighbor" Video:** *Chicago to New York: Drop Dead*; **Best Easier-Said-than-Done Video:** *Cineradiographic Examination of the Velopharyngeal Mechanism*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *The Dime*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Basics of Restroom Cleaning*.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING FAMILIAL	***Mermaids*** (flaky single mom Cher drives daughter Winona Ryder to goofy Christianity); ***Three Men and a Little Lady*** (stags Danson, Guttenberg and Selleck fight for sequel-assuring tyke); ***Postcards from the Edge*** (Meryl Streep enacts Carrie Fisher memoir of family, showbiz and drugs).
FEELING NATIVE	***Avalon*** (Barry Levinson's deft portrait of an immigrant family settled in Baltimare); ***Havana*** (Lena Olin drops a scented hankie on card shark Robert Redford's big Cuban scheme; Sydney Pallack directed); ***The Sheltering Sky*** (John Malkovich and Debra Winger endure Saharan pain/pleasure).
FEELING INTENSE	***Jacob's Ladder*** (Vietnam vet Tim Rabbins straddles the threshold of reality and hell); ***The Krays*** (London's weirdo pretty-boy gangsters bust heads but love their mum); ***The Dead Zone*** (Christopher Walken sees the future—and it's scary. Whaddaya expect from Stephen King?).
FEELING FEISTY	***Rocky V*** (this time, Stallone manages the great white hope, but it's still a good fight); ***Bonfire of the Vanities*** (Willis and Hanks embody Eighties New Yark scum; a box-office dud with VCR potential); ***Meet the Applegates*** (humanaid insects plot ta blaw up an Ohio nuke plant; amusing satire by the directar af *Heathers*).

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F/X	6502002
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STYLE

DON'T BIKE IT, SPIKE IT

Forget those Lycra bike pants and loud "thrasher" skateboard looks. Volleyball is serving up this summer's hottest active sportswear, thanks to national TV coverage that has transformed the game from a California beach pastime into one of the fastest-growing professional, college and spectator sports (remember the U.S. Olympic win?). Bright logo T-shirts (even Ralph Lauren offers Polo Volley) and basic volley shorts are standard fare, but several companies, including Spot Sport, Redsand, Sideout Sport, Stussy and Mossimo (maker of the shirt-and-shorts combination shown here), offer complete sportswear lines that are relaxed and oversized—perfect for bumping and spiking as well as bending an elbow at your favorite pub after the game. Primitive prints and Sixties-style floral designs are especially hot. Keep cool with cotton fabrics blended with Supplex or nylon. Side out.

THE PANTS OF SUMMER

The name is a Spanish word for "toasted," but chinos are as American as sparklers on the Fourth of July. Last year alone, Levi Strauss sold $550,000,000 worth of its $35 Dockers brand in the U.S. The popularity of the sturdy sand-colored, cotton-twill models of old have led to chinos in a variety of classic colors and styles. Barry Bricken's, for example, makes comfortably cut, single-pleated chinos with plenty of room for $65; but if you're really looking for space, slip on a pair of Ralph Lauren's oversized, cinch-waisted chino Big Pants for about $58. Duckhead's $25-to-$30 cotton-twill models have a slimmer fit, as do Basco's $65 straight-leg, high-waisted pants. Calvin Klein's $54 Cricket chinos also are available as shorts. Tommy Hilfiger adds a Hollywood waist and herringbone weave to his $64 models and STNT's zipper pockets and zipper ankles will make you stand out in the crowd wherever you hang out, about $100.

Chinos now come in a variety of classic colors and styles.

PATRIOTIC BLASTS

"Make this coming Fourth of July a day of special celebration," declared President Bush. We couldn't agree more, so here are some great ways to go forth this Fourth. Boston: Watch fireworks to the music by the Boston Pops. • Chicago: Sample food from some of the city's top restaurants at Taste of Chicago and then catch the fireworks exploding over Lake Michigan after dark. • Michigan: At the 104-year-old Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island, you can watch the rockets' red glare from a rocker on the world's longest porch. • New York: With more than 80,000 bursts of color and 600 shells, Macy's boasts the nation's most elaborate pyrotechnic display. For the best view, grab a spot between 14th and 42nd on F.D.R. Drive. • Washington, D.C.: Organizers are planning a parade down Constitution Avenue. Later, the sky explodes.

VIEWPOINT

Some actors think nothing of dropping many thousands on designer threads, but Mario Van Peebles prefers the retrostyle clothing found in secondhand shops.

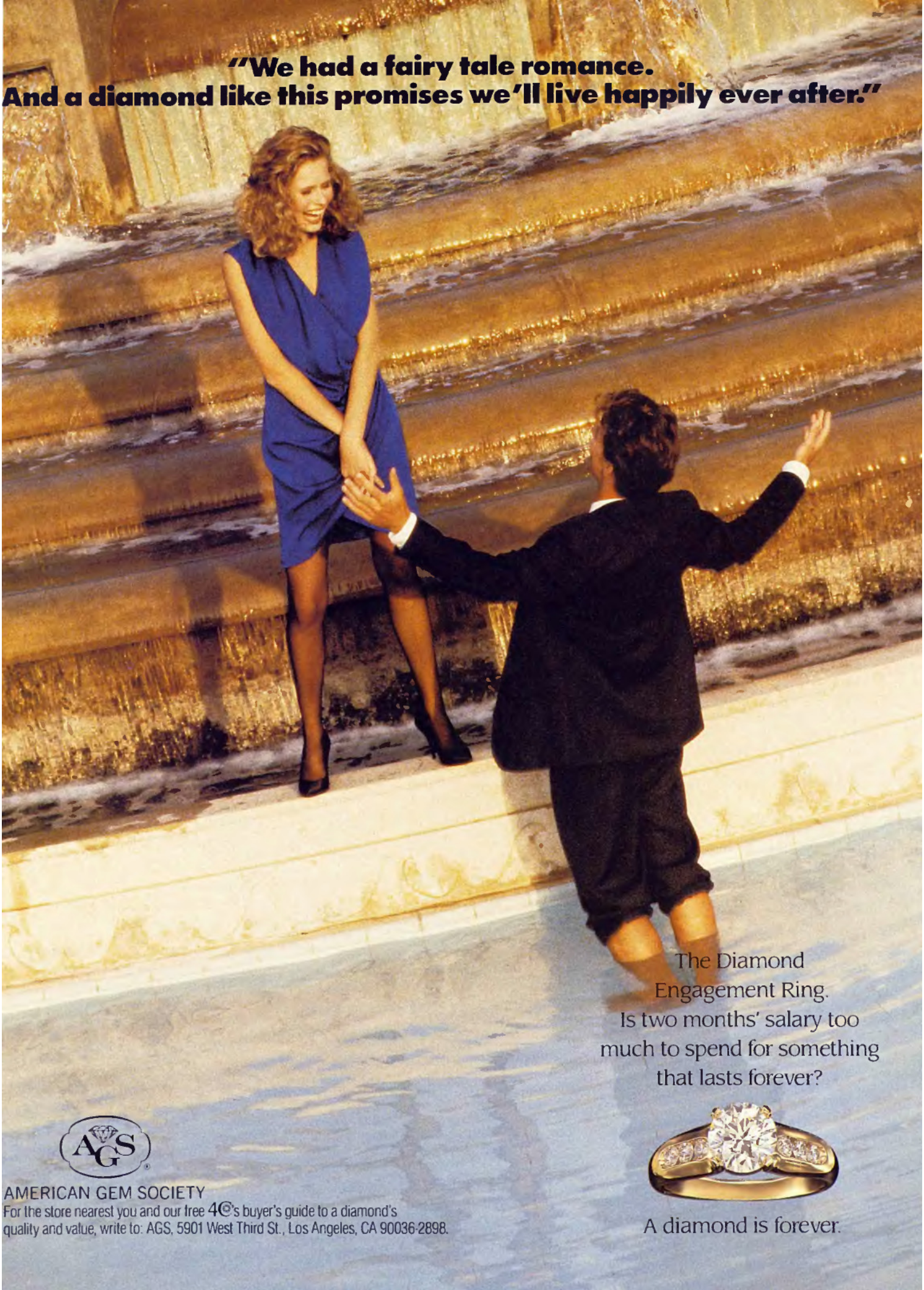
"I especially like loose, older jackets with jeans," he says, "and black, clunky wing-tip shoes by a company called The Ritz." Mario, who recently directed and starred in *New Jack City*, a film about black gangsters, says his wardrobe also includes items from past film projects. "One of the perks of being a director is that you can cast actors your size, then take the stuff home."

SPF PLUS

Manufacturers of suntan products are steering away from the piña-colada-scented lotions of the past and developing new formulas that offer sun protection with a little something extra. Aspen All Weather Aftershave, for example, is a combination scented moisturizer and sun screen. Pale faces who want temporary color can rub on Aramis' scented All Year Bronzer with sun screen. And several manufacturers, including Clinique, Lancôme, Lauder for Men, Chanel and Max Factor, offer self-tanning lotions that guarantee a natural-looking glow without the sun—no tan lines, either.

STYLE METER

T-SHIRTS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Heavyweight cotton with full, oversized fit	Tight fit; lightweight or see-through styles; undershirts worn as T-shirts
DETAILING	Crew-necks; chest pockets; unrolled, medium-length short sleeves	V-necks; cuffed or elbow-length sleeves
COLORS & GRAPHICS	Solid white, black, athletic gray; soft earth tones	Bright colors; iron-on letters; cartoon characters; airbrushed designs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MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

STAX/VOLT Records of Memphis is an underappreciated, too-long-forgotten part of our musical heritage. A few key artists, such as Isaac Hayes and Otis Redding, are well remembered and several key songs have transcended their time (*Soul Man* and [*Sittin' on*] *The Dock of the Bay*). But unlike Motown, its more glamourous peer as the Sixties' most important soul label, Stax's contribution to our culture has sadly been obscured by time.

That vitality is captured in a nine-CD, 244-song boxed set titled ***The Complete Stax/Volt Singles: 1959–68*** (Atlantic). The ten years documented represent the peak of Southern soul. The bulk of the material is defined by several recurring musical elements: finger snapping, snare-drum tempos, bluesy guitar runs, Gospel organ riffs, short sax interjections, singers with thick Southern accents and lyrics that capture the slang, aspirations and romantic yearnings of blacks in the civil rights era.

The Stax/Volt sound, despite its stylistic consistency, wasn't as formulized as Motown could be. For example, there are profound differences in tone, arrangement and intention between hits like Booker T. & the MG's' *Green Onions* and Carla Thomas' *Gee Whiz*.

Of the many elements to appreciate in this collection, the most obvious are the voices. In Memphis, in the Sixties, either you could sing without tricks or you didn't record. Listen to Mabel John on *Don't Hit Me No More* or Otis on *Try a Little Tenderness*, perhaps the label's greatest record, and once again enjoy the passionate beauty of the human voice.

Otis Redding transcends time.

Stax/Volt's tribute to Southern soul and Dylan bootleg.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

On Lenny Kravitz' first album, *Let Love Rule*, I found his King of the Hippies version of the Sixties more compelling than, say, Sha Na Na's King of the Greasers approach to the Fifties. Kravitz had substantial emotional and political reasons for reanimating the hippie archetype—the world really ought to let love rule—but archetypes in the hands of barely individuated artists tend to degenerate into clichés. And if there's one thing people should have learned in the Sixties, it's that hippie clichés are not enough. In fact, they're annoying. So I was ambivalent about *Let Love Rule*. I am less ambivalent about ***Mama Said*** (Virgin). There is more of Kravitz and less archetype at work this time. Nine of the 14 songs seem to be fully or partially about his rocky marriage to actress Lisa Bonet, about which I care not a whit as a gossip item, but Kravitz cares about it and has managed to put some of that emotion into his songs. This has moved his obvious John Lennon influence forward from the days of acid in 1967 to the confessional stage of the early Seventies, and it works. Kravitz wears his other influences—Prince, Jimi Hendrix, Curtis Mayfield—more easily as well. Slash of Guns n' Roses contributes some killer hard-rock/funk guitar. If Kravitz had eliminated a few more clichés in the lyrics, I wouldn't be even slightly ambivalent about this effort.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Let loose in a studio, young rhymers and mixers go crazy. On their second or third try, some rappers figure out that until the album comes out, they're not getting paid. Solution: interim EPs, with the welcome side effect of concentrating the attractions of such motor mouths as Ice Cube and Chubb Rock.

Digital Underground's ***This Is an E.P. Release*** (Tommy Boy) doesn't offer a surefire novelty like *The Humpty Dance*, but it avoids the dead spots and collegiate irritations of the *Sex Packets* album. The lead-off *Same Song* grooves on an insinuating new-jack funk not unlike the new backing for the remixed *Sex Packets*, virtual reality for erotomaniacs that's far more seductive in this incarnation. And to shake things up, there's a wedding song worthy of *The Threepenny Opera*.

In an altogether different world, believe them, are the guys whose edits and bonus beats pad out three or four songs/poems into the nine-track ***Lifers Group*** (Hollywood Basic). I don't know why they're so stingy—they have plenty of time where they live. But maybe they're a little bummed stuck out in Rahway Prison. Which is why they sound so scary, so furious, so convinced that they've totally fucked up the only chance—the only life—they had. This is the real gangsta rap, a brutally stripped-down representation of the rape, death and other daily indignities of prison life.

DAVE MARSH

If you're not already a Dylan fan, ask one to compile a tape of excerpts from

GUEST SHOT

PRINCE *wasn't searching for another protégée when an accidental listen to* ***Elisa Fiorillo's*** *voice got his attention. Her current single "Oooh, This I Need" was written and produced by Prince. And, like Prince, the classically trained Fiorillo is dead set on breaking out of the dance-pop pack. Part of her battle plan includes listening to artists who are inspiring a lot of critical buzz—such as the Rembrandts, who've just released a self-titled album.*

"*The Rembrandts* is very hooky pop. From the second listen, I could remember each cut's melody and all the things built around those melodies, from the instrumental solos to the vocals that are heaven for harmony freaks. The Rembrandts are hard to categorize, since they combine country elements, rock twists and progressive touches in their music. The production has that to-the-wall, sweaty energy of an attic demo tape, yet a lot of the lyrics work as pieces of poetry, as in the short track titled *Goodnight*. This duo writes about ordinary romantic troubles in an extraordinary way, and there are no throwaway tracks. Not *one*."

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Various Artists *Deadicated*	5	7	7	5	5
Digital Underground *This Is an E.P. Release*	9	7	8	8	7
Bob Dylan *The Bootleg Series Volumes 1–3*	4	10	8	7	9
Lenny Kravitz *Mama Said*	7	8	7	4	8
The Complete Stax/Volt Singles: 1959–68	6	8	10	10	8

HOW TO GET A MAN DEPARTMENT: When asked about her romantic possibilities, **Sheena Easton** said, "My mother told me, when the right person comes along, be sure you have clean underwear on." Bet Sheena's mom isn't anything like June Cleaver.

REELING AND ROCKING: The soundtrack LP accompanying **John Cougar Mellencamp's** film *Falling from Grace* will include music from **Dwight Yoakam, John Prine, Janis Ian** and Mellencamp, among others. Look for a new studio album from him later this year. . . . Former manager of **Milli Vanilli Todd Headlee** has a screenplay of the lip-syncing scandal called *Dance with the Devil*. . . . **En Vogue** will perform in the movie *Aces* starring **Louis Gossett, Jr.** It'll sing *Company B*. . . . **Dolly Parton** is collaborating with **Tim Rice** (**Andrew Lloyd Webber's** former partner) on a musical movie, *Straight Talk*. Dolly will play a talk-show shrink. . . . We hear that **Sinéad O'Connor** is being considered for the role of *Saint Joan* in a film version of the **George Bernard Shaw** play. . . . **Saigon Kick** will have one of its songs in a movie called *Stone Cold*, about an undercover FBI agent infiltrating a biker gang. Actor/producer **Michael Douglas** owns Saigon Kick's record label and his company will produce the movie as well.

NEWSBREAKS: A book of **Sting's** lyrics with drawings by Italian illustrator **Gligorov** will be the first publication from I.R.S. Books, the newly formed publishing wing of I.R.S. Records and Films. . . . Capitol Records has set up a songwriters' hotline for writers interested in placing their music with artists in the label's black-music department. The number—213-871-5149—enables callers to hear the artists talk about what kind of material they're looking for and get info on how to contact the right A&R rep. Pretty cool. . . . **Quincy Jones** is working on new albums for **Tevin Campbell** and **Siedah Garrett** (both performed on *Back on the Block*) for his own label, Qwest. . . . We hear that **Colonel Tom Parker, Elvis'** manager, turned down big bucks for a tell-all book. Said the Colonel, "All the publishers want is dirt and I'm not a dirt farmer." . . . The **O'Jays** will tour all summer. . . . **Robbie Robertson's** latest LP will feature a duet with **Neil Young** and the help of New Orleans musicians such as **Ivan** and **Aaron Neville** and the **Meters.** . . . Other Aaron Neville news: On his upcoming album, coproduced by **Linda Ronstadt,** look for guest artists **Ry Cooder, Rita Coolidge** and **Dr. John.** . . . **Berry Gordy, Jr.,** is returning to the record business by launching a new production company, West Grand Music (named after the street in Detroit where Motown was based). The first project is an album by former **Temp Lewis Price.** . . . We hear stories from the road: **David Lee Roth** told his opening-night United Kingdom concert crowd that a girl he was with named her price. Said David, "Twenty dollars? Baby, you can't even *look* at it for twenty dollars!" . . . Finally, we like this story: **Slaughter** decided to do something different for an appearance on MTV's *Unplugged*, so the group played an acoustic set in a fan's living room in Asheville, North Carolina. The living-room concert already aired on MTV and Slaughter will be touring with the aforementioned Mr. Roth on his American tour dates. Did we tie up those two stories, or what?

—BARBARA NELLIS

The Bootleg Series Volumes 1–3 (Columbia). No other Bob Dylan album so perfectly encapsulates his frequently brilliant, often confusing and perpetually frustrating career. That doesn't mean you should pay for sorting garbage from gold.

The Bootleg Series divides into about 90 minutes of genuine revelation (most of it packed on *Volumes 1* and *2*), an equal amount of comparatively worthwhile trivia (it's nice to hear the original *Farewell, Angelina*, just to understand why Bob was wise to palm it off on Joan Baez) and the remainder, which ranges from passable product to directionless piffle (the bulk of *Volume 3*, along with such horrors as *Who Killed Davey Moore?* and the outtake of *Idiot Wind*).

The best of *The Bootleg Series* is flat-out great: *No More Auction Block*, haunting evidence that Dylan was a truly great singer of traditional folk material; the hilarious rock-and-roll put-downs *Sitting on a Barbed Wire Fence* and *She's Your Lover Now*; the meditative quasi blues *Blind Willie McTell*; the just plain beautiful *Hard Times in New York Town* and *He Was a Friend of Mine*. But the set is padded and the stuff that bulks it up vividly shows Dylan's lapses in focus and direction. Even hard-core fans will make cassettes to reduce *Bootleg* to its essence, and that's a job Columbia should have done for them.

VIC GARBARINI

The Grateful Dead has always insisted that its records were only rough sketches that needed the spirit, energy and interplay of a live performance to come fully alive. So it's not surprising that the dozen or so bands featured on **Deadicated** (Arista), a tribute to the Dead and its music, have a tough time breathing life into Garcia and friends' compositions. The Dead's cosmic country-blues rock seems to both inspire and cramp artists ranging from Los Lobos to Jane's Addiction. The Nashville contingent's straightahead approach probably works best, especially Dwight Yoakam's muscular *Truckin'* and the tender gravity Lyle Lovett brings to *Friend of the Devil*. Suzanne Vega reflects the Dead's more ethereal dimensions with her reading of *China Doll*, while Midnight Oil's forceful attack on *Wharf Rat* leaves them a bit entangled. And the less said about Indigo Girls' brave but misguided pass at *Uncle John's Band* the better. Elvis Costello's relatively unembittered (for him) *Ship of Fools* makes me wish he'd try a whole album of covers, while Jane's Addiction's daring, looping version of *Ripple* is fun, if hardly memorable. In the end, each contributor succeeds in nailing one or two facets of the Dead at its best, but nobody captures its elusive magic entirely.

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By STEPHEN RANDALL

I HATE *deadlines. I'm staring at the screen of my Leading Edge model D personal computer—get an IBM clone, everyone said, so I did—but the words aren't coming. I pick up my Sony ten-channel multi-access cordless phone and call my boss, using AT&T, not MCI, not U.S. Sprint. "Arthur," I say, my voice brimming with contempt, "I hate you and your fucking deadlines. I'm going to cut off all ten of your fingers with my Black & Decker three-in-one jigsaw, put each one in a separate heavy-duty Ziploc freezer bag with a write-on label and mail them with my Publishers Clearing House entry."*

Sorry. Reading *American Psycho*, by Bret Easton Ellis, will do that to you. One doesn't think of brand names and violence as a natural team, like ham and eggs or Regis and Kathie Lee. But Ellis does, and in *American Psycho*, he makes them an irresistible combination. Not irresistible to the reader, unfortunately, just irresistible to the media.

For months now, *American Psycho* has been a *cause célèbre*. In fact, the only thing sillier than the book itself has been the way the media have chosen to portray it. Never have so many good writers wasted so many words on such a mediocre writer.

Perhaps this was unavoidable. First, there was the controversy. Apparently, some editors at Simon & Schuster liked *American Psycho* enough to dole out $300,000 for the honor of publishing it. But when word of some of the book's more gruesome passages—graphic scenes of murder and dismemberment—leaked out, S. & S. changed its corporate mind and junked the book. Ellis kept his $300,000 and sold the book to Vintage (see *Books*).

There's also the problem of the author. Bret Easton Ellis is 27 years old and he has written three books, including *Less than Zero*, a best seller. He's rich and he's famous—and he has managed it all without the inconvenient burden of talent. In short, he's the type of writer other writers are honor bound to hate.

But still, what has made the media so hyper? The coverage of *American Psycho* has been relentless since well *before* the book was published. *Spy* magazine was among the first to go on the attack, offended equally by the book's "misogynistic barbarism" and Ellis' "callow cynicism." Of course, when it's not busy groveling for money to stay afloat, *Spy* is a leading practitioner of the "Do-you-have-Sir-Walter-Raleigh-in-a-can?" school of journalism. Recently, for instance, *Spy* wrote letters to several unhip (by *Spy* standards) celebrities, such as Jerry Lewis, claiming to be an acquaintance from the distant past who is lonely, near death and favorably disposed to leaving her fortune to her long-lost chum, the celebrity. Letters were exchanged between acquaintance and celebrity, which then appeared in *Spy* for our general amusement, and Lewis and a few other notables were likely humiliated. Whatever Ellis' crimes were, he at least did them to fictional characters.

Did the press lose its head over Bret?

How the critics went psycho over *American Psycho*.

Even responsible writers felt the need to overreact. "The most loathsome offering of the season," blubbered Roger Rosenblatt in *The New York Times*. He was annoyed by Ellis' "lame and unhealthy imagination." Has Rosenblatt been reading much popular fiction lately? A quick glance at the best-seller list shows a good number of books that are written by writers no more talented than Ellis, and some of them with even lower aspirations.

George Will dragged poor Ellis into his grouchy attack on Jim Morrison, the Doors and the Sixties in *Newsweek*. "[Ellis] is a Morrison for the Nineties," he sputtered—oblivious, perhaps, to the fact that only Will himself would find that comment insulting.

Not to be outdone, Norman Mailer read *American Psycho* and was moved to ponder, "What is art?" for *Vanity Fair*. He might as well have watched *America's Funniest Home Videos* and asked, "What is journalism?"

But everyone seems like a paragon of restraint compared with Tammy Bruce, the president of the Los Angeles chapter of the National Organization for Women. She managed to get an advance copy of the book and launched a boycott—not just of *American Psycho* but of all books published by Knopf, Vintage's parent firm. She indulged in dramatic readings of the novel's more grotesque passages on a special recorded phone line—sort of like Books on Tape but more condensed and with editorial comment. "This book is a how-to novel on the torture and dismemberment of women," Bruce proclaimed. For those of you with score cards, the protagonist in *American Psycho* murders 18 people—eight are women, nine are men and one is a small boy.

Ellis himself mounted a minor defense in the pages of *Rolling Stone*. He told an interviewer that many readers have missed the point of his endless cataloging of brand names. "You can have either of two reactions," he suggested. "You find it so numbing that you skip it, which I don't think is a bad thing to do, or you find it funny." He also admitted his book was "ugly," "boring" and "probably intolerable." Apparently, he is a better critic than a novelist.

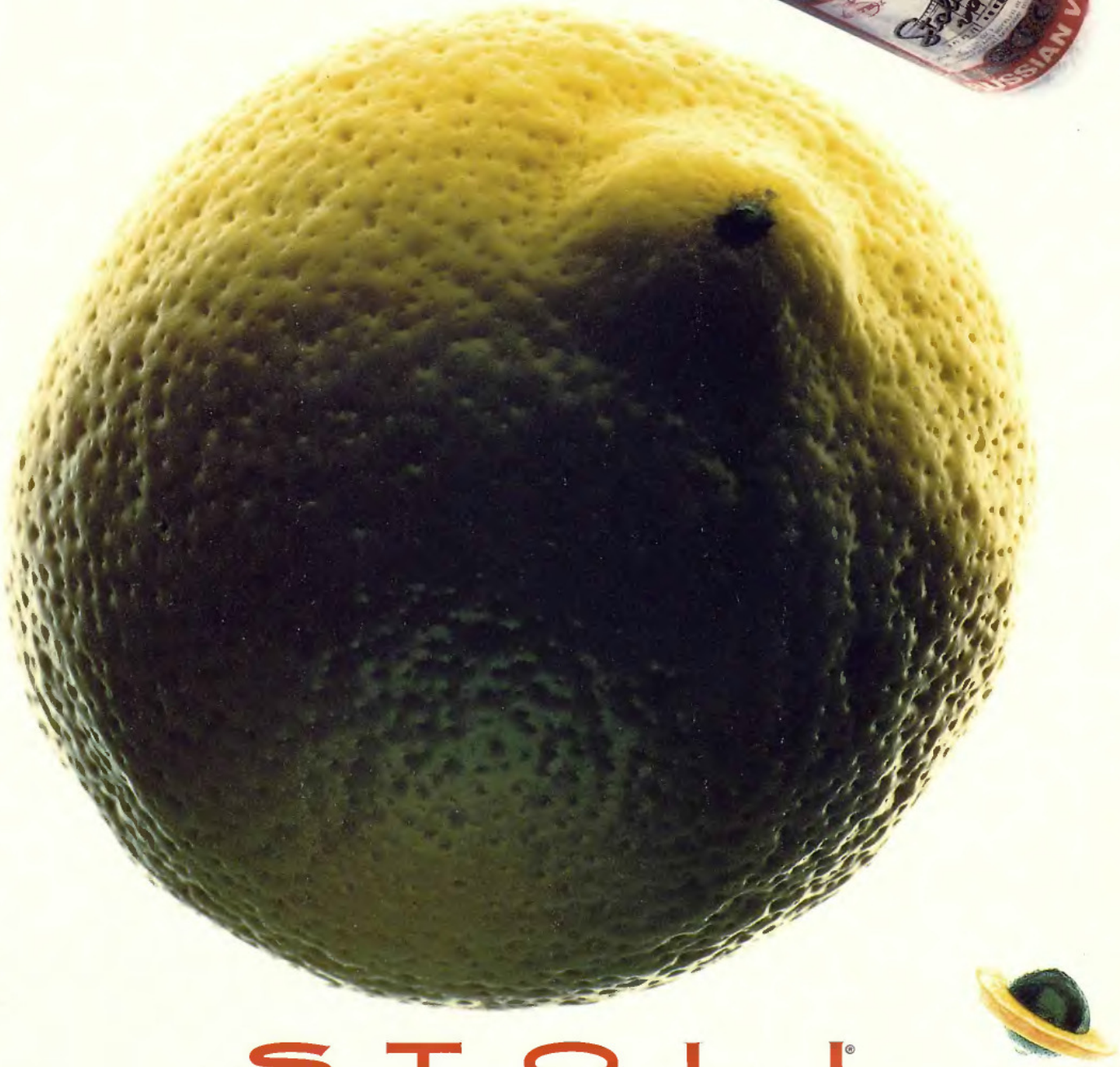
Due to a number of death threats, Ellis skipped the traditional promotional tour (what a shame—imagine him with Arsenio!), and Vintage, which now counts *Spy*, Rosenblatt, Will, Mailer and Bruce as part of its public-relations staff, figured it could skip the advertising. Who could blame it? The media have treated *American Psycho* as an important book when it isn't. Like McDonald's, Ellis doesn't need to worry about quality—he merely needs to be one step ahead of the fad *du jour*. He sensed America's growing fascination with violence and offered up *American Psycho* in the same way McDonald's, noticing our desire to live longer, has given us a low-fat burger. At least the media haven't mistaken the McLean Deluxe for a gourmet entree.

There's an old story about playwright-composer Noel Coward. At the height of his fame, an acquaintance invited him to hear her daughter play piano in a school recital. The little girl played dreadfully, mangling every song in her repertoire, but the mother was too proud to notice. "Oh, Mr. Coward," she asked, swooning, "do you like music?"

"No," said Coward, "but I *looooove* this."

If only Coward were alive to review *American Psycho*.

STOLAR SHUTTLE.



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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

NOW THAT the dust storm of the manufactured controversy over Bret Easton Ellis' ***American Psycho*** (Vintage) has settled, what have we learned? Let's review the situation: Brat-pack novelist with sagging sales pens sicko shocker about a Yuppie serial murderer; Richard Snyder, president of Simon & Schuster, exercises good editorial judgment in deciding *not* to publish it; Sonny Mehta, president of Vintage, exercises good business judgment in deciding *to* publish it; the Los Angeles chapter of NOW announces an ill-advised boycott of Knopf/Vintage books to protest the novel's depictions of violence against women; publicity that money couldn't buy ensues; a few critics praise Ellis' satirical eye; a few bookstores refuse to carry it; Vintage ships the entire first printing. *American Psycho* is a best seller.

Setting the furor aside (for more on the hubbub, see *Media*), it is now clear that this 399-page laundry list of conspicuous consumption (punctuated by several nasty mutilation and torture scenes) is not much of a novel. This not-much-of-a-novel was never in any danger of being censored. Ellis got exactly the shocked reaction he hoped for and is laughing all the way to the bank. The rest of us can expect an explosion of sexism, splatterpunk and snuff on the page and on the screen.

Ironically, the hard-fought precedents set by James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller will be invoked to defend this stuff. Legally, they apply. But that literary tradition has always been the fearless embrace of sexuality. In Ellis, the pathological acting out of hatred toward women—even in fantasy—is rooted in the fear of sex. If we want to live in a free society, we must stoutly defend the right of Bret Easton Ellis to write freely. But we don't have to pretend that tasteless mediocrity is literature.

In many ways, John Sayles's new novel, ***Los Gusanos*** (Harper Collins), is the perfect summer book. It is sexy and energetic—a wild, reckless joy ride through the streets of Little Havana in Miami, propelled by the relentless *salsa* sound of timbals, congas, screaming horns and hysterical singers machine-gunning staccato Spanish lyrics into the hot night. The title is taken from Fidel Castro's angry characterization of the expatriates who fled Cuba as *los gusanos*, the worms. This is a contemporary story of passions: of the hatred burning in old anti-Castro *Cubanos*; of the hunger boiling in their children to make it—legally or otherwise—in their adopted American home; of the powerful yearning they all feel for a Cuba *libre* to which they can return.

Los Gusanos: a spicy Latin stew.

John Sayles writes a hit; hanging with the Dead.

At the center of this swirling, colorful scene is Marta de la Pena, a Catholic so devout she talks to the saints. Her brother Ambrosio died fighting in the Bay of Pigs invasion, and she is filled with a revolutionary fervor to avenge his death and to strike a blow against Castro. Rejected by the Omega 7, the underground anti-Castro organization, she gathers guns, explosives and a ragtag team of unlikely guerrillas. What gives this novel its driving power is the imaginative way Sayles's characters take us back through six decades of Cuban history via conversations, memories, flashbacks, dreams and fantasies.

Sayles has spent the past ten years writing movies such as *Lianna*, *Baby It's You*, *The Brother from Another Planet*, *Matewan*, *Eight Men Out* and *City of Hope*, so it is not surprising that *Los Gusanos* is strong on dialog with plenty of cinematic touches. Sayles's novel hits the bull's-eye with the immediacy of its sweaty immersion in the spicy Latin stew that is bubbling away in Miami.

Two other novels deserve special consideration this summer: ***A Hollywood Life*** (Simon & Schuster), by David Freeman, and ***True Crime*** (Poseidon), by Michael Mewshaw. Freeman's book is a fascinating meditation on stardom that is loosely based on the life of Natalie Wood, as told by Gabe Tipton, a fictional ex-screenwriter and completion-bond insurance executive who was the lover and confidant of the Woodlike star, Carla Tate. As a child star, she testifies before the House Un-American Activities Committee about her teacher at the studio school and ends up leading the committee in the Pledge of Allegiance. As an adult movie star, she becomes "a Pied Piper of the libido." And her mysterious death by drowning sends Tipton on a *Citizen Kane* journey into her past. The politics of the movie business and the subtle interplay of personalities in Hollywood have rarely been written about with such insight.

Mewshaw, the author of several nonfiction investigative studies of crime—including *Money to Burn* and *Life for Death*—has written a grippingly realistic novel about an investigative reporter who must solve the murder of his own father. In *True Crime*, the reporter, Tom Hiller, returns to his home town of Baltimore and finds the clues in this case deeply entwined with his own past. So deeply, in fact, that he becomes the subject of a public scandal and eventually a prime suspect in the murder case.

The Grateful Dead has been around for 26 years and is still one of the most vital bands in rock and roll, as well as a historic institution. Sandy Troy celebrates both aspects in ***One More Saturday Night*** (St. Martin's) with more than 100 photographs. From the days of the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Tests to the Dead's concert at the Egyptian pyramids to the 20th anniversary of Woodstock and beyond, Troy chronicles all the concerts and albums. But interviews with members of the band and the Dead "family" are the heart of this nostalgic tribute.

You know summer has truly arrived when the definitive illustrated history of surfing, ***The Next Wave*** (Abbeville), edited by Nick Carroll, is hanging ten off your bookstore shelves. More than 250 color photographs are accompanied by a text that even pays tribute to surf movies and the Beach Boys.

BOOK BAG

What You Can Do to Help the Homeless (Fireside), by The National Alliance to End Homelessness: Dozens of suggestions about how you can help make a difference.

Cows Are Freaky When They Look at You (WaterMark), compiled and edited by David Ohle, Roger Martin and Susan Brosseau: Voices from the hotbed of Kansas hip document tales of love, life and loss in the Sixties.

You and the Law (Publications International), by the American Bar Association and the editors of *Consumer Guide*: Named one of the best personal-finance books of 1990 by *Money* magazine.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

BUM-RAPPING MOMS

He hates me, I know. He wishes I were a million miles away.

"Why do you hate me?" I ask him.

"I don't hate you," he says with weary exasperation. He has said it about 20 times today. I'm really getting to him now. He's going to throw something at me in a minute. My rampant neediness is repulsing him. I'll try to stop myself. I can do it. No, I can't.

"You hate me and you know it."

"Would you please shut up, Mom?"

OK, yes, I'm horrible! I'm playing lame, guilt-tripping little games with my own kid. Which he definitely doesn't need. Which I'm doing only because I'm lonely, I'm in the middle of this transition of moving and totally changing my life, I'm scared to death and I have no man to help me through this. So I'm taking all my weakness and fear out on my kid. Trying, in a sick and twisted way, to get him to take care of me.

Luckily, he's not buying it.

There are excellent reasons for people to hate mothers. Mothers can be evil. Mothers, who often can control nothing else, can control the actual minds of their children, can mold and shape them into any sort of sniveling beast they want. Mothers, who traditionally have little or no power in the outside world, have absolute power in their homes and over their children. Absolute power corrupts absolutely.

(This is a little scary. Right here, in the middle of this men's magazine, I, a woman, am saying women can be evil. Some feminists would probably scream at me. Women, they figure, especially in the midst of what some consider misogyny, should be portrayed positively. My feeling is that as long as women are not portrayed as stereotypes, as long as they're not portrayed as airhead bimbos or conniving temptresses or wide-eyed virgins in slow motion, I'm for it. There are the good guys and the bad guys in both sexes, and I was very happy to see Kathy Bates swing a sledge hammer and break James Caan's legs in *Misery*.)

I had a really exhilarating moment at a party last New Year's Day. The guys were in one room talking careers, the women were in another room complaining about mothers. We had all just gotten back from Christmas with our families.

"I just couldn't *stand* my mother!" said Marsha. "My niece was wriggling around, the way little kids do, all excited, telling a story, and my goddamned mother says, 'Now, couldn't we sit quietly, like a lady?' She did that to me when I was a kid! That's why I'm nuts!"

"My mother had to know where everyone was," said Mary Jo. "If someone even went into the bathroom, she had to know why and for how long. Christmas is her chance to be the boss of everybody again."

Pretty soon, antimother anecdotes were flying around the room. We were giggling, having the best time.

"My mother seemed a little testy with me this time," I said tentatively. "For some reason, I really got on her nerves."

"But that's not your real mother, is it?" Marsha said.

"Well, she's my ex-mother-in-law. We kind of adopted each other."

"But what about your real mother?" someone asked.

(I don't want to talk about my real mother. I wouldn't know where to begin; I would get too sad. OK, just one thing:

When my sister and I were growing up, the deal in our family was that our mother was the monster and our father the hapless victim. She was crazy and abusive, while he just stood around looking helpless, sheepish. "Poor Daddy," my sister and I would say to each other. "She treats him so badly."

But now, as a grownup, I see that they were involved in a passionately strange *folie à deux*. He had the power and pretended he didn't. She had no power and pretended she did by tyrannizing us. When we thought she hated us, she didn't even notice us; she was just railing against her own feelings of helplessness.

Our father is remarried. "His new wife is so mean to him," said my sister recently.

"Oh, come on," I said. "That's the way he likes to play it.")

Children are so often the victims of the insanity inherent in "romantic" relationships. Love may be real, but romance is ephemeral. Romance dies and Mom is still stuck with her brats. Some mothers are sensible enough to cope. But others are pissed off that they're not living happily ever after, and guess how they take out their frustrations?

There is no such thing as a perfect mother, but I think good mothers are women who have self-awareness, who know how much power they have over their own children, who can discipline themselves against abusing this power. Good mothers, when they realize they're guilt-tripping their kids, stop themselves in mid-whine. Oh, Jesus.

Bad mothers, as everyone knows, are the ones who sniffle and sigh, "All I want is for you to be happy." Bad mothers are the ones who sob and cry, "I just can't help myself!"

And the really evil mothers are the ones who think of themselves as victims, who think that everything that happens is somebody else's fault. The ones who take no responsibility for their actions but always figure out a way to blame someone else. The martyr mothers.

The only way to get mentally stable kids is to have mentally stable mothers. This means women who have decent self-esteem, women who have control over their own lives and power in the outside world, not just in their own kitchens.

You know, women like me. My son's going out now. I wanted to go to the movies with him; it's his last night here. But, no, Mr. College would rather be with his *friends*. I want to say, "Don't leave me!" so much it's killing me. I'm going to. I open my mouth.

"Have a good time, hon," I say. Victory!

MEN

By ASA BABER

HOW IS SHE IN THE MORNING?

Duke called me recently from his law office in Los Angeles. He was not in great shape, but there was still a touch of humor to his griping. Duke is part Hawaiian, and even when he is pissed off, he tends not to take himself too seriously.

"Ace," he said, "I can't handle it. You've got to write a column about it."

"You can't handle what, Duke?" I asked.

"Marriage," he said. "I can't take it anymore. It's getting to me, *brah*."

"Duke, you've been married how long now?" I asked.

I had been at the wedding. Duke and Laurie exchanged vows in a private home in Pasadena. They both wore pikake *leis* flown in from Hawaii, and after the ceremony, there was a full-fledged Hawaiian luau. Then they rode into the sunset on matching Harley motorcycles.

"I've been married almost seven years now," Duke moaned.

"Seven years, huh? Are you still getting laid?" I asked.

"Of course not," he said. "Does anybody get laid after marriage?"

"A few people do," I said, laughing.

"Well, I don't, at least not consistently. It's like a desert out there. You know, women don't need sex as much as men do. Especially after marriage. They change, I'm telling you, they change like the wind. What happens to them? Laurie always seemed to be horny when we were dating. But now? It's like there's a lock on it."

"Rumor has it that marriage changes people," I said.

"Rumor?" Duke snorted. "Listen, I've given up. I'm sleeping downstairs these days. Permanently, I think. It's a lot better that way."

"You're not going to get laid sleeping downstairs," I said.

"I'm not going to get rejected at three in the morning, either," Duke said. "That is a very difficult time to get pushed away."

"True," I said.

"And if I'm downstairs, she can't do her usual tap dance on my skull every sunrise, either."

"Right," I said, nodding.

"And I can shower and shave in peace. In my own tub. With my own rubber duckie and everything."

"That's good," I said.

"And I can sneak out of the house without the standard morning argument."

"OK," I said. "Sounds like downstairs it is, and downstairs it shall remain."

"I figured something out, Ace. It's true for all of us guys, I think. When I wake up in the morning, there's a lot at stake for me. You know what I mean? I've got a lot of people in my life who depend on me, and in the morning, I feel like they're all sitting right on top of my shoulders. My wife, my kid, my law partners, the office employees, all waiting for me to bring home the bacon. I've got a career to protect and a mortgage to pay and law clients to serve. So I do not need a lot of crap in the morning."

"None of us do," I said.

"You know what I want in the morning? A hand job, a blow job, a roll in the hay, just some simple fun and games to start the day off with a bang. Not a lot of talking, not a lot of conflict. The truth is, I want to get laid without having to work for it. Is that a crime? That's all I want in the morning. But is that possible? Nooooo. Not for Duke and Laurie. We've got to talk in the morning, we do. No chance for sex until we've talked. We've got to discuss issues. We've got to add up budgets and make appointments and rehash arguments from the night before and scold and cry. I mean, the shit never ends."

"Shit never ends, Duke," I agreed. "That is the first law of human existence."

"But in my own home? Shit never ends in my own home? Excuse me, what is a home for if I can't put a stop right there to some of the shit in my life?"

"Maybe home is to pay for," I said. "Think of it like this: Home is a real-estate investment that is supposed to go up in value at least twenty percent a year."

"Oh, yeah? Those days are gone forever, Ace. Kiss 'em goodbye."

"Kiss, kiss," I said.

"You know me. I honestly want my life to make a difference," Duke said. "I want to be a good man. I want to do some *pro bono* work, I want to ride into court and save little old ladies in tennis shoes, I want to protect the environment, I want kids to have fathers and mothers who care for them. I don't want just big bucks and a big office."

"You're OK, Duke," I said.

"But somewhere in my life, I want some peace, some quiet, no pressure, no bullshit. I want to be among friends. I want some safety. I want to know that there is at least one place where I won't be attacked, I won't be hassled, I'll be accepted and admired and loved without conditions."

"That would be nice," I said.

"You want to talk about abuse? When your partner drops out of sex, when she withholds and denies and withdraws, when she pretends it doesn't exist, is that abuse? When she puts all sorts of conditions on it and decides not to play, is that abuse?"

"It's a form of abuse, at least in my book," I said. "But you can't say that out loud today. It's not politically correct."

"How about wanting to get laid in the morning before I go to work?" Duke asked. "Is that politically correct?"

"No, Duke, that is totally incorrect," I said, laughing.

"You know, sometimes I want to pull my dick out of my pants and lay it on the table and tell all of them, 'If you've got a problem with me, correct this while you're at it.' Is that politically correct?"

"That is very incorrect," I said, laughing. "That is unacceptable to their high standards. It is gauche and yukky. It shows no sense of common decency. And I know *exactly* what you mean."

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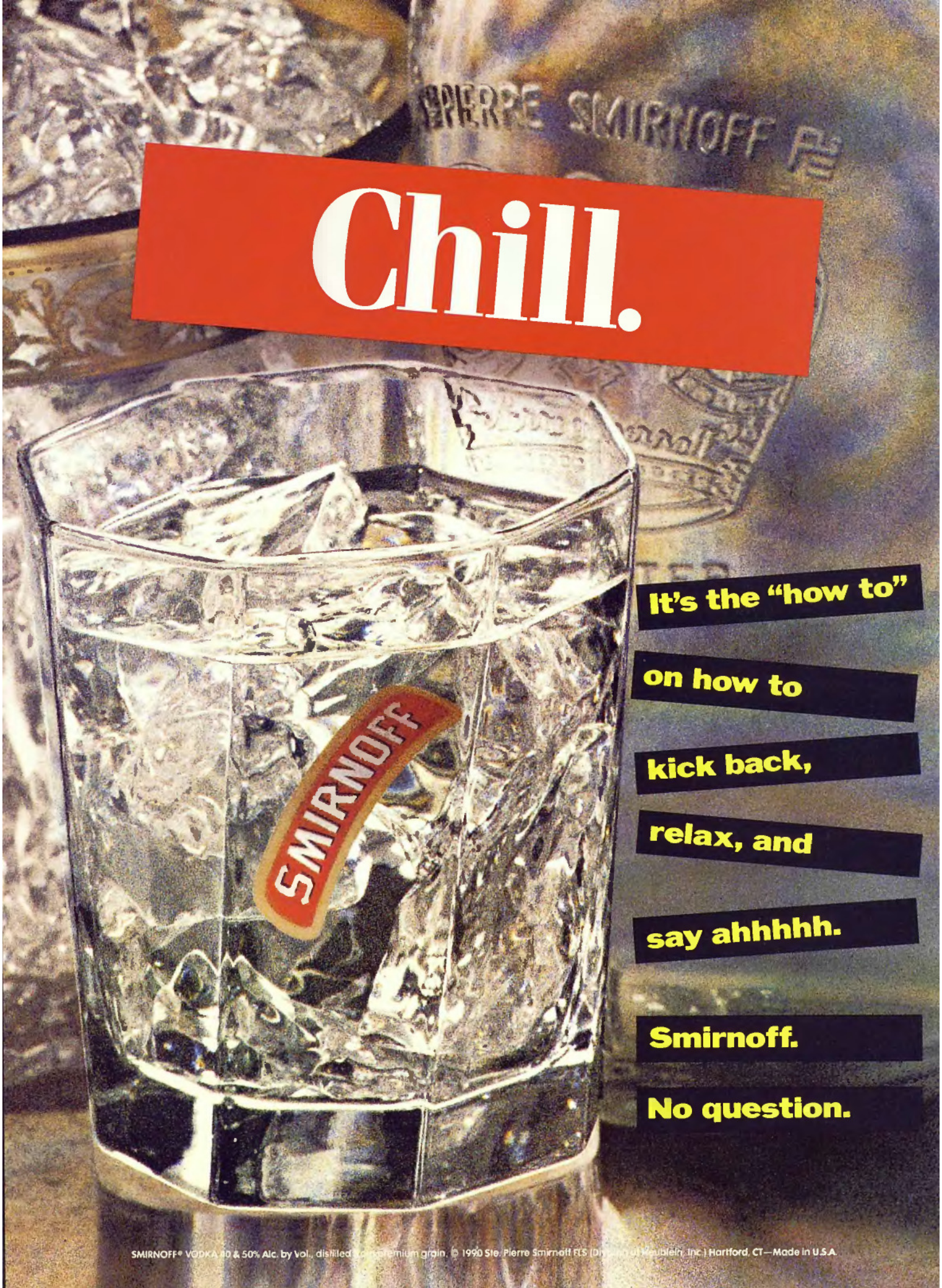
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm confused. My past ten or so dates (mostly guys I've met through personal ads or singles dances) have been professional men who act like cheapskates. They want to meet for coffee only. One even told me he didn't know me well enough to buy me dinner. Yet they all have one thing in common: They expect me to give them oral sex after only two hours of conversation. Don't these guys know people can still get AIDS that way? Do they think this is safe sex? Is it just Los Angeles?—Miss D. G., Los Angeles, California.

Maybe they are practicing safe sex, since their odds of actually getting someone to agree to oral sex with this approach are about as remote as their chances of contracting HIV if someone does agree. Maybe guys in Los Angeles know what they want and, having carefully assessed the risk of acquiring an S.T.D., have decided it's worth asking. After a decade of study, researchers have found only a handful of cases that might be traced to oral sex. Whether your partners ask for oral sex two hours or 20 years into a relationship won't change the odds of acquiring the AIDS virus or your response. So next time they ask, ask them, "What kind of woman do you take me for? I accept/give only manual stimulation on a first date."

When I look at CD players, I am overwhelmed by the options. What are A-B repeat, pitch control and program filing? Are they worth the added expense?—S. Q., Portland, Oregon.

Most CD players are uniformly excellent in the most basic function—reproducing sound from compact discs. The options have less to do with sound and more to do with convenience. The A-B repeat has been called the CD equivalent of the Chinese water torture by nonappreciative roommates: It allows you to designate a passage for endless repetition. If you are trying to learn an Eric Clapton riff, hit the A-B repeat and wail. Program filing lets you store favorite playing sequences. Say you like every cut save one on Sting's last album. You punch up the sequence and it will play the CD without the clunker. There are many controls (time edit, remaining disc time) that facilitate making cassettes. Of the options you mention, only pitch control actually affects the quality of sound. Several players now allow you to correct CDs that were badly mixed, that were made from poor tapes or that for some other reason play sharp. Our advice: Think about how you will use the CD player and choose options accordingly. Or if money is no object, buy one with everything.

My husband and I have been married for nine years. I think that just about everything in our lives is fine. We have two children, two cars, a mortgage and a

somewhat active social life. We both work full time, opposite shifts, so we see very little of each other—which is probably why our marriage has lasted this long. While I feel that my husband is not very affectionate or romantic outside the bedroom, he feels that I am not in the bedroom enough. It seems that as he gets older (he's 35, I'm 30), he is developing this increasingly insatiable appetite for sex. He has as much as said that we don't have a good marriage because we don't have intercourse every day. I'm too tired to have sex every day. Because of this, he thinks there is something wrong with me. Please, he is an avid reader of *The Playboy Advisor* and will read your advice. What is the average sexual activity of a 30-something working couple? And also, isn't there a saying that goes something like, "Sex starts at the kitchen table, not in the bedroom"?—Mrs. N. H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Let's restate this problem. As far as we can tell from your schedule, you see each other five minutes a day. He uses that five minutes to express his affection and/or satisfy his needs through sex. There's no time left for satisfying the other, nonsexual needs of the relationship; i.e., yours. There are two possible solutions. The first is to redefine sex. If you view sex as any form of intimate physical contact—a discreet grope at the kitchen table (as a way of saying you still view your partner sexually but are willing to save it for later), reaching over and stroking someone's back in the morning, a blow job in the shower—you can fulfill each other's sexual expectations without invoking the full work ethic of intercourse. It doesn't matter how frequently or infrequently other couples have intercourse—this is your relationship. Don't view desire in terms of his and hers—view it as the relationship's level of desire. The second way to approach the problem is by rearranging your schedules. You have two cars, two jobs, two kids—but no time. Carve out three hours of nonsexual time a week just for the two of you. You may find that sex will rush in to fill that time.

At the last party I went to, the host served Jell-O shots. Until then, I had only read about them, but I thought they were great. Do you have a recipe or favorite ingredients?—K. B., Boston, Massachusetts.

This fad seems to be hanging on with unusual tenacity. Follow the directions on the package for regular gelatin dessert, and for two thirds of the cold water, substitute a corresponding amount of alcohol. Pour the concoction into any small containers—the compartments of an ice-cube tray will do nicely—and let it set. Our favorite combo? Cherry Jell-O and vodka. We once made a batch with lime Jell-O and tequila, no water. Don't.

When it comes to sex, I've heard it all *and* done it all: group sex, sex with strangers, sex in strange places, food sex, phone sex—you name it. But a friend of mine recently mentioned something about computer sex—or "C sex," as he called it—but didn't elaborate. Now, if it's fun, I want to try it, but first I should know what I'm doing, right? Furthermore, although I have a home computer, I'm a complete moron on it. So is that going to complicate matters?—H. P., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Not really—provided you're paying attention to what you plug where. Computer sex emerged with the simultaneous arrival of the home-computer craze and the safe-sex era. It's an electronic twist on phone sex and, basically, it works like this: You join any one of the many computer information services throughout the country, from the nationwide CompuServe, GEnie or America OnLine, for example, to the smaller local computer "bulletin boards" in your city. (But make sure the service has a C.B. or "chat line" through which individuals can type—or "talk"—to one another.) After you log on—you'll need communications software and a modem to do this—you move to the talk channel and start typing. Your typed words, and those of the others on the channel, appear on the screen in script fashion, with your chosen handle (Cowboy or Busty Babe, for instance), followed by your message. Once you've struck up a chat with someone you'd like to get to know better, you then move off the crowded channel and onto a private channel to which only the two of you have access.

That's when things get hot. You may want to begin by typing descriptions of yourselves to

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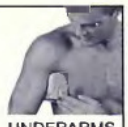
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each other—what you look like, what you're wearing, what part of the house you're in, just how horny you are. Then you can slowly drift into your fantasies—typed confessions of sexual scenarios you've dreamed about but have never actually done. (We know of one woman who actually begged her compumate to type an explicit description of how he would tie her to her bed posts and "fuck every part" of her; and one guy tells us he immediately parlayed his C-sex session into an immediate follow-up dose of real sex.)

Then again, sometimes things can be much more direct, with your new compufriend simply asking you to let your hands wander below your keyboard and then tell her about it. At which point, you're on your own.

I know that certain men's clothes—sports coats, for instance—are appropriate for certain seasons. Can the same be said for the scent a man wears? A friend of mine criticized a man for wearing a cologne in the wrong season. What gives?—D. P., Columbia, Missouri.

Heavier scents are best reserved for fall and winter, light formulations for summer. Many men enjoy a particular scent so much that they make it their personal signature and wear it year round. When one fragrance is a hands-down favorite, wearing a less concentrated version (the after-shave instead of the cologne) during warmer weather should satisfy EPA critics.

This may seem like a trivial question, but I have been unable to find out why the front white-wall tires of some cars get dirtier than the rear ones. No one seems to know the answer. Can you help?—D. H., Goose Creek, South Carolina.

You're very observant. What you've noticed is a combination of asbestos and metal dust that results from the wear and tear put on disc brakes. As you drive your car and wear down the brakes, the mixture of asbestos and metal dust escapes through the rim of the wheel and accumulates on the rim and the white-walls. You don't see this on the rear tires because drum brakes are used in the rear of the car; the drum tends to catch nearly all the dust. (If you watch your mechanic remove the drum when he works on your brakes, you'll probably see enough metallic powder to fill a small shot glass.) Isn't this fascinating?

I'm still shaking. The other evening, in the middle of sex, my girlfriend looked me directly in the eyes and asked me to begin spanking her. My first reaction was to laugh, but I could tell from her look that she was dead serious. So I spanked her—tentatively at first, then with an enthusiasm that took me entirely by surprise. I was inside her at the time and the physical reaction she had—squirming, then damn near bucking—made the intercourse much more pleasurable. The two of us came like never before, and I can honestly say it was the best sex we ever had. But what worries me is, why did we both get turned on by something so, well, kinky?—R. G., Baltimore, Maryland.

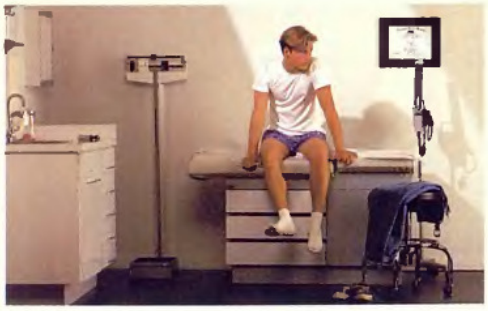
For most, spanking is one of those little sexual demons inside us that always take us by surprise when they surface. After all, we're not in bed for the purpose of pain, so anything that even smacks of it is going to be foreign to us. The accepted explanation for the arousal that spanking elicits is that it may simply be a resurfacing of that childhood experience in which you were first subjected to physical aggression while your buttocks were exposed. "Many fantasies have their basis in incidents occurring in early childhood or adolescence," writes Lonnie Barbach in "For Each Other: Sharing Sexual Intimacy," "when sexual feelings were high and a real understanding of sexuality was very limited." Then again, the combined physical–emotional assault may be what's behind the turn-on. One ladyfriend tells us, "For me, spanking is a very distinct, two-headed beast. Emotionally, it's the concept that I am being entirely controlled—consumed, dominated, then conquered. Then there's the actual feel of it: being entered on one side and paddled on the other. I simply lose control."

I heard a wine maven say that six grape varieties are permitted in red Bordeaux wines. Is that correct? I know of only two—cabernet sauvignon and merlot, the grape of Pomerol. If there are others, what do they contribute to the Bordeaux blend?—F. W., San Diego, California.

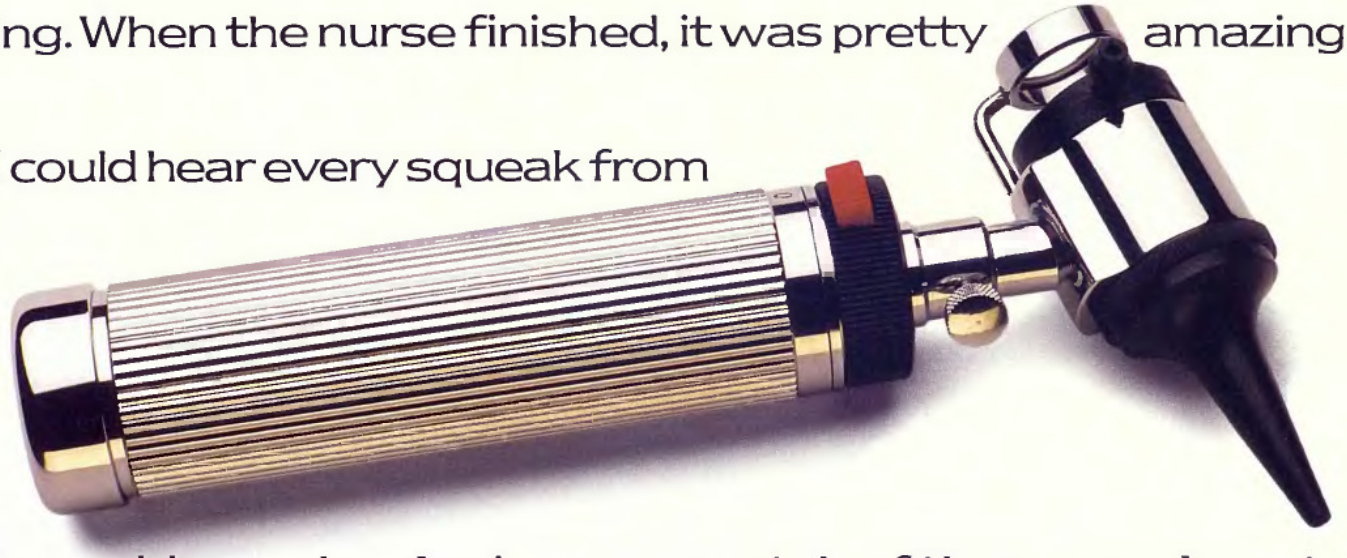
There are six grape varieties sanctioned for Bordeaux wines, though only five are of special significance. Here they are, along with the characteristics they impart to the wine: Cabernet sauvignon—the most prevalent of all grapes—is slow in maturation and has tannin for longevity. Merlot lends grace, roundness, fruitiness. Cabernet franc has lightness, balance and bouquet. Malbec has finesse, balance and matures early. Petit verdot has full body, tannin, matures slowly and is an easy blender. Carmenere rounds out the sextet of Bordeaux grapes. It's a secondary grape, probably related to cabernet sauvignon; it's seldom used today.

Being interested in lingerie, I have always wondered about certain garments. Sure, I know what a bra is, but what about a French bra? Is it the same as a half-bra? What about a push-up bra? How is it different from a regular bra? How does a *bustier* differ from a corset or a girdle? How is a teddy different from a chemise?—K. H., Lubbock, Texas.

The so-called French bra is virtually identical to the half-bra—both employ a demicup, with straps set more toward the side. Push-up bras have padding on the bottom half of the cup, which helps lift the bustline. A bustier goes only to the waist, while a corset includes stays and garters. A teddy is made in the style of a body suit, only with snaps in the crotch. A chemise is a slip that resembles a short dress,



"I went to see the doctor today. He poked a little. Probed a little. And lectured a lot. Everything was okay until he came to my ears. Turned out they needed cleaning. When the nurse finished, it was pretty amazing. I could hear every squeak from



her rubber soles. And every scratch of the pen as I wrote them out a check I knew I couldn't possibly cover. On the way home I flipped on my car stereo and cranked it up. Unbelievable. It was like I was hearing it for the very first time. Those speakers are gone in the morning."

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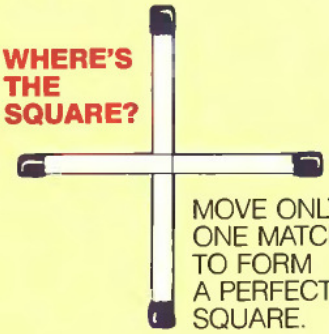

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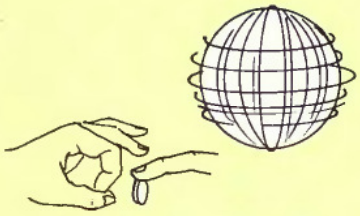

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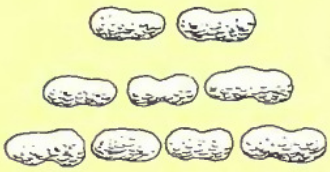

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ending above the knees. Ask your girlfriend to give you a guided tour of her dresser. Pick up a catalog from Victoria's Secret or a Playboy Lingerie special.

I've been on the pill for about three years now and have been thinking about trying something new. I've heard a little bit about the new contraceptive implant. Could you tell me more? What does it involve, is it painful and how reliable is the method?—Miss T. B., Portland, Oregon.

If you like convenience, don't want to get pregnant for the next three to five years and have at least $350, plus doctor's fees, to spend, Norplant, the new contraceptive implant, is perfect for you. Touted as 99 percent effective (that's as much as the pill), Norplant was developed by Wyeth-Ayerst Laboratories in Philadelphia and approved by the Food and Drug Administration on December 10, 1990. According to one woman who received an implant, the procedure "was a lot easier than I'd expected." It goes like this: Six capsules containing contraceptive hormones are implanted under the skin of the forearm in a fanlike arrangement and, except for the slight pain from the local-anesthesia injection, the 15-minute procedure goes smoothly. Once inserted, Norplant slowly releases a synthetic-progesterone drug called levonorgestrel, which is found in some brands of oral contraceptives. The capsules remain visible and can be removed at any time. A word of warning: Norplant is too new to determine long-term side effects, but during a five-year study of more than 800 women, prolonged or irregular menstrual bleeding, depression and occasional infection at the implant site were reported. And while thousands of doctors across the country currently are being trained to insert Norplant, some are recommending that women who are on the pill stick with the method—partly because of the noncontraceptive benefits, such as reduction in ovarian cancer and menstrual cramps, but also because Norplant doesn't provide an immediate option to change your mind about pregnancy. We also have to point out that although Norplant may be an excellent long-term contraceptive, it doesn't protect you from sexually transmitted diseases. So remember to use a condom.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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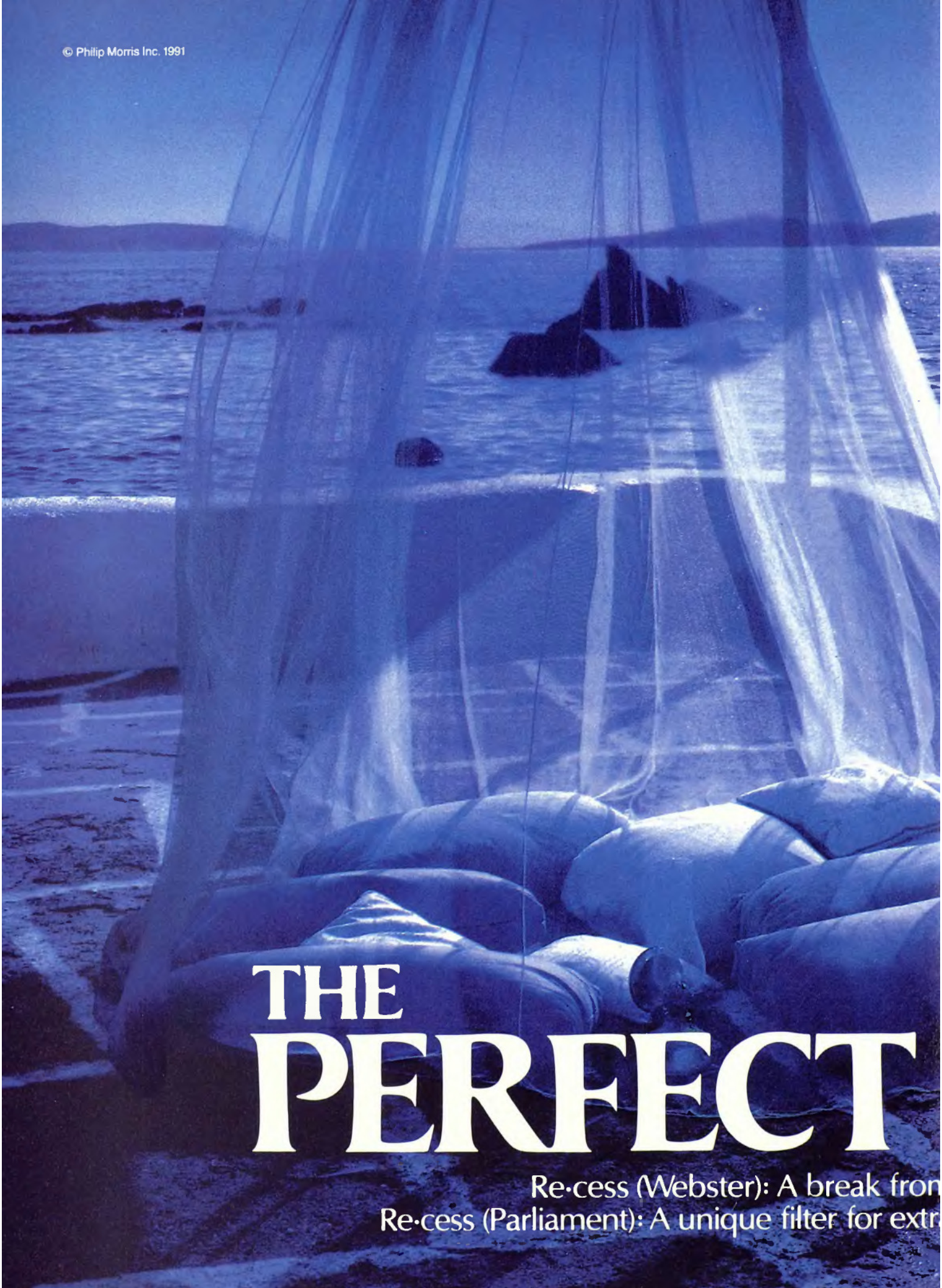
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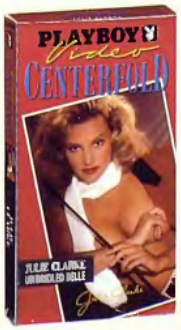

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THE MOTHER OF ALL STREET CRIMES

when the street gets tagged the war zone, then all shades of justice vanish. no wonder daryl gates's cops became thugs

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Time for an "I told you so" on police violence. Last September, I wrote a column about the loose tongue and deranged logic of L.A. police chief Daryl Gates that *Playboy* didn't publish because the guy was considered too local.

Hey, I argued at the time, he is the top cop in the second biggest city in the U.S. Also, L.A. is the movie capital and its crime-stopping activities are embedded dogma, from *Dragnet* to *L.A. Law*. Well, now Gates is a nationally known figure with a $300,000 book contract, though his police career is just about in the toilet.

I bring it up now, straining the indulgence of the editors and readers who may have heard enough about Gates since his finest went on a baton-swinging rampage, only to make a larger point about crime and crime fighters. The problem is not just Gates. His get-tough-on-crime rhetoric runs from the White House to the courthouse, and saner voices have been stilled in its rampaging wake. Few have the guts to point out that the battle order is both dangerous and misleading. Instead of serious crime-fighting measures, we are treated to hoary calls to charge. We have indulged an irresponsible cant that may get politicians elected and police budgets funded but has nothing to do with real needs.

President Bush led the offensive with his campaign demagoguery about the Willie Horton case, then continued it with his war on drugs and the crime bill that he is currently pushing through Congress. In regard to the last, *The New York Times* dismissed it as "little more than misguided measures that are unlikely to improve public safety." What Bush has instilled is not a renewed passion for fighting crime but, rather, a bellicose vocabulary in which to prattle about it: "America is a can-do nation, and today, at home, we must seize the day. The kind of moral force and national will that freed Kuwait City from abuse can free America's cities from crime."

What hogwash from a President who disarmed Saddam Hussein but who can't keep guns out of the hands of criminals here. The idea that the N.R.A., of which Bush is a proud member, has helped thousands of hardened criminals obtain deadly automatic weapons seems never to have occurred to him.

Bush's concrete crime-control proposals boil down to expanded use of the death penalty and a further erosion of constitutional rights in the collection of evidence. The real message here is that fighting crime means search and destroy. The operative word, for those who want to crack the code, is race. The anti-crime rhetoric of the past decade, exemplified by Bush's and Gates's mouthing, has created a climate that condones police lawlessness in the black community unless it is captured on a bystander's minicam.

Don't get excited. I know that there's a lot of real crime out there and that corralling hardened criminals is a thankless task requiring brave personnel who should be amply rewarded for their work. But the professional excellence of police science has been undermined by abject hysteria over a crime wave that distorts statistical evidence, lumps all crimes together and implies that police violence is the only antidote.

The occasion of my earlier column was a statement by the chief of the officers who later beat Rodney King that casual drug users "ought to be taken out and shot." This was not an off-duty remark overheard in an intemperate moment; it was deliberate testimony to the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee. Gates's argument, as he restated it to reporters outside the committee room, was simple if bizarre: "We're in a war," and therefore, even casual drug use "is treason." As disturbing as Gates's statement was, even scarier was the timid response of community leaders who through either indifference or fear proved unwilling to take on the chief. Afraid not because he would have them shot or sent to an American Siberia but because they did not want to be out of step with what has become a demagog's delight—the war on drugs.

Sometimes an event cuts like the scalpel of a surgeon through the body politic and reveals who we really are. In this instance, reason fled and opportunism dominated. The media and key politicians meekly attempted to rationalize Gates's remarks or said nothing. I searched my Rolodex for someone with some sense of outrage at this example of the city's top law-enforcement officer's suggesting vigilante justice but found only apologies or silence.

One leading academic expert who consults for the California state government told me he was "afraid to take on Gates," even though he was outraged by his remarks, because "how do you know the police won't break into your car and plant some cocaine and then bust you?" Paranoia? What's paranoid in a world where the police chief wants to shoot pot smokers?

Fear, at least, would provide a plausible explanation for the mannered demurrals to the chief's outrages. Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley ducked the issue by saying only that "I'm not going to dignify that statement by a response." Los Angeles County district attorney Ira Reiner said he agreed with Gates in principle, though not in his "colorful choice of language." The *Los Angeles Times*, which chastised Gates with a mild "[His] intemperate remarks only turned up the rhetoric in a battle that cannot be won by words," went on to thunder, "The President must step up his commitment to eradicating drug use at all levels and for all people."

Why the hysteria? Federal statistics are quite clear that casual drug use has been on the decline and dramatically so in the past few years.

The hysteria derives from the metaphors of combat employed by moderates such as the *Los Angeles Times* editorial writers, as well as true fanatics such as Gates. In a war, hard lines are drawn between friend and foe and gradations of culpability disappear. There are no casual enemies. In a war, moderates end up apologizing for extremists.

In the big cities, this hysteria is directed at the racially and economically disadvantaged, who are deemed less worthy of legal protection, and the war on drugs is largely a war on young blacks. Thanks to star power, a few embarrassing cases of such abuse by Los Angeles cops have surfaced. Former Lakers basketball star Jamaal Wilkes was pulled over on a Los Angeles street and handcuffed by two officers on special robbery detail, because, they said, his car's license tags were about to expire. Wilkes filed a $250,000 claim against the city alleging

mistreatment motivated by race. In another case, baseball legend Joe Morgan was roughed up at Los Angeles International Airport by a narcotics officer who thought he was a drug courier. Morgan filed suit and was awarded $540,000 by a Federal jury.

Rodney King was just another black pulled over by white officers under suspicion of a crime. Is it any wonder that some of Gates's white officers, who thought King might have been "dusted," thought they had full license to commit mayhem? Even though he was supine and nonthreatening, he suffered Taser gun shots and crippling baton blows.

The war metaphor is dangerous precisely because it reduces the crime problem to an us and them division that brooks no complexity. Illegality is all that matters, not dependency. Dependency is emotionally confusing. In Gates's case, he should know better, because his son Lowell is a drug addict. "My son was a casual user, and we did our best to do something about that," Gates said, "but he turned into an addict. My son, [in effect], shot himself." No, he didn't. He's very much alive and, indeed, has been going through—with apparent success—a rehabilitation program. Maybe the lesson is to call off the dogs of war and put more money into treating drug dependency as a health problem.

Gates's response to such arguments is that war is war; take no prisoners, even your own son. "I want casual drug users to recognize exactly how treasonous I think their acts are. All they are doing is contributing to sustaining the war effort. They're aiding and abetting the enemy. They're supporting the enemy."

Despite the not-so-subtle racism, absurdly counterproductive in a city whose minorities make up the majority, Gates got away with the slurs for a decade. Not just the public but elected officials such as the black mayor and ex-policeman Tom Bradley, the city council—which paid out $11,000,000 in 1990 in claims against the police—and the police commission appointed by Bradley were all swept away by the tough talk.

Had there been no minicam, as must be presumed to be the case in God knows how many other such beatings, there would have been no incident. These officers, as the transcript of their audio and computer conversations indicated, acted with an impunity born of past successful transgressions of the law. The more than a dozen officers who participated in or observed the beating underscored that this was business as usual, white cops getting to do in a "bad" black.

Had Gates responded that this was evidence of a profound and potentially far-reaching problem in his jurisdiction, all might have once again been forgiven. But his attempts to minimize the situation and lay blame on a few errant individuals appalled the citizenry, already sickened by the video tape.

It obviously never occurred to Gates that there was a connection between the behavior of those officers and the past wild utterings of the police chief. Perhaps he should have been alert to his own war analogy—and considered My Lai. Troops roused to an insensitive frenzy by their leader's rhetoric and numbed by the official depiction of a dehumanized enemy are that much more likely to step over the line.

As Joseph D. McNamara, the respected San Jose police chief, put it, "When the chief sounds more like Rambo, no one should be surprised if some officers on the street interpret the message to mean that they can administer justice as they see fit." Problem is that Gates, who may well be out of office by the time this is printed, is by no means the only Rambo in law enforcement. His mentality is the problem and elected officials had better find the courage to challenge that thinking if they are serious about fighting crime, including official crime.

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THE WAR ON NUDITY

the great pinup controversy

PART ONE

Let's get one thing clear: Lois Robinson was never physically assaulted or sexually propositioned in the course of her work as a welder at the Jacksonville, Florida, shipyard. She was promoted from third-class welder to second-class welder and from second-class welder to first-class welder for the usual reasons.

So how was it that she won what feminist lawyers claim is a stunning victory in the realm of sexual-harassment law?

Robinson and a team of lawyers from the National Organization for Women Legal Defense and Education Fund managed to convince a Florida judge that pinups can create a hostile environment of "visual assault on the sensibilities of female workers."

Robinson, who was unable to recall the exact number of days she had missed work because of pinup-related stress, was able to recall with near photographic memory dozens of centerfold and pinup calendars, locking on images of women with breasts exposed or naked buttocks thrust submissively into view, and every copy of *Playboy* kept in a desk drawer that she had seen over an 11-year period.

In *The New York Times*, Tamar Lewin selectively described the most offensive pictures—an image of a woman's pubic area with a spatula pressed to it, a nude female torso with the words USDA CHOICE written on it and a nude woman bending over with her buttocks and genitals exposed. Susan Tifft, writing for *Time*, mentioned the last two photos and added a "drawing of a woman's breast with her nipple as the bull's-eye." Offensive? Yes. Are they the moral equivalent of a burning cross? Only in the fevered imagination of feminist crusaders.

Most of the pinups were not sexually explicit, merely nude. They were promotional calendars from firms with names such as Whilden Valve and Gauge Repair. When asked if the shipyard had ever distributed calendars with nude men, a foreman said he would probably throw such a calendar in the trash. One witness said it was accepted practice at the shipyards for vendors to supply calendars of nude women, but he had never known of a vendor distributing a calendar of nude men, and if one did so, he would think the "son of a bitch" was "queer."

One member of the company's management told Robinson that nautical people had always displayed pinups and other images of nude or partially nude women, such as figureheads on boats, that the posting of such pictures was a common custom in a nautical workplace and that pinups were not intended to intimidate, embarrass or cause concern for anyone. The pinups were there long before Robinson—the images were not acts of war.

Robinson was treated differently from male employees—not because she was a woman but because she was a strait-laced, rabid, bluenose priss.

One lawyer asked to interpret the decision told *The New York Times* that the case showed that "under the law, people who are strait-laced have the right to be that way and be protected within reason." If the Reverend Donald F. Wildmon became a welder and started whining that pinups degraded women, the guys at the shipyard would call him a queer son of a bitch. They would react with a natural distaste (i.e., hostility) for the individual who wanted to impose his or her taste on the community.

Some of the incidents retold in court take on a *Catch-22* absurdity—when a group of men wanted to tell a sexual joke, they yelled to Robinson to "take cover." Harassment if you do, harassment if you don't. One foreman ordered pictures of nude and partially nude women off his shop's walls; the calendars were replaced with ones showing women in provocative swimwear. Tut-tut. More harassment.

We think the shipyard workers, in some instances, acted without couth in this debate. They were not William F. Buckley, Jr.s. Still, we think she doth protest too much, but then, we work for *Playboy*.

The decision is a slippery slope: Once you give the individual the right to set the terms of sexual hostilities, the next battle will be over

the definition of environment. Do women who commute to work now have the right to demand that billboards with sexually suggestive images be removed? Does someone heading past a kiosk in Grand Central Station have the right to demand that *Playboy* be hidden from view? The pinups in question expressed the robust community values of the shipyard—men personalize a cold steel environment with sexual images. Women such as Robinson sterilize. Some call this progress.

Dr. Susan Fiske, a psychologist from the University of Massachusetts and an expert in the field of stereotyping, helped convince the judge that women like Robinson need special protection simply because they are women or, more accurately, because they are pioneers in a predominantly male environment. (In 1986, there were six women employed as skilled craftworkers in the shipyard, 846 men—which meant that Robinson almost never worked with another woman.) Succinctly, Dr. Fiske said that having to think about sex interfered with a woman's ability to work. The judge summarized her theory: "When sex comes into the workplace, women are profoundly affected . . . in their job performance and in their ability to do their jobs without being bothered by it. The effects encompass emotional upset, reduced job satisfaction, the deterrence of women from seeking jobs or promotions, and an increase of women quitting jobs, getting transferred or being fired because of the sexualization of the workplace." Fiske said the effect of the sexualization of the workplace is "vanishingly small" for men.

In short, men can think of sex and weld ships at the same time. Women can't. A curmudgeon might suggest that they try thinking of sex and chewing gum at the same time.

A repressed attitude toward sex is not one of those handicaps deserving special intervention. Removing the pinups to help the Robinsons get ahead in the world strikes us as akin to McDonald's putting pictures of cheeseburgers on the cash register so that math illiterates can still ring up a purchase. Does anyone seriously think these kinds of concessions advance the quality of life?

Do women need protection from images of sex? The judge thought so. Ironically, it was this kind of patronizing attitude that inspired the feminist revolution in the first place.

So put up the blue-chintz curtains, boys. We've been neutered.

THE WAR

the supreme court considers

Quick: The attorney general's office for the state of Indiana has spent six years in court, thousands of taxpayer dollars, the service of its best lawyers and the opinions of several Reagan-appointed judges in a valiant crusade on behalf of which of the following causes?

A. Women's rights
B. Environmental protection
C. Election-campaign reform
D. Affirmative action
E. Prohibiting people from dancing without their clothes on

The answer is E, no joke. Nude dancing—nude anything, really—has become the attorney general's obsession in recent years, and a matter of grave concern for the Quayle state. It's also a class A misdemeanor under Indiana's 1881 public-indecency statute, a law that Indiana has begun to enforce a century after its creation with impressive Puritan zeal.

In 1985, two nude-dance emporiums in South Bend—the Chippewa Bookstore and J.R.'s Kitty Kat Lounge—grew tired of the harassment and challenged the statute.

THE STATUTE

35-45-4-1 Public Indecency—Indecent Exposure:

A. A person who knowingly or intentionally, in a public place:

1. Engages in sexual intercourse;

2. Engages in deviate sexual conduct;

3. Appears in a state of nudity; or

4. Fondles the genitals of himself or another person; commits public indecency, a class A misdemeanor.

B. Nudity means the showing of the human male or female genitals, pubic area or buttocks with less than a fully opaque covering, the showing of the female breast with less than a fully opaque covering of any part of the nipple or the showing of covered male genitals in a discernibly turgid state.

C. A person who, in a place other than a public place, with the intent to be seen by persons other than invitees and occupants of that place:

1. Engages in sexual intercourse;

2. Engages in deviate sexual conduct; or

3. Fondles the genitals of himself or another person; where he can be seen by persons other than invitees and occupants of that place, commits indecent exposure, a class C misdemeanor.

The Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals ruled the law unconstitutional. Not to be deterred, the attorney general's office took its case all the way to the Supreme Court.

It was not the first time the Court had taken up with nude dancers. It had previously upheld nonobscene nude performance (*Hair*, for example) as protected speech, and even Indiana's attorney general conceded that the entertainment available at the Kitty Kat and the Chippewa was *not* obscene, under any legal test. Nonetheless, the current Rehnquist Court has made it clear in recent years that all previous First Amendment bets are off.

In January, the Supreme Court held an open session. The oral argument—one hour of legal combat between opposing lawyers and the nine Justices—is uniquely revealing of the Court's collective personality and subtle shifts in attitudes.

The following are excerpts from the oral argument in *Michael Barnes vs. Glen Theatre, Inc.* Appearing before the Court are Wayne E. Uhl, prosecuting attorney of St. Joseph County, Indiana, and attorney Bruce J. Ennis, Jr., a former national legal director for the American Civil Liberties Union and a leading First Amendment litigator, representing the dancers of the Chippewa Bookstore (owned by Glen Theatre) and the Kitty Kat Lounge.

ON NUDITY

PART TWO

the art of striptease

By Jeffrey Davis

NAKED SPEECH

CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM H. REHNQUIST: We'll hear argument next in *Michael Barnes vs. Glen Theatre, Inc.*, Mr. Uhl?

WAYNE UHL: Thank you, Mr. Chief Justice, and may it please the Court: In Indiana, under Indiana code, Section 35-45-4-1, a person cannot leave his home naked and walk down the street. He cannot give a political speech in a park without——

JUSTICE BYRON R. WHITE: Without being in trouble.

UHL: That's correct. [*Laughter*] He would get in trouble, Your Honor, if he walked into a public place such as a bar or a bookstore without his clothes on. Once inside the bar, he could not walk naked up and down the aisles, nor could he sit down at a table without his clothes on, nor could he stand up on the bar or on a stage at the front of that public establishment without his clothes on.

JUSTICE ANTONIN SCALIA: He can evidently sing in an opera without his clothes on.

[In the 1979 case *State vs. Baysinger*, in which a group of nude dancers were prosecuted for violation of the indecency statute, the Indiana supreme court allowed vague exceptions to public nudity when it is "part of some larger form of expression meriting protection"—presumably, traditional ballet, opera, etc.]

UHL: Well, our point, Your Honor, is that the plaintiffs say that if he starts dancing when he gets up on that stage or up on that bar, then he can do anything—or anything that can be defined as dancing—then he's privileged under the First Amendment to appear naked, notwithstanding Indiana's public-indecency statute.

SCALIA: What about seeing an opera? Am I correct in my understanding of what Indiana law is? That there is an exception to the nudity law somehow for artistic performances, is that right?

UHL: The Indiana supreme court . . . has held that the statute does not affect activity that cannot be restricted by the First Amendment. And the term that the court used in that case was "a larger form of expression." So——

SCALIA: Which includes opera but not go-go dancing?

UHL: That's correct, Your Honor.

SCALIA: Is there—— Where does that come from?

UHL: Your Honor, the court looked at cases such as *Southeastern Promotions* [*vs. Conrad*], where this Court implied that the production of *Hair*, for example, needed to include nudity. And I think, drawing from that line of cases, presumed that the First Amendment——

SCALIA: Is the good-taste clause of the Constitution? How does one draw that line between *Salome* [the Richard Strauss opera featuring the Dance of the Seven Veils] and the Kitty Kat Lounge? I don't——

UHL: The line is drawn the same way the line is drawn any time conduct is involved, and that is whether or not the conduct communicates. If the conduct communicates, then the conduct is speech. If the conduct does not communicate, then the conduct is not speech.

JUSTICE ANTHONY M. KENNEDY: Communicates what? An idea?

UHL: Communicates a particularized message or an idea.

KENNEDY: What about a particularized message and an idea of sensuality?

UHL: That could be communicated. However, the plaintiffs in this case . . . did not carry their burden of proving that that was the particularized message they were sending by their dancing.

KENNEDY: Because they were not good enough dancers?

UHL: No, it didn't have anything to do with the quality of the dance, Your Honor. It had to do with——

KENNEDY: Well, could a dance communicate that?

UHL: Yes, a dance could communicate that.

KENNEDY: But this one didn't?

UHL: These dances did not.

KENNEDY: Because they were not good enough dancers?

UHL: No, Your Honor, it wasn't the quality of the dancing. Go-go dancing can be good or bad, but in neither instance is it speech.

SONG AND DANCE

During Uhl's opening remarks, Justices Scalia and Kennedy, in short order, dismantled the state's first argument: that nude and seminude go-go-style dancing somehow doesn't qualify as a "larger form of expression" worthy of First Amendment protection. Only in

final rebuttal—with considerable needling by Justice John Paul Stevens—did Uhl eventually concede that the Indiana statute must be considered a ban on all forms of public nudity, not just those that Indiana doesn't like.

KENNEDY: Suppose the dancers were clothed and suppose the state of Indiana or a police official attempted to prohibit that performance, a clothed performance; would the First Amendment protect the performer?

UHL: No, not these performances in this case.

JUSTICE JOHN PAUL STEVENS: Then you're saying it would be permissible to pass a statute prohibiting tap dancing?

UHL: Unless tap dancing were shown to be speech under the First Amendment, that's correct.

STEVENS: Under your view, it doesn't convey any particular message, so you could prohibit it.

UHL: That's correct.

JUSTICE SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR: Could the state prohibit rock music?

UHL: Your Honor, this Court found in *Ward* [*vs. Rock Against Racism, Inc.*] that rock music is speech under the First Amendment, so no, it could not. But——

[In this 1989 case, the Court upheld volume restrictions on an outdoor rock concert in New York's Central Park but acknowledged that all music is speech, entitled to First Amendment protection, regardless of the *type* of music.]

O'CONNOR: Well, how is it that music is protected, but dance is not?

UHL: Music is different.

O'CONNOR: Could you explain that?

UHL: Music is different from dance in that the very nature of the medium is communicative. But by the definition of dance that's been submitted by the respondents——

O'CONNOR: Do you think some of the rock music played in the *Ward* case conveyed a message?

[*Laughter*]

UHL: An artistic message.

O'CONNOR: An artistic message?

UHL: An artistic message. Yes, Your Honor. Whereas not all dance conveys an artistic message.

O'CONNOR: Well, I suggest not all music does, either.

UHL: That may be a case-by-case determination and this Court hasn't addressed that except in *Ward* to say that music in general is communicative and therefore is speech under the First Amendment.

O'CONNOR: Well, dance in general might be communicative under that test, might it not?

UHL: We would resist that, Your Honor, because dance can be so broadly defined as to include, perhaps, what I'm doing here today. Dance can be any——

WHITE: Song and dance.

[*Laughter*]

UHL: Well, not that kind of song and dance.

[*Laughter*]

NO NUDES IS GOOD NUDES

The Justices moved on to the more intriguing questions in the case: whether Indiana can show a "compelling interest" in banning only certain kinds of nudity, and whether the application of its statute might be consistent with the First Amendment. The state's most compelling interests, as Bruce Ennis pointed out to the Court, might not be nudity at all.

SCALIA: It [the issue] is nude dancing. It's not dancing. It's nudity, period.

BRUCE ENNIS: Justice Scalia, the Court's opinion . . . says the state must justify the application of an otherwise content-neutral statute to expressive activity for reasons unrelated to expression. In this case . . . the state has acknowledged its fear that nude dancing is "likely to inspire patrons to solicit sex from performers or contemplate rape or adultery."

The state has admitted it has concerns about the effect of nude dancing on attitudes toward women and has argued that it should be free to ban nude dancing, because it "encourages activities that break down family structure and advocates adultery, licentiousness, prostitution and crime."

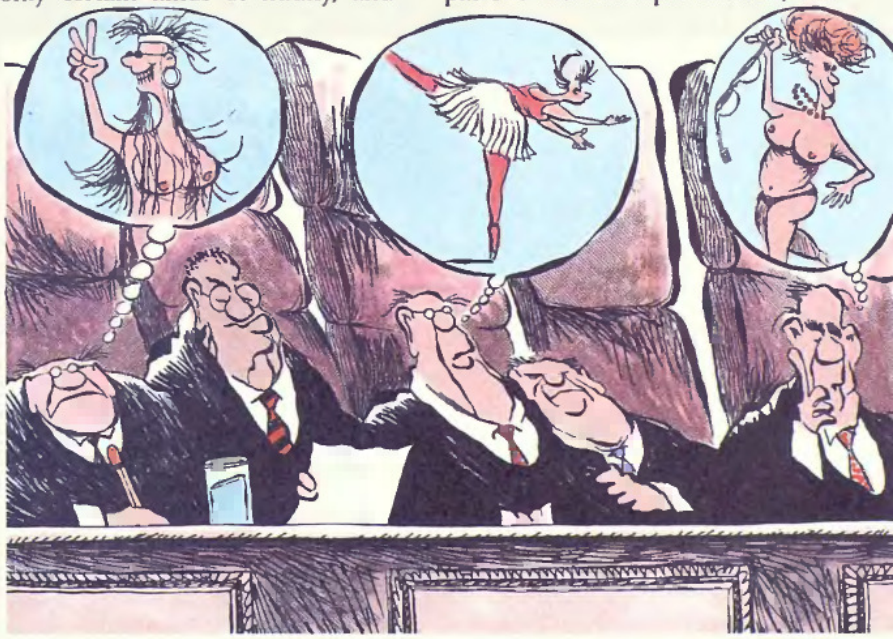
These justifications are related to expression, because they focus on the direct impact of speech on its audience and they are concerned with listeners' reactions.

Therefore, this cannot be considered a content-neutral statute.

•

Before we charge our nude-dance patrons with multiple felonies, one might question how a performance at the Chippewa Bookstore could achieve such a calamitous effect on viewers. The state of Indiana apparently believes that "audience participation" plays a key role, despite the fact that viewers watch the show—behind glass—from an enclosed booth.

UHL: The Indiana courts have carefully defined the term public place. For example, a situation where a single viewer goes into a booth and



views a single dancer through a glass plate and closes the door behind him to do so, the Indiana courts have said that that is not a public place under the statute. However, what we have in this case in the Chippewa Bookstore is a ring of booths around a stage where a multitude of customers can watch the same dancers at the same time.

STEVENS: What's the state interest in that distinction? If you have one customer, it's OK; if you have ten, it's bad?

UHL: Well, the state's interest, Your Honor, is that the more this becomes an audience-participation kind of situation, the more the state's interest in regulating that kind of conduct increases.

REHNQUIST: Why do they call this place a bookstore?

[*Laughter*]

UHL: At least one of the respondents said that the only reason that she dances nude is in order to make money. And we think that in balancing the impact of the statute against the rights of these women to engage in this kind of conduct, the Court can take into account the fact that this is a speech that's done largely for a commercial purpose.

SCALIA: That's why Dickens wrote his books, too.

UHL: Well, Your Honor, it's different. Dickens wrote his books largely because he needed income, not only because he needed income, and there's a distinction to be made.

SCALIA: You're sure about that?

[*Laughter*]

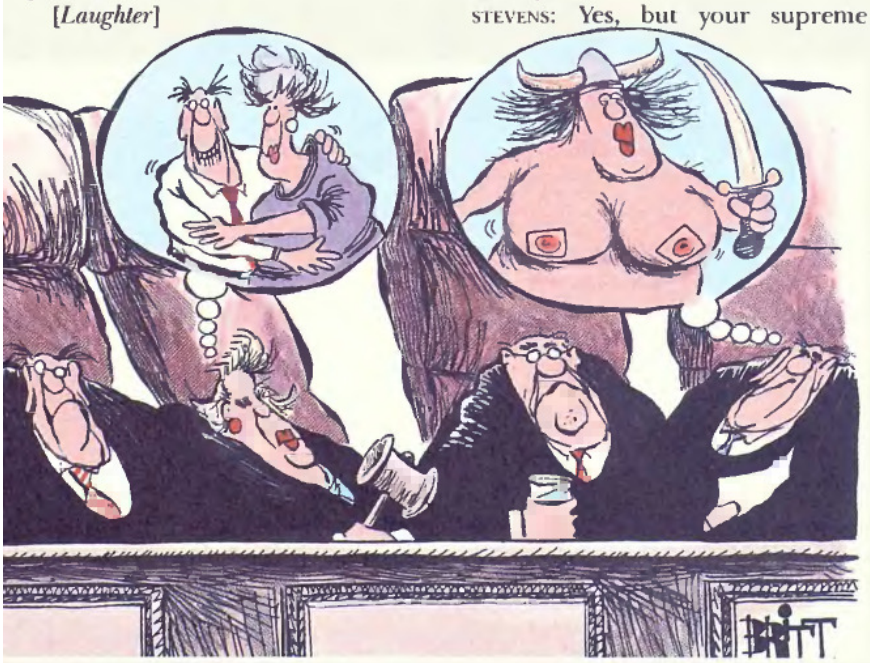
UHL: I'm sure what Darlene Miller's [a Kitty Kat dancer] intent was, Your Honor, and that was to make money.

STEVENS: Yes, but your supreme court distinguishes between the opera singer and this dancer and I suppose the opera singer wants to make money, too.

UHL: That's true, although, again, the opera singer is in the position where that's not the only thing that she wants to do, but that the money is an important part of it. So we can't distinguish this just on the fact that she's making money.

STEVENS: And did all three of [the dancers involved in this case] say that was their only motive?

UHL: No, Your Honor.



DIME-A-DANCE CAPITALISM

Next on Uhl's list of evils was commercial enterprise. In elucidating his concerns about the profit motive behind the dancing at the Kitty Kat, Uhl concluded, in effect, that because the Kitty Kat dancers weren't dancing for charity, for the NEA or for the simple joys of dance itself, their performances failed a "balancing test" under which it could regulate their conduct. Fortunately, Scalia and Stevens didn't buy that argument.

TRASH DANCE VS. ART

Kennedy finally made the most striking comments about the state's attempted "end run" around the First Amendment.

KENNEDY: Are you really confident that we could make the distinction between dancing that is part of a greater form of artistic expression as opposed to dancing that is not artistic expression? Who's to do this? Are we to do it, or both—kind of a joint venture?

UHL: Your Honor, as in the case of obscenity, where one of the issues is the artistic value of the work, trial judges and trial juries make the distinction under—in criminal prosecutions under this statute, just as in an obscenity case——

KENNEDY: But we have no settled jurisprudence. We would be really striking out in a very new direction, would we not?

UHL: Well, Your Honor, ever since *Miller vs. California*, juries have been determining whether works that are charged to be obscene have artistic value. So we believe that it's simply application of the same kind of test in this context.

ENNIS: The artistic-merit test in *Miller* comes in to save and give protection to speech that is otherwise unprotected. Here, the state, as Justice Kennedy's question suggests, would be striking out on very new ground, indeed. Here, the state would be saying that speech is protected to begin with only if it has artistic merit. As this Court has said . . . what to one man is trash may to others have fleeting or even enduring values and it is not the business of the state to determine which is trash and which is valuable. The First Amendment leaves that judgment to the individual.

•

It's a fair bet that the Warren and Burger Courts would have let *Barnes* pass unreviewed. The Supreme Court reverses more than 50 percent of the lower-court cases it chooses to hear. Will the Rehnquist Court decide to let Indiana "pass go" on the First Amendment and collect "public decency" or let states move right past obscenity into prohibiting conduct that they simply don't like?

THE COMBAT ZONE

I enjoyed the January feature "Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Sexual Environment." I thought you might like to see the table of contents to Dave Marsh's new book, *50 Ways to Fight Censorship*:

THE SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU CAN DO

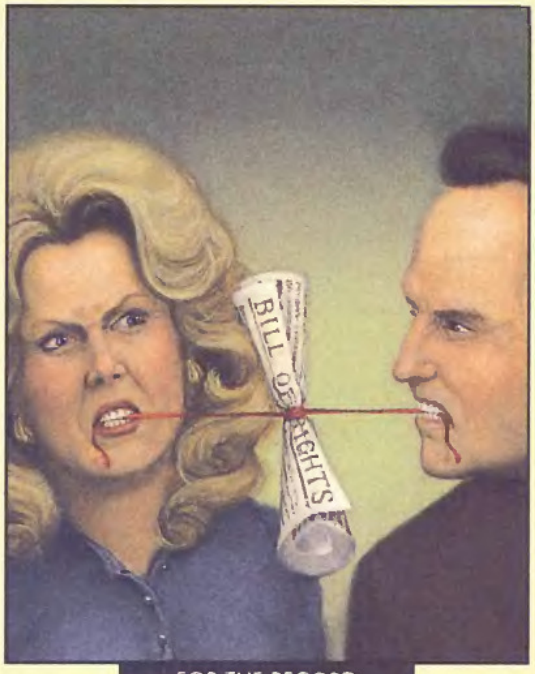
1. Speak out!

THINGS YOU CAN DO BY YOURSELF

2. Register and vote!
3. Send your Senators and Congresspersons letters or Mailgrams.
4. Teach your children how to know when censorship appears in the classroom or elsewhere.
5. Oppose *de facto* censorship of the news media by the wealthy and powerful.
6. Get involved with your library.
7. Make art that fights censorship.
8. Speak out about freedom of speech at schools, churches and to youth groups in your town.
9. Write a letter to your local paper in defense of free speech.
10. Call your radio-station talk show.
11. Support those retailers who fight against censorship.
12. Read everything you can get your hands on about censorship and First Amendment issues. Read banned books.
13. Gather information and news clippings on censorship and send them to a central clearinghouse.
14. Buy banned records.
15. Write and perform songs about free speech and the perils of censorship.
16. Write to movie moguls and tell them to eliminate the M.P.A.A. ratings code.
17. Watch *The Simpsons* and other controversial TV programs.
18. Contact your local cable outlet to find out if it's being pressured to censor its programing.
19. Join the American Civil Liberties Union (A.C.L.U.).
20. Join the Freedom to Read Foundation.
21. Stop the attack on the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA).
22. Join Article 19, a human-rights group working to identify and oppose censorship around the world.
23. Support the American Booksellers Association Foundation for Free Expression.
24. Get to know the censorship groups. Study their literature and expose them to public scrutiny.
25. Investigate the tax-exempt status of procensorship lobbying groups.
26. Find out your state's requirements for purchasing textbooks.
27. Run for office—city council, school board, state representative, Congress—on a platform supporting freedom of expression.
28. Write to your favorite artists; find out what they're doing to help preserve freedom of expression.
29. Make an anticensorship home video showing the various benefits of free speech in your community—and the perils of censorship.
30. Write about your positive experiences with art.

THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH OTHERS

31. Become a voter registrar. Organize a voter-registration drive.
32. Form a group that establishes a First Amendment litmus test for politicians.
33. Start an anticensorship petition campaign.
34. Boycott products made and marketed by companies that fund the censors.
35. Start a grass-roots anticensorship organization.
36. Start an anticensorship newsletter.
37. Contact local arts and educational organizations; persuade them to stage a free-speech event (you'll help organize it, of course).
38. Set a good example by starting a parents group to combat censorship.
39. Contact local TV stations and



FOR THE RECORD

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

MTV Networks VH-1 recently produced a censorship special titled "Living in America." The following excerpts comment on the current state of affairs.

"On one side, you have book burners, Congressional wives and Pat Robertson. On the other side, you have vulgar comedians, foulmouthed rap groups and Dennis Hopper—all your choices should be so easy."

—SANDRA BERNHARD

"We have to establish a First Amendment club. To join the club . . . to get your little membership sticker, you have to take the thing that most deeply offends you: If you're black, maybe it's the argument that blacks are inferior; if you're a Jew, maybe it's Holocaust denial speech; if you're a feminist, maybe it's pornography; if you're gay, maybe it's homophobic speech. But you've got to go out there and defend *that*—see how it feels to defend something you fundamentally disagree with. Then you get your First Amendment card.

—PROFESSOR ALAN DERSHOWITZ, CIVIL RIGHTS ATTORNEY

RESPONSE

propose a "Censored Films Festival."

40. Use community-access cable or community radio to raise awareness of free-speech issues.

41. Stage a mock trial on censorship.

42. Sue the bastards!

43. Create a public-service announcement to be aired over the radio.

44. Make sure local schools have a course on freedom of speech.

45. Contact others concerned about censorship—use the classifieds!

46. Talk with teachers about what they're doing to ensure free speech.

47. Picket the censors.

48. Have a moment of silence to keep speech free.

49. Have a Speak Out Day.

50. Make the real obscenities the real issues.

You can order *50 Ways to Fight Censorship*, by Dave Marsh ($5.95 paperback), from Thunder's Mouth Press, 54 Greene Street, Suite 4S, New York, New York 10013, 212-226-0277.

Michael Carter
New Rochelle, New York

OTT'S DEFENSE

I've just mailed a special contribution to the A.C.L.U. for the defense of Elaine Ott, arrested in Miramar, Florida, for the "crime" of selling your magazine to two 16-year-old boys. I've been a longtime subscriber and I never kept *Playboy* out of reach of my kids. They have all turned out to be great, well-adjusted adults.

Graham E. Mathes
Seattle, Washington

ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST

Another thriving American megacorp has been rendered gutless by Donald E. Wildmon.

Blockbuster Video, buckling to the intimidation tactics of the fundamentalist right, has pulled all NC-17 films from its shelves.

I view this as a particular affront in light of the fact that Blockbuster presented itself to the American public as a one-stop solution to our every video desire. Neighborhood video stores closed, one after the other, as Blockbuster began servicing entire communities. Now that it has our money and attention, it has decided to deliver a moral KO by telling us what is and is not acceptable viewing.

Since the bureaucrats who run the company operate not according to principle but according to the bottom line, I have stooped to their level long enough to cut and return my Blockbuster membership card.

Blockbuster? "Ballsbusted" seems more appropriate.

Kerry Simpson
San Francisco, California

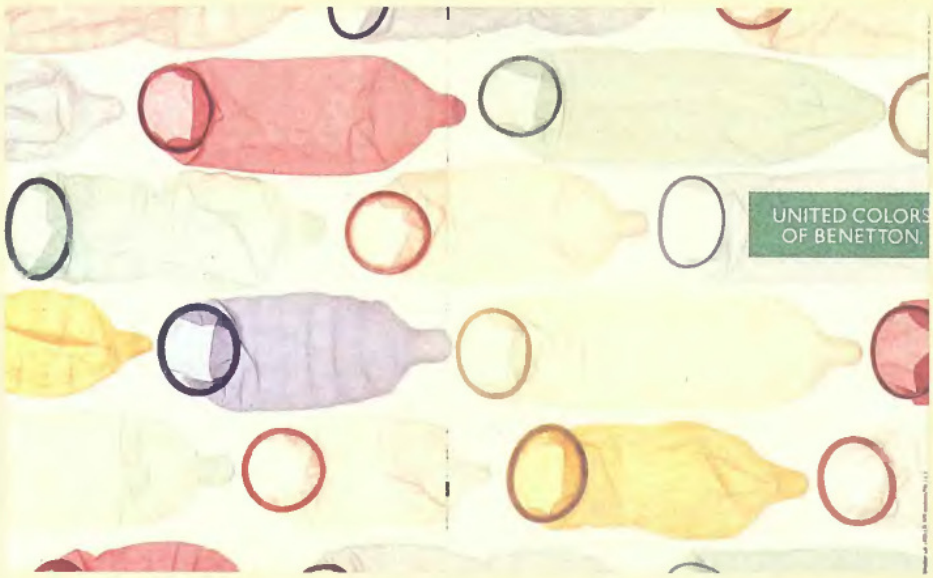
THE GOOD BOOK

Forum readers should beware the subversive influences lurking in the pages of *Webster's New World Dictionary* (Third College Edition). According to West Virginia Democratic Senator Robert Byrd, our common culture is being poisoned by the kind of objective detachment that allows inclusion of "four-letter" words in a standard reference book. Byrd accuses *Webster's* editors of "cultural cowardice" for not taking it upon themselves to censor the English language and compares our current language tolerance to that following the fall of the Roman Empire. With friends like Byrd, who needs Republicans?

Jerry Minor
Cedar City, Utah

And we were happy to have a few more options for the Scrabble board. A recent study by Indiana University found that 61 percent of the editors surveyed would permit the use of expletives under various circumstances. Five years ago, 92.6 percent would have no part of four-letter words. This is an impressive increase suggesting a healthy sentiment that language standards meet societal changes.

As for Byrd's mealymouthed reference to the responsibility of the "Webster's" lexicographers, the editors got it right in the text's foreword, which states, "It is not [our] mandate to pass editorial judgment but only to describe . . . the language as it exists." Why include expletives, Senator Byrd? Because they are a very real part of our existence, you pompous bumwipe.



If the sexual revolution had a flag, it would look like this. Benetton unfurled this colorful condom ad in February with predictable results. *Cosmopolitan*, *Mademoiselle* and *Self* refused to run it. *Newsday*, *Adweek* and *Advertising Age* provided free coverage (as did your humble editor of *The Playboy Forum*). These people are not dumb.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

LOVE CONNECTION

FORT WORTH, TEXAS—*Charitable members of the little Water of Life Pentecostal Church reached out to help a homeless family of four, letting them live in the Sun-*

day-school room. Six weeks later, the grateful family left for Oklahoma, leaving behind no forwarding address and a telephone bill for $3300 in phone calls to 900-number sex and dating services. "They did the right thing for the wrong people," said a spokesman for the phone company, which still wants to be paid.

SURVEY SEZ. . . .

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The national rape rate of .6 per 1000 remained steady from 1973 to 1987, but attempted rapes declined 54 percent during that same period, from 1.3 to .7 per 1000. The data from the Bureau of Justice Statistics are based on household surveys rather than on reported crimes, and criminologists aren't sure whether the fewer attempted rapes are a reporting error or—since 48 percent of attackers are known to their victims—more men are taking no for an answer.*

YOUNG REPUBLICANS

A Gallup Poll commissioned by the Fuji company finds America's "young adults" leaning right. Among the findings in its survey of males and females 16 to 24:

- *64 percent believe prerecorded music should carry warning labels.*
- *More than 75 percent favor random drug testing.*
- *Three out of five cite drugs as the biggest problem facing today's youth.*
- *About 77 percent favor the death penalty.*
- *Almost half consider themselves politically conservative, while 39 percent say they are liberal.*
- *78 percent oppose the legalization of marijuana.*

The survey's truly amazing finding, that the average youth spends three hours a week doing volunteer work, seems to indicate a higher than ever level of social commitment—or a tendency to lie to pollsters.

ABORTION BATTLES

The fetus people have lost two rounds and are about to enter the third:

Maryland governor William Donald Schaefer has signed a bill that will protect a woman's right to abortion even if the U.S. Supreme Court should reverse its own 1973 decision that legalized abortion. The legislative action makes the key elements of "Roe vs. Wade" a matter of statutory law rather than of legal precedent, which is subject to judicial revision.

In Michigan, a state appeals court struck down a voter-approved ban on state-paid abortions, holding that such a ban effectively denies poor women rights guaranteed under the state constitution.

The U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to decide whether or not judges may invoke an 1871 civil rights law, originally aimed at the Ku Klux Klan, to prevent anti-abortionists from blocking access to abortion clinics. The law says that no group may "conspire or go in disguise" to deprive "any person or class of persons of the equal protection of the laws" and enables the winner of a lawsuit to make the loser pay all legal costs.

WHO WAS THAT LADY?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Several publishers, artists' groups and the American Library Association have joined in a lawsuit challenging one of the most bizarre laws yet conceived by Justice Department porno fighters. Intended to combat child pornography, the new Federal law requires producers of works in which people are engaging in "sexual conduct" to keep records of names, addresses and ages of those actors, regardless of their age or the age of the material, and to maintain records for inspection. An official of the A.L.A. said the statute "creates so many burdensome restrictions that it will halt the production and distribution of mainstream books, magazines, motion pictures, photographs and medical texts."*

CHEAP THRILLS

EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN—*Authorities are wondering who stole an electro-ejaculator—and why. The Large Animal Veterinary Clinic of Michigan State University has reported the theft of the $1200 device, which electrically collects semen for artificial insemination.*

COME ONE, COME ALL

NEW DELHI—*The first international conference on orgasm attracted some 500 sexologists from all over the world, many from the United States. Participants considered such questions as "The G spot, orgasm and the female ejaculation; are they related?" and "Male multiple orgasm—does it exist?" Prakash Kothari, an Indian sex therapist promoting the event, said he*

was "not just organizing a conference on orgasm. It's also a celebration of orgasm." Asked why it should be celebrated now, Johns Hopkins professor John Money explained, "Because this is the moment that the clock has hit the orgasm time."

The Idea Hit Me Right Upon The Head.

I would order a piña colada made with Myers's Original Dark Rum.

◆

Oh, I knew it would look too dark to be your typical piña colada.

◆

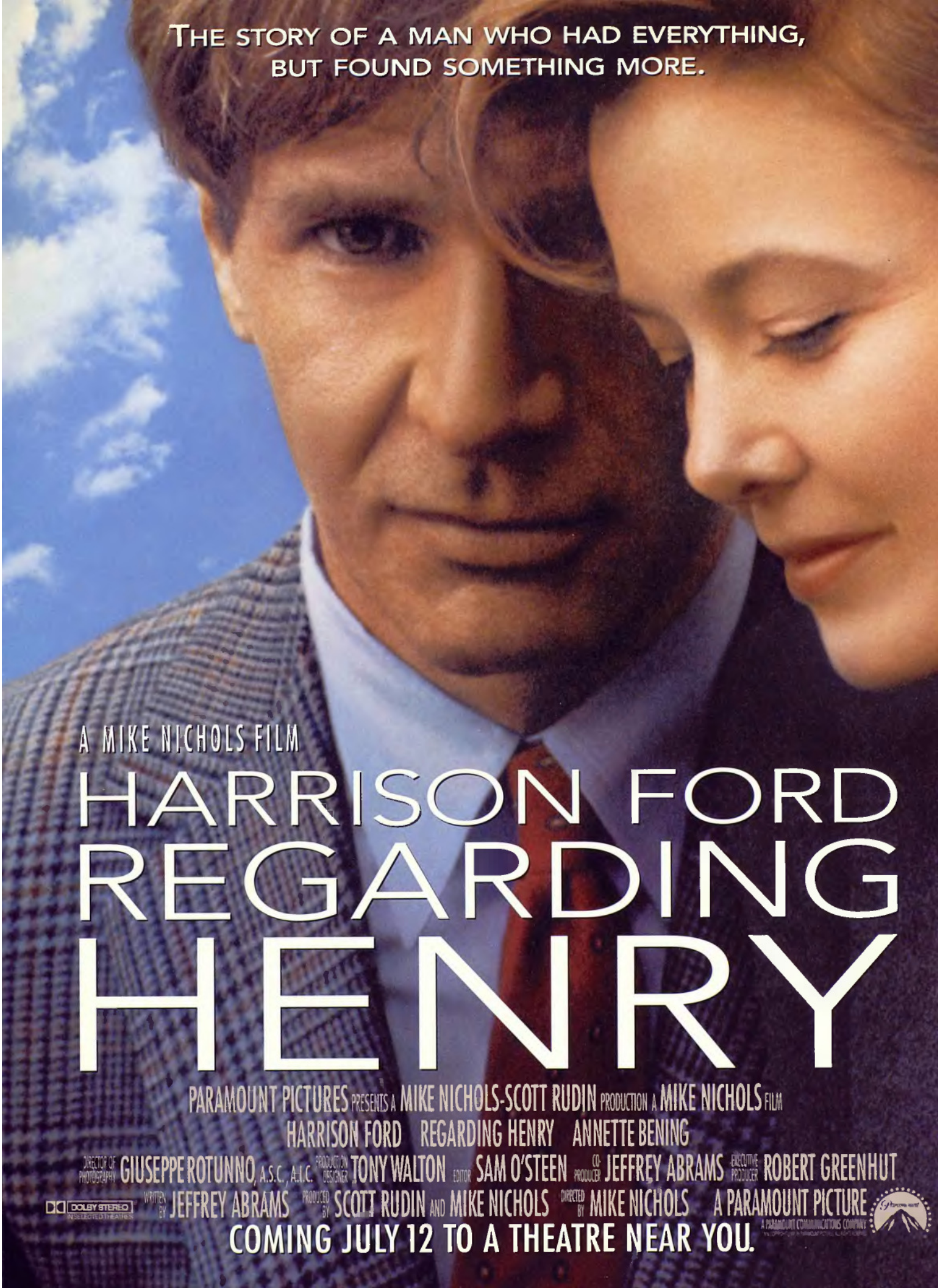
But it would taste far more mellow.

◆

Of course, the man who brought the coconuts down didn't care how my drink looked.

◆

Good man.


THE STORY OF A MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING,
BUT FOUND SOMETHING MORE.
A MIKE NICHOLS FILM
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SPIKE LEE

a candid conversation with the outspoken actor-director about being black in america, sounding white on the streets and causing trouble everywhere else

There are many logical places you might find a famous director, writer, producer or actor—in a bungalow office on the studio back lot, poolside in Bel Air or maybe at a prominent table at Le Dome. But if you're looking for the most successful hyphenate in movies—a man who is the writer, producer, director and star of a series of commercially and critically successful films—forget Hollywood and head for a renovated three-story firehouse in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn.

The fact that Spike Lee has chosen to oversee his burgeoning show-business empire from Fort Greene, his childhood home, is simply one example of his fierce independence. He demands complete control over his often controversial movies, such as "Do the Right Thing," "School Daze," "She's Gotta Have It," "Mo' Better Blues" and the upcoming "Jungle Fever." He directs and stars in a string of Nike commercials with Michael Jordan. He directs music videos. He oversees books and documentaries about himself and his films. He's starting a record company. He owns a store—Spike's Joint—that merchandises every conceivable type of paraphernalia based on his movies.

"Spike is first and foremost a damn good businessman," says actor-director Ossie Davis, who played Da Mayor in "Do the Right Thing" and Coach Odom in "School Daze." But Lee is much more than that. With his movies, he has clearly raised the consciousness of Hollywood toward black film makers and, more importantly, he has shown that black-themed films can be both commercially and critically viable. But Lee is not satisfied with putting blacks on the screen; he is a vocal advocate for getting blacks jobs behind the scenes as well. He stipulates in his contracts—whether for movies or commercials—that blacks be hired, often in capacities that have not been available to them previously. He insists, for instance, that black artists do the posters for his movies and he has built a loyal repertory company of actors and crew, some of whom have been with him since his days as a student film maker.

Probably no movie director since Hitchcock has become so immediately identifiable to the public. Part of that fame stems from Lee's acting, both in his films and in commercials. But Lee, 34, has also positioned himself as a spokesman on a variety of racial issues. Vogue *dubbed him a "provoc-auteur," and he seems dedicated to living up to that image.*

Shelton Jackson Lee—who was nicknamed Spike by his mother—is the eldest child of a middle-class Brooklyn family. His mother, who died in 1977, was a teacher who demanded educational excellence from all five Lee children; his father is a musician who has written the scores for most of his son's films. Lee was the third generation of his family to attend Morehouse College, the so-called black Harvard, and later went to New York University when he decided to pursue film making. His "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" won a student Academy Award and became the first student film ever shown at Lincoln Center's "New Directors, New Films" series.

Despite that success, he was unable to land serious filmwork. Since Hollywood wasn't helping him, Lee decided to help himself. Armed with spit, prayers and a budget of $175,000, he made "She's Gotta Have It," a dizzying, up-to-the-minute look at a relationship through the eyes of an independent and charismatic young black woman and her three suitors. Lee himself played one of those suitors—Mars Blackmon, the fly-mouthed messenger who does everything, including make love, in a pair of Air Jordans that seem to be as large as he is. (Mars lives on in Lee's Nike commercials.) The movie made $8,000,000 and turned Lee into an overnight sensation.

Had Spike's first film been a fluke? Was it a lucky break or was he really a film maker?

Lee answered that with "School Daze," an ambitious, multilayered tale about life at a

"I don't know why some Jewish people get upset when you say there are a lot of Jewish people in the movie industry. That's like saying there are blacks in the N.B.A. That's not making a judgment, that's just a fact."

"I've never seen black men with fine white women. They be ugly. And you always see white men with good-looking black women. I just don't find white women attractive. And it's way too many fine black women out there."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"Mike [Jordan] is a down brother. He felt like I did, that we should hook up. He pulled me to the side. 'Look, there's been some grumbling where Nike is trying to ease you out. But as long as I'm around, you're around.'"

black college. Not only did he attempt to examine such sensitive issues as the stratification of light- and dark-skinned blacks and the cliquish assimilation into the middle class that takes place at black colleges, he did it as a musical comedy. "School Daze" was one of Columbia Pictures' biggest-grossing films of 1988.

It was in 1989 that Lee tackled his most heated subject: race relations on the hottest day of the year on a tense Bedford-Stuyvesant block in "Do the Right Thing." From the flamboyant opening to the tragic climax that ends in one character's death at the hands of the police to the double-barreled closing quotes from Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X, "Do the Right Thing" was proudly combative. When it failed to earn a chance at an Oscar for Best Picture, Lee was publicly outraged, claiming the snub was racially motivated.

Lee changed pace with "Mo' Better Blues," a movie about a single-minded jazz musician, but he continued to be a controversy magnet—he was branded as anti-Semitic because of the movie's portrayal of two avaricious, small-minded Jewish club owners. Since his newest movie, "Jungle Fever," a story about interracial love, promises to be one of his most controversial, we decided the time was right to send **Elvis Mitchell,** *a free-lancer and National Public Radio's "Weekend Edition" entertainment critic, to check in with Lee. Mitchell reports:*

"Lee has made my life miserable for the past couple of months. The line 'Elvis was a hero to most, but he never meant shit to me' comes from 'Fight the Power,' the bracing and hard-charging theme of 'Do the Right Thing,' and invariably, in phone-tag intramurals preceding our meetings, every message Lee left on my answering machine began with those deathless words, followed by his trademark cackle.

"I first met with him in his office in Fort Greene, where he was putting together an assemblage of 'Jungle Fever' to show the studio before leaping into his next picture, an epic on the life and times of Malcolm X. The place is cluttered with boxes and people and Lee was extremely busy. We did manage to talk briefly and schedule our first session, which was to take place on a flight from New York to Los Angeles. He was good-humored and prickly; he loves to catch people off guard and make incendiary comments. For instance, he demanded the right to approve this interview before it was published, but when I told him no, he simply cackled.

"Our first lengthy session, squeezed in between drops during a bumpy flight and a showing of 'Dick Tracy,' demonstrated that Lee was a man of many moods. He preferred judging questions to answering them and seemed more combative than comfortable. But our second session, which took place at his New York apartment a few blocks from his office, was far more relaxed and productive. He responded to the questions with candor and enthusiasm and even posed some of his own. He asserted his shyness and spoke about his difficulty with interviews, even as he talked at length.

"We started with the obvious question."

PLAYBOY: You like to cause trouble, don't you?

LEE: Sure. I was an instigator as a kid. I just like to make people think, stir 'em up. What's wrong with that?

PLAYBOY: *Jungle Fever* certainly seems likely to stir things up.

LEE: [*Laughs*] You think that one's gonna cause some trouble?

PLAYBOY: When you write lines such as "You never see black men with fine white women"? What was the word in the script—mugly? Wasn't that the way you described the white women black men go out with?

LEE: [*Laughs*] But that's true. I've never seen black men with fine white women. They be ugly. Mugly, dogs. And you always see white men with good-looking black women. But, hey, every time you see an interracial couple somewhere, people stare at 'em.

PLAYBOY: Come on, Spike. That's a big generalization. We've seen good-looking interracial couples.

"Black people can't be racist. Black people don't have the power to keep people from getting jobs or the vote."

LEE: I said what I meant to. Never see it.

PLAYBOY: We know you've said in the past that you won't get involved with white women.

LEE: I don't need the trouble. Like I don't have enough as it is. Black women don't go for that, don't like that shit. I just don't find white women attractive, that's all. And it's way too many fine black women out there.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there an interracial marriage in your family?

LEE: Yes. My father. My father remarried. He married a white woman.

PLAYBOY: Did that have any effect on your making *Jungle Fever*?

LEE: Why? Why would it? I didn't talk to my father about it. I talk to my father only when it comes to scoring my movies. This isn't about him.

PLAYBOY: There's another potential controversy in *Jungle Fever*. In the opening, you address the audience directly, not as a character, and tell them that if they think you're a racist, they can kiss your "black ass." You say it twice. Why?

LEE: I felt it was justified. I wanted to hit all that, about race, before anybody else.

PLAYBOY: How did test audiences respond to it?

LEE: The test audiences liked it. I don't think Universal is crazy about that shit.

PLAYBOY: Will it stay in the movie?

LEE: I guess it will. I do have final cut.

PLAYBOY: Why does so much of *Jungle Fever* emphasize racial anger?

LEE: Why shouldn't it? It's out there.

PLAYBOY: You've said that black people are incapable of racism. Do you really believe that?

LEE: Yeah, I do. Let me clear that up, 'cause people are always taking stuff out of context. Black people can't be racist. Racism is an institution. Black people don't have the power to keep hundreds of people from getting jobs or the vote. Black people didn't bring nobody else over in boats. They had to add shit to the Constitution so we could get the vote. Affirmative action is about finished in this country now. It's through. And black people had nothing to do with that, those kinds of decisions. So how can black people be racist when that's the standard? Now, black people can be prejudiced. Shit, everybody's prejudiced about something. I don't think there will ever be an end to prejudice. But racism, that's a different thing entirely.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that no white man could properly do the Malcolm X story, which you're preparing to direct.

LEE: That's right.

PLAYBOY: You don't think Norman Jewison, who was originally scheduled to direct, could pull it off?

LEE: No, I don't. Why do people pull that shit with black people? Don't you think Francis Coppola brought something special to *The Godfather* because he was an Italian? Don't you think that Martin Scorsese brought something special to *GoodFellas* because he was Italian?

PLAYBOY: Marlon Brando's not Italian and he was in *The Godfather*. Isn't the point that there simply aren't enough minorities to be considered?

LEE: Yeah. Now, when that shit changes, then we can talk. Until there are enough black directors, minorities working in movies so it's not an issue, we have to address it different.

PLAYBOY: But what about one director having skills another director doesn't?

LEE: I like Norman Jewison's movies. I respect what he does. I saw *In the Heat of the Night*, *A Soldier's Story*. I respect his work. But I think a black man is more qualified, especially in this case. Now, I do think black people are qualified to direct movies about white people.

PLAYBOY: How does that work?

LEE: Because we grow up with white images all the time, in TV, in movies, in books. It's everywhere; you can't get around it. The white world surrounds

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us. What do white people see of black people? Look at the shit they have us do in movies: "Right on, jive turkey!" [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: There's a line in *Jungle Fever* that says a black man won't rise past a certain level in white corporate America.

LEE: It's true. How many black men do you see running Xerox? How many black men you see running IBM? Shit, we need to be black entrepreneurs, run our own shit. That's what it's about.

PLAYBOY: Is that what's behind your store, Spike's Joint?

LEE: It started off as this mom-and-pop operation. We sold T-shirts for the movies and stuff, but we just had too much stuff going on. So, yeah, I wanted to get it going the way I wanted. I want to control the business, and it's easier to do it from the store. Black people just have to understand we need to become owners. Ownership is important. I don't mean to get down on Eddie Murphy, but he only owns fifty percent of Eddie Murphy Productions. His two white managers each own twenty-five percent of Eddie Murphy Productions. He don't even own a hundred percent of himself.

PLAYBOY: You have some other complaints about Murphy, don't you?

LEE: My problem with Eddie has to do with the hiring of black people. He will maintain he can't do nothin' about getting black people hired at Paramount. That's bullshit. A man who makes them a billion dollars can't do nothing about getting black people hired at Paramount? I can't believe that. In my contract, I demand a black man does the design and artwork for my poster. Eddie built Paramount. He built their house, he can bring some people in there if he wants to.

PLAYBOY: Overall, you seem to have become less critical about other black performers. Have you mellowed?

LEE: Look, I was never that critical. When I said that shit about Whoopi Goldberg, I was talking about the contact lenses, she was wearing blue contact lenses. She don't wear them blue contact lenses no more, do she?

PLAYBOY: What's the deal between you and Arsenio Hall?

LEE: [*Smiles*] Deal? What deal? I been on his show twice. You have to be specific.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a quarrel between the two of you?

LEE: I criticized him once. I never criticized him as a talk-show host.

PLAYBOY: Our understanding is that you appeared on his show last summer and were supposed to go back about a month later and were disinvited.

LEE: Yeah. They canceled on me at the last minute. Didn't even hear from him. Some assistant said they didn't want me on the show. It's in the past. Nothing to say about it. It's all been worked out. I was on his show for *Mo' Better*.

PLAYBOY: *Jungle Fever* and *Do the Right Thing* both deal with the relationships between blacks and Italians in the outer boroughs of New York. Why did you choose to deal with that twice?

LEE: Well, history has proven that in New York City, those are the two most violent, volatile combinations of ethnic groups. Black people and Jewish people have static, but it rarely ever elevates to a physical thing. Little Italy, Bensonhurst, Bay Ridge, Canarsie—black people know that these are neighborhoods that you don't fuck around in.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember as a kid about that kind of thing—that feeling of fear you talk about?

LEE: Well, I grew up in sort of an Italian neighborhood. I lived in Cobble Hill before I moved here to Fort Greene. A lot of Italian people there. And we were really the first black family to move into Cobble Hill. For the first couple of days, we got called "nigger," but we were basically left alone. We weren't perceived as a threat, because there was only one of us. In fact, some of my best friends who lived down the block were the Tuccis. Louis Tucci, Joe Tucci. Annabella's [Sciorra] family [in *Jungle Fever*], they're the Tuccis.

"Eddie Murphy will maintain he can't do nothin' about getting black people hired at Paramount. That's bullshit."

PLAYBOY: While growing up in that kind of neighborhood, what was your feeling about Italians?

LEE: I think Cobble Hill is a lot different than Bensonhurst. You had a lot of Jewish people in Cobble Hill, too, so it just seemed to be more—I don't want to use the word intelligent, but——

PLAYBOY: Tolerant?

LEE: Yeah, that would be a good word.

PLAYBOY: It just seems odd that the kind of neighborhood you depict in your pictures is so different from the kind you grew up in. Did you ever have an encounter in one of those places like Bensonhurst?

LEE: No. See, I went to John Dewey High School on Coney Island. But some of my friends went to other high schools, like F.D.R., Fort Hamilton, schools like that. They used to chase the black kids from the school to the subway station. A lot of my friends got chased.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever go to Bensonhurst just to see what it's like over there?

LEE: A couple of days after Yusef Hawkins got murdered, this reporter from *Newsday* invited me to walk around Bensonhurst with him. Other than that, I never went to it until we shot *Jungle Fever* over there.

PLAYBOY: What was that walk like?

LEE: Well, I was a celebrity, so it was "Spike, sign an autograph." "Spike, you bringing Michael Jordan around here?" "Spike, you bringing Flavor Flav?" It was exactly like the scene in *Do the Right Thing* between me and Pino over the cigarette machine, with an allowance. Pino says Magic Johnson, Eddie Murphy and Prince aren't black, they're more than black. That's the way I thought I was being viewed. I was "Spike Lee," I wasn't a black person, so they asked me for my autograph. If I was anybody else, I could have gotten a bat over the head.

PLAYBOY: How does it make you feel to be a celebrity in the neighborhood where you more or less grew up?

LEE: Well, I think that people don't necessarily look at me as a celebrity, because they know I grew up here. It's no big thing; they see me every day, buying the paper or walking to work and stuff like that. People say hello, but it's not like [*a throaty scream*] "Spike Lee!" It's not no Beatles shit or anything like that.

PLAYBOY: What do people on the street say? Do they tell you what they like or dislike about your movies?

LEE: They come up and tell me how much they like Mars Blackmon, or they tell me what they think I should do for my next movie. I'm always getting these comments from people who know exactly what my next movie should be. It's funny—I guess everybody's a director. Or a critic.

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid, did you know you wanted to make movies?

LEE: I didn't grow up thinking I wanted to make movies, be a director. Everybody in my neighborhood saw a lot of movies. There was nothing special about going to the movies. I didn't know what I wanted to do. At Morehouse College, I had a combined major, communications: radio-television, journalism, film—not film right away.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first film you saw that made you want to make movies?

LEE: Wait a minute. I never had a moment like that. It was never, "I saw *Lawrence of Arabia* when I was two and suddenly I was hit by the magic power of film." That's bullshit. Like I told you, I just went to the movies. Nobody thought about being a director, not me or anybody else. I read that all the time—"After I saw that picture, I knew there was nothing else for me to do"—that's a

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lie. It's just bullshit when people say that.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it's a lie sometimes, but certainly, some directors see movies as kids and want to make films.

LEE: I think it's bullshit. It's just something almost every director says. I have never believed it. I tell you this: It wasn't that way for me. "That's what makes movies seem like this magical thing" or somethin'. That's just Hollywood bullshit, people saying that shit because it makes makin' movies special, and the people who make movies special. The first time I went on a movie set, it didn't look like nothin' magical to me. [*Laughs*] It was the exact same thing I was doing on my student movies, only it was bigger and they were spendin' more money. That's what keeps black people out of movies—the idea that makin' movies is some special thing, some calling or something. That's what I'm about—demystifying movies. I want to do away with that bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first Sidney Poitier film you saw?

LEE: It had to be *Lilies of the Field*. I hated that movie. I must have been six, seven years old, but even at that age, I felt like putting a rock through the screen. Later with these nuns! You better get outa here before one of 'em says that you raped 'em! But we owe a lot to Sidney Poitier, because in order for us to get to where we are today, those films had to be made. And Sidney had to do what he had to do. He was the perfect Negro.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when you saw *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*—especially now that you're doing a movie about interracial romance?

LEE: It was white liberal b.s. You have to look at it in the context of when this film came out. This film came out in the Sixties, during the whole civil rights movement. At that time, it was a great advance for black people in the cinema.

PLAYBOY: That aside, what were you thinking as you were sitting there watching it? Were you bored? Angry?

LEE: I wasn't angry. It was just that the only way they would accept this guy was because he was a perfect human being: a doctor, from Harvard or whatever it was. Making a long-distance call and leaving the money out. That's the only way the audience would accept him, because he was such a fine, upstanding citizen.

Sidney had a great burden. He was carrying the whole weight of the hopes and aspirations of the African Americans on his shoulders. I think that had a lot to do with the roles that he chose. I think he felt he could not do a "negative" character. That's something I have tried to do, not get into that whole positive–negative image thing.

PLAYBOY: You must hear that sometimes.

LEE: *Sometimes?* All the time. Black folks tell me all the time that my image is not a positive portrayal of black people.

PLAYBOY: Did that start with *She's Gotta Have It?*

LEE: *She's Gotta Have It* has Nola Darling. She's a negative portrayal of black women and just reinforces what white people think about black women being loose, anyway. And *School Daze*—again, it was negative images of black people, showing fighting all the time. I was airing dirty laundry with our differences, which I feel are petty and superficial.

Do the Right Thing, I've got more negative images. None of the black people in *Do the Right Thing* have a job. It shows we're all lazy or whatever. It shows Sweet Dick Willie pissing against the wall, and that's a negative image of black people.

PLAYBOY: But obviously, you understand the complaints.

LEE: I understand what that means, positive black role models, because of the way black people have been shown in movies and on TV. But it's unrealistic to make every character I come up with a doctor or a lawyer or something that's just a flat character. Like, in *Jungle Fever*, I bring in drugs because it's time. One of the characters is a basehead, because it's appropriate.

"Black folks tell me all the time that my image is not a positive portrayal of black people."

PLAYBOY: What about a movie such as *School Daze*, in which you're showing the environment at a black college? Did that get a negative reaction?

LEE: Yeah. The schools themselves were saying it would be a negative portrayal of black higher education. That's one of the reasons why, three weeks into shooting, we got kicked off Morehouse's campus. Spelman refused to let us shoot there at all.

PLAYBOY: In *School Daze*, you showed a part of the black culture—the black middle class—that's not usually shown. Didn't they want that to be shown?

LEE: Yeah, but a lot of the administration and faculty in these schools, these are *old* schools. To me, they're very backward.

PLAYBOY: Did many of your fellow students rebel at middle-class traditions at Morehouse?

LEE: Yeah. We never got a really big thing, but there were students who were not going along with the program. They didn't want to be that "Morehouse Man."

PLAYBOY: How many films did you shoot when you were in school?

LEE: At Morehouse? I might have done one or two. It was there that I had my appetite whet. That's where I became interested in film and that's where I decided I wanted to become a film maker. That's why I went to NYU. At NYU, I started making films.

PLAYBOY: It took you three years to get any work after you graduated from NYU. Did that bother you?

LEE: I have no bitterness. The way it happens is the way it should happen. We had to struggle for three years, but I was a better film maker. I don't think I could have made *She's Gotta Have It* straight out of film school.

PLAYBOY: What did it take for you to be ready to make it?

LEE: More maturity. And to be hungrier.

PLAYBOY: Where did the money come from?

LEE: Everywhere. Even though the budget for the film was a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, we never had that money all at one time. When we began the shoot that July, we only had thirteen thousand in the bank.

Man, that movie was so hard to make. We were cashin' in bottles for change, because we had so little money. I remember, we were shootin' in Nola's loft in the middle of the summer—it musta been a hundred and four degrees up there. When it's so hot, people drink a lot and I remember sayin', "Don't throw away the bottles." That's the one of my movies I can't watch again, *She's Gotta Have It*.

PLAYBOY: Was it so painful to make?

LEE: Yeah, it was hard. We only shot for twelve days, but every night, after we finished the day's work, I had to think about tryin' to go out and raise money for the very next day. Things have changed so much now, you know. We have money for contingencies, reshoots or whatever. Each picture is a little easier. But also, with *She's Gotta Have It*, the acting was bad.

PLAYBOY: You don't like the performances?

LEE: No, not at all. They just weren't very good. I didn't really know how to direct. I wasn't good with the actors, in telling 'em what I wanted from 'em. I was just out of film school, and that was my only experience. In film school, you don't really get to work with actors, you never really have much contact with the actors, and so you're kinda intimidated by 'em. You don't deal with 'em much at all.

PLAYBOY: What was your personal life like at the time?

LEE: Everything was wrapped up in getting this film made. We invited the American independent distributors to come to the San Francisco Film Festival,

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because that's where the world premiere was going to happen. In the middle of the film, there was a blackout in San Francisco. Not the whole city but that particular neighborhood. So for half an hour—the theater was packed, too—people just sat there. I was sitting there in a chair in the dark, on the stage. There was a question-and-answer period while we waited for the lights to come back on. So I answered questions in the dark, and nobody left.

PLAYBOY: Did you start laughing at that point? You'd been through so much.

LEE: No. I said it was an act of God. What is happening? At the beginning of the movie, a blackout. But that's where the bidding war started. We sold it to Island Pictures for four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars and went on to make eight million.

PLAYBOY: How long before you made your next picture?

LEE: That has been the biggest gap of all my films, between *She's Gotta Have It* and *School Daze*. I had to stay with that film a long time. Promote it, get it out there. It came out in '86, and *School Daze* didn't come out until '88. But since then, we've made a film every year.

PLAYBOY: *School Daze* sounds like it was overly ambitious, going from a four-character piece essentially in one room to a big musical with lots of production numbers and lots of characters.

LEE: I didn't think that was overly ambitious. I know that has been reflected in some people's reviews of the film. What I wanted to do in *School Daze* was, in that two-hour movie, was compress my four years of Morehouse.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the response that your next film, *Do the Right Thing*, got at the Cannes Film Festival?

LEE: That was a big response. You don't know. Sometimes, what might play in the States might not go in Europe, and vice versa. But I knew they would like *She's Gotta Have It*. It had a very European feel to it, the way it was cut and shot and that kind of stuff.

PLAYBOY: What about what German director Wim Wenders said?

LEE: Oh, yeah, he said that *Do the Right Thing* was "not heroic"? Yeah, very. I was disappointed. I hold no grudges against Wim Wenders now. I never had anything against Steven Soderbergh [*who won the Golden Palm that year*], because it was not his doing. He made a very good film with *sex, lies, and videotape*. It was not his fault that he got the award. I know he's happy he got it, but I had no ill feelings toward Steven, and we're still friends today. [*Sex, lies, and videotape*] was *very, very* heroic. Especially this James Spader character, this guy jerking off all the time to the TV. Taping sexual confessions of women. *Very* heroic.

PLAYBOY: You said that *Mo' Better Blues*,

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your fourth film, was consciously noncontroversial. Not only are you dealing with interracial romance in *Jungle Fever*, but you're also dealing with drugs. Why add two controversial elements?

LEE: I don't know. I might have given it the interracial thing, but how is drugs controversial?

PLAYBOY: Because you purposefully avoided, you said, drugs as a subplot previously in *Do the Right Thing*.

LEE: Yeah, but I don't think the word is controversy. I'm not gonna let any critic determine my agenda. I find it preposterous that critics would attack me for not having drugs in *Do the Right Thing*, as if drugs were the complete domain of black people. How could you do a film set in Bed-Stuy without any drugs? Easy. We black people aren't the only people on drugs. The reason you've got drugs on the so-called agenda is because you've got young white kids in middle-class America and white suburbia who are doing crack and whatever. *Then* it becomes a national problem. As long as it was contained within the black ghettos, you would never see that problem being dealt with on the covers of *Time* or *Newsweek*. And if that is the case, which it is, then why have I never read of any white film makers being chastised for not having drugs in their films?

PLAYBOY: Obviously, the critics thought the criticism was valid because of that particular neighborhood.

LEE: Hey, there's as much drugs in Bed-Stuy as there is on Wall Street or the Upper East Side.

PLAYBOY: How did you get hooked up with the Fruit of Islam? Some people criticize that group's militancy and its association with Louis Farrakhan.

LEE: When we did location scouting for *Do the Right Thing*, we needed a block in Bed-Stuy that had two empty lots on the corner that faced each other. We had to build a pizzeria, and build a Korean fruit and vegetable stand. It turned out there were two or three crack houses on the block, or in the vicinity, so knowing the Fruit—they don't play that—we brought them in. They closed down the crack houses and they stayed on for security for the rest of the film.

PLAYBOY: It seems ironic that the movie doesn't deal with drugs and you had to run the crack dealers off the block.

LEE: I don't find it ironic. Drugs is a part of our society, but I felt they should not be a part of this story. This film was really about twenty-four hours in the life of this block on the hottest day of the summer. It was really about race relations. I didn't want to put drugs in this.

PLAYBOY: You seem very sure of yourself, and yet you've consistently portrayed the characters you play in your films as powerless and ineffectual.

LEE: Yeah, well, I don't see the need to make myself the hero in my movies. What's the point in that?

PLAYBOY: Why do you keep playing the same kind of character?

LEE: I'm not that impressed with myself as an actor. I don't think much of myself that way. I don't have a whole lot of range as far as acting. Mars Blackmon, that was all right. I didn't expect people to like him, the way they did.

PLAYBOY: What makes you continue to act in your pictures?

LEE: It really has to do with box office, with having somewhat of a little appeal with the audience. People will be more apt to come to one of my films if I'm in it.

PLAYBOY: Will you be in *Malcolm X*?

LEE: Probably. [*Laughs*] I still need to be in my films.

PLAYBOY: *Mo' Better Blues* was criticized for its portrayal of Jews. There's even a story about your father having gone down to apologize to the owner of a Village jazz club because of your portrayal of Jews in that film.

LEE: Huh? I can't respond to that, because I never heard it before. Look, Siskel and Ebert—I shouldn't say this, 'cause they're fans of mine. Soon as *Mo' Better Blues* comes out, they [start talking about] stereotypes. Then came [*New York Times* critic] Caryn James with her stupid-ass article. Nobody was supposed to take those guys as representin' all Jews. Besides, where was everybody when that what's-his-name movie with Steven Seagal came out?

"People were afraid to come see 'Do the Right Thing,' afraid there would be riots and shit."

PLAYBOY: *Marked for Death*?

LEE: What about that racist piece of shit? That's a number-one hit for a couple of weeks, and where was everybody when that came out? They had nothin' to say about it.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when you saw it?

LEE: I didn't see it.

PLAYBOY: One of the best things in your films tends to be their improvisational quality, the way you handle the interplay between people.

LEE: Yeah, it helps to have actors who know how to improvise. Not everybody's good at it.

PLAYBOY: Like who?

LEE: I don't wanna say.

PLAYBOY: Wait a second. You're worried about hurting somebody's feelings? When the Oscars came around in 1990, you didn't seem so worried about hurting people's feelings.

LEE: That didn't have nothin' to do with hurting people's feelings. It was that Fred Schelp—— Sheep—— What's that guy's name? That Australian guy?

PLAYBOY: Fred Schepisi? What about him?

LEE: You know, the one who did *Driving Miss Daisy*?

PLAYBOY: You mean Bruce Beresford.

LEE: Him. Yeah, him. Bruce Beresford. When he was complaining about not getting a nomination for Best Director, nobody made anything of that. Or when [Richard] Zanuck, he started complaining, you know, about *Driving Miss Daisy*, how could it get a Best Picture nomination and not get a Best Director nomination? It was as soon as *I* started sayin' we got robbed on *Do the Right Thing*, suddenly, I'm the one. I'm the problem.

PLAYBOY: People think you're an artist, and they have higher expectations of you. When you complain about being shut out, people are let down by it.

LEE: I don't buy that. I don't believe that. I was complaining about the Oscars because we should've got a Best Picture nomination.

PLAYBOY: A lot of movies that stand the test of time never get nominated for Oscars or they never win Oscars.

LEE: Oscars, they can mean money. You know, you get a Best Picture nomination and the studios, they can promote a picture, advertise. They can get more people to come out and see it. People were afraid to come see *Do the Right Thing* as it was, afraid there would be riots and shit.

PLAYBOY: Some people claim that you use racism as a tool to strike out at others, such as in your attack of *New York Times* critic Janet Maslin's review of *School Daze*, when you said, "I bet she can't even dance. Does she have rhythm?"

LEE: She didn't get the point of *School Daze*, and the way she dissed it, talking about "my little musical." Race is an issue, and I don't always use it. You'd think I don't like critics. I don't like *The New York Times*. Well, I read Vincent Canby.

PLAYBOY: You've always had a dicey relationship with the press. Stanley Crouch, in his essay "Do the Race Thing," discusses how you tried to have it both ways with *Do the Right Thing*, by quoting Martin Luther King *and* Malcolm X.

LEE: That ignorant motherfucker. He has no idea what he's talking about. Shit, what about all those motherfuckers like Joe Klein at *New York* sayin' *Do the Right Thing* would cause a riot, because it was

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released during the summer? Or David Denby callin' it irresponsible? That's irresponsible. And it's lazy. When the riots didn't happen, when Dinkins got elected, neither one of them, none of the people who said that shit, said they were wrong in print or apologized.

PLAYBOY: What about the Nike Air Jordan controversy? *New York Post* columnist Phil Mushnick wrote that you and Michael Jordan glamourize expensive shoes and sometimes kids are killed in robberies over them.

LEE: Shit. What about it? It's my fault, it's Michael Jordan's fault, that kids are buying those shoes? That's just the trigger. There's more to it than that. Something is wrong where these young black kids have to put so much weight, where their whole life is tied up—their life is so hopeless—that their life is defined by a pair of sneakers. Or a sheepskin coat. The problem is not the coat or the sneakers. I mean, we tried to explore that with *Do the Right Thing* with the radio. These young black kids who are lost. Radio Raheem [*the character who's killed by the police*]—his life was that radio. That really defined his existence. I mean, without that radio, he's invisible; people don't notice him. But with that radio blasting Public Enemy and *Fight the Power*, you had to deal with him. It made people notice him. It gave him self-worth. And when Sal killed his radio, he might as well have killed his mother or his father, or himself. That's why he tried to choke the shit out of Sal.

PLAYBOY: What about that *Sports Illustrated* article where Jordan was almost reduced to tears? He's publicly remorseful, disturbed by what his endorsement may have caused.

LEE: What the fuck? You think I'm happy black men are dying over shoes? Hell, no! Hell, no! I'm upset about it, too. Is every black man who wears those shoes a drug dealer? Hell, no! You know how that is. Look at you. You're wearing Pumps. Are you a drug dealer? Hell, no! They're oversimplifying the issue.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's ask an easy question: What is Michael Jordan really like?

LEE: Mike's a down brother. Mike just had a lot of confidence in me. He was a young brother. He liked *She's Gotta Have It*. He felt like I did, that it was important that we hook up. Mike pulled me to the side and said, "Look, there's been some grumbling where Nike is trying to ease you out. But as long as I'm around, you're around." I said, "I hear you, Mike. Thank you for getting me back." That's why I did those commercials. I thought it was important that me and Mike do something together. Young black people in different fields, hooking up.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents encourage you to go into the arts?

LEE: Not really. Whatever you wanted to do was fine with them. They encouraged us, but they never pushed me in any direction. I will say that we had great exposure to the arts at a young age. We had to. My mother taught art; she liked the theater and liked music. My father is a jazz musician—he played with folk singers, too, like Theodore Bikel and Josh White—so music was always being played in the house. I remember my mother dragging me to *The King and I* with Yul Brynner when I was little. I started crying; I was scared to death. She had to take me home.

PLAYBOY: What was the first thing you remember sitting through and really enjoying as a kid, even if it didn't make you want to be a film maker?

LEE: When I was real little, I saw *Hatari*. Remember that? John Wayne in a safari film, with the rhinoceros. And *Bye Bye Birdie*. My mother would take me to see James Bond films, *Goldfinger* and *Dr. No*. I remember her taking me to see *A Hard Day's Night*.

PLAYBOY: Did you like that?

"You think I'm happy black men are dying over shoes? Hell, no! Hell, no! I'm upset about it, too."

LEE: Yeah. I liked the Beatles when I was little. My father would turn down the radio when he came in the house.

PLAYBOY: He didn't like the Beatles?

LEE: He didn't like *no* music besides jazz. [*Shouts*] "Turn that bad music off!"

PLAYBOY: Did you always know you were going to college?

LEE: Yeah. I mean, what else was I gonna do? My father and my grandfather, they went to college, so it was there for me, too. What else would I do, work at a McDonald's? Go work for somebody else? I never thought about rebellin', not goin' to college. It was what I was gonna do.

PLAYBOY: You sound like you were a practical kid, not a troublemaker.

LEE: I grew up as the oldest, so I had to be practical. The oldest child has to take care of the younger kids. They're always the most practical.

PLAYBOY: What was your relationship with the kids in the neighborhood?

LEE: I was always a leader. I was the one organizing stuff.

PLAYBOY: Did you like school as a kid?

LEE: Not really.

PLAYBOY: Did you do well?

LEE: Just good enough to get by.

PLAYBOY: Which must not have made your mother too happy, since she was a teacher.

LEE: She was always on me. I'd get an eighty and I'd be happy, but she'd be like, "Well, you shouldn't be content with an eighty. Them Jewish kids are getting ninety-five." [*Laughs*] But she was right.

PLAYBOY: Do you wonder what it would be like if you were growing up now?

LEE: It would be frightening, with the violence and the access to weapons and guns, and the drugs. Before, we used to be terrified if we even saw somebody taking a puff on a joint. But now, if you're a parent, you pray to God that's all your child is doing is smoking marijuana.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's a lack of emphasis on education now?

LEE: Right. Half of the young black males here in New York City don't even finish high school. But this is not to say that I'm blaming them. I'm not trying to point a finger at the victim. I think that the educational system has failed. At the same time, I've never been one just to blame white people for everything, for all of our ills. We have to take some responsibility. If stuff's going to be corrected, it's up to us. It's up to the parents. What are these kids doing outside late at night? Eight years old and hanging out later than I am. Running in the streets at two, three, four in the morning. Where are their parents?

When we were growing up, people looked out after each other. Other parents could tell you something. If somebody else's mother saw you doing something wrong, that mother would treat you as if you were her child.

PLAYBOY: But you also got straightened out in school, right?

LEE: Yeah. I think that discipline, that's what's really lacking. I'm not saying let's go back to the Dark Ages when they were hitting kids in school with rulers, but discipline is really lacking.

PLAYBOY: Does it make you leery of having a family?

LEE: No, not really at all. When I do have a family, I don't want to send them to private school, because I feel that's too sheltered.

PLAYBOY: Even given the problems with the educational system?

LEE: I will be able to get my kids in the best public schools here. I mean, there are good public schools here, but there aren't that many. I went to public school, my brother Chris went to public school. But David, Joie and Cinque went to private school. I always could tell a difference in them because they went to private school. Their negritude got honed or harnessed going into these predominantly white private

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schools. That's where my mother was teaching.

PLAYBOY: Do you talk about this?

LEE: They know it. Most of their friends were white. Not that I have anything against that, it's just that there is definitely an argument for being around your own people.

PLAYBOY: A lot of the parents who send their kids to private schools today went to public schools themselves. They fear their children won't get a good education or be safe at a public school.

LEE: They're justified in thinking that. People are getting shot and stabbed in school. That's not supposed to happen in a school.

PLAYBOY: Did your mother try to keep you away from the bad kids in the neighborhood?

LEE: No. There were never any gangs. I don't remember ever seeing any. There were people who would steal your lunch money, but that wasn't no gang thing. I mean, now they'll shoot you. When I was growing up, they might take a quarter from you. You give it up.

PLAYBOY: Or fight.

LEE: Yeah, but it's not like "Give us your leather coat or I'll shoot you."

PLAYBOY: Since the educational system is so bad, why should kids be unemployed college grads when they could sell crack and make a lot of money?

LEE: That is something that is going to have to be dealt with, the economics. Forget about the moral issue, even though it should play into it. It's not going to weigh when these kids are faced with the fact of making minimum wage at McDonald's or making three and four thousand a week selling crack. Not everybody, but a lot of them are going to sell that crack and make that money. You're not thinking about how you might end up dead, eventually, or end up in jail. That's not the point. Now you can buy that BMW or whatever. Gold chains and gold teeth. Kangols [*hats*] and Kazals [*glasses*].

PLAYBOY: Where do you think that materialism comes from?

LEE: Well, when people don't have anything, they have to try and show they do have something. And you show that by what you wear or the car you drive. "I'm not like all the rest of these poor niggers. I got something."

PLAYBOY: Don't some black kids view education itself as white?

LEE: There's something very sick where if you speak well and you speak articulately, that's looked at as being negative and speaking white. I remember when I was growing up, people used to tell me, "You sound white." I've been reading of various cases where kids flunk on purpose so they'll be considered "down" with the home boys and stuff. That's crazy when intelligence is thought of as being white and all the other stuff is being black and being down. I think that one has to be able to navigate both worlds. You ought to be able to speak with your brothers on the street but at the same time be able to go to a job interview, fill out the application and speak proper English. You've got to have both. I don't think it makes you any less black by being articulate.

PLAYBOY: Where do you think that attitude comes from?

LEE: I think all this stuff you could really trace to our hatred of ourselves. Everything we do, eventually, if you keep going back far enough, you'll see that we've been taught to hate ourselves. And until we stop that, all this other shit we're doing is just going to continue to happen.

PLAYBOY: Comedian Franklyn Ajaye said that one of the things he didn't like about *In Living Color* when he was a writer there was that everybody talked like they were down. He didn't see any kind of reflection of articulate black life in the show, and that bothered him.

LEE: Me and Keenen [Ivory Wayans] talked about it. He was on the cover of *New York* magazine, and in the article, they said they had thirteen writers and only three or four were black. The rest were all these Jewish kids that went to Harvard. So I just asked Keenen what's up. He explained to me all he's done for black people, as far as the show is concerned. I'm not going to dispute that. I'm not saying it's because they did the skit on me, but if you have some white kid from Harvard joking about Malcolm X-Lax—I don't think that shit is funny. I don't think they'd allow a black person to make a joke about Golda Meir.

"Outside of Eddie Murphy, there's not one African American in Hollywood who can green-light a picture."

PLAYBOY: Do you think being educated means that you're not black?

LEE: In a perverse kind of way. Everything has been kind of turned upside down. I think we've just got a lot of things turned around.

PLAYBOY: When did that happen?

LEE: A lot of things happened after the civil rights movement, where we thought we were making strides and progress. Somewhere from the end of the Sixties up to now, we got off the path. Or we were led off the path. I think that we really haven't advanced a lot. For me, the biggest problem is that people get tricked. Because of the visibility of a couple of African Americans who are able to split through, mostly in entertainment or the sports industry, it gives off the perception that black people have made great strides and that everything is all right. But the reality is, we're not all right. You look at all the black people who are dying of cancer, hypertension, AIDS. The permanently unemployed. The black underclass now is larger than it's ever been. But people are tricked into not really taking that stuff into account. I'm not blaming these people. They're tricked because they see Oprah Winfrey, they see Bill Cosby, they see Spike Lee, they see Eddie Murphy, they see Michael Jordan, they see Bo Jackson, Paula Abdul, M. C. Hammer, Janet Jackson, Arsenio Hall. But we're just a couple of people. We were the exception, not the rule. We were able to slide through that microscopic crack that was open for a second.

PLAYBOY: Is it because you think there are so many visible black people that——

LEE: Wait. If you look at the context of all the shows that are on TV and all the movies that are made, and then look at the percent, it's not that many. It's just the *perception* that there's a lot of us.

PLAYBOY: Based on that perception and the fact that you can say there may be more successful, visible black people than ever, the perception is that——

LEE: We've arrived. And that's not the case at all. I mean, there's not one person outside of Eddie Murphy, really, not *one* African American in Hollywood who can green-light a picture. Who can say, "I want this picture made," and that's it.

PLAYBOY: You can't get that done?

LEE: No matter what? For me to get a film made, I have to present a script, and they either do it or they don't. But every studio has people who are the guardians of the gate. They're the ones who say this picture gets made and this picture doesn't. And there are no black people in that position in Hollywood. I mean, we're getting ready to have a big fight with the Teamsters here in New York because they don't have *no* black people. We used the Teamsters on *Do the Right Thing*, *Mo' Better* and *Jungle Fever*, and the amount that we paid for the Teamsters for all three films is like three quarters of a million dollars. And there are only three or four black Teamsters in the whole union, here in New York. I refuse to give money to organizations that are openly into hiring practices that may exclude blacks. So we're about to go toe to toe with them on *Malcolm X*.

PLAYBOY: You're not going to use them?

LEE: If they don't get some more black people in it, they can kiss our ass. We told them that. They even refused to sit

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down with us and meet. They said, "We will let no one dictate to us who to hire."

PLAYBOY: So they deny any discriminatory practices?

LEE: The Teamsters, man, it's predominantly Irish. This particular branch I'm talking about here in New York. The Teamsters who work on movies.

PLAYBOY: How long have you been talking to them about this? Since you started to use them?

LEE: Yeah. They've been appeasing us. They might give us one or two, but we told them we wanted a black Teamster captain and we wanted five black people to get their books. They trick you sometimes. Let me not use the word trick, but they might put black people on your film, but they don't have their books. Meaning they're not full-fledged members of the union and don't receive the full benefits of the union. If you're a Teamster here in New York, they have the best benefits of any union in the country. Any of their children, they can go to college—free. Whatever college you choose. The union will pay for it.

PLAYBOY: And there are just a handful of black people in the union?

LEE: A handful. I mean, they just admitted one who got his book recently. But the last time one got admitted before that was *1962*. There's too much money being made. I refuse to give money to an organization like that that's just so overtly racist in their hiring practices.

PLAYBOY: There is obviously now a big trend toward trying to increase the African-American inclusion in the movie mainstream. We've heard that people are already expecting a backlash. Remember when *The Wiz* and *Ragtime* failed——

LEE: That was it. They said, "Black people don't support these films. Let's stop making black films." The blame was never put on Sidney Lumet, or the score, or the casting of Diana Ross. That is not to disrespect any of them, but the blame was put solely on "black people who failed to support this film." Whereas, if a white film doesn't work, it would be the director or whoever.

PLAYBOY: In some ways, there seems to be a renaissance of black participation in popular culture. There's you and Robert Townsend, *In Living Color* and the enormous effect of rap.

LEE: Yeah, that's true. They've finally realized black people contribute, and black audiences are a power in the entertainment market. Studios know there's just too much money to be made now from black audiences. And that people wanna see us, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry that history will repeat itself?

LEE: I think that this is a very crucial time. Every film studio, if you're black and even look like you're a director, they're signing you. And it's very important that all these people who are getting opportunities really be serious. I'm not trying to speak like I'm the grandfather of black cinema. But I think that there are a lot of people who are getting deals now—and more power to them—but I don't know if they're going to last. They just think that you can just walk off the street and direct a movie—and it is not true. This ain't just no bullshit; "Well, I'm just directing a film. I don't need to know nothing about film grammar or film history," or any other thing that one needs to know to become a film director.

PLAYBOY: You talked about being attacked for the Nola Darling character in *She's Gotta Have It*. Do you think you're becoming more enlightened about your portrayals of women?

LEE: This is something I've known all along. Every film maker has a weakness, just like athletes.

PLAYBOY: But we're not talking about every film maker.

LEE: No, I'm saying every film maker, every athlete has weaknesses. If you come into the league hitting fifty percent at the free-throw line, you've got to do something about your foul shooting if you want to be a complete ballplayer. My female characters were something I needed to work on. It was lacking. It's something I've tried to concentrate on.

PLAYBOY: We always thought one of the interesting things about Nola was that she lived her life the way she wanted to.

LEE: Yeah, but that wasn't the only film where they talked about the female characters. *School Daze*—they weren't as multidimensional as the male characters. There weren't enough of them in *Do the Right Thing*. And in *Mo' Better*, all they wanted was the man; they didn't have a life of their own—which I don't agree with for that particular film.

PLAYBOY: How does this affect your personal relationships? Do women have preconceived notions about you?

LEE: I don't really think you can break that question down to a sex thing, as far as male–female. I think that's just in general. Any time you're out in the public eye, people, when they meet you in person, they expect you to live up to that expectation of what that persona is. A lot of people expect me to be more animated, and they're kind of disappointed. "I didn't know you were quiet." So that really has nothing to do with male–female.

PLAYBOY: What about your relationships with white people? It's clear that a lot of white people are afraid of you.

LEE: I guess you fear stuff you don't understand. I don't think any white folks have anything to fear from me.

PLAYBOY: Still, almost all of the movie industry is white. All they ever see are other white people.

LEE: With a small smattering of Jewish people. [*Laughs*] I don't know why some Jewish people get upset when you say

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FATHOM

COLOGNE FOR MEN

FOR MEN WHOSE EMOTIONS RUN DEEP

that there are a lot of Jewish people in the movie industry. That's the truth. That's like saying there are blacks in the N.B.A. That's not making a judgment, that's just a fact.

PLAYBOY: Do they really get sensitive when you say there are lots of Jews in the industry?

LEE: Yeah. *The New York Times*, there was this whole black–Jewish Hollywood thing. It was sparked by the convention the NAACP had in Hollywood where they said that Hollywood is racist and so on, and that it was run predominantly by Jewish people.

PLAYBOY: You must get a lot of calls whenever something like that happens.

LEE: Hooo, from around the world! The phone rings off the hook at our office. I think that this is what happens when the media appoints their so-called spokesperson for black people. This is something I have never wanted to achieve. It's not something I've chased after. And, for the most part, I don't say anything. But there are instances where stuff has to be spoken on. But, for the most part, I only answer about five percent of their questions.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the future for African Americans?

LEE: If you look at the eight years of Reagan and maybe another eight of Bush, and the way they're dismantling affirmative action and all that stuff we fought for and died for, or the Supreme Court that's being appointed—Bush tried to pull this thing where it's discriminatory for schools to have scholarships for black students, and then they get this Uncle Tom handkerchief-head Negro to announce it as assistant secretary [of the Education Department]. Nobody even heard of this motherfucker, but the moment that this program has to be implemented and an announcement has to be made, they pull this Negro off the shelf. How are we supposed to go to school? It's a shame that we've still got Uncle Toms like this around. That guy should be beat with a Louisville Slugger in an alley. He got used. That's the only reason why they hired him, for something specific like that that was going to affect black people. So by the Bush Administration having this black person make this announcement, it can't be racist—we got a black person saying it.

PLAYBOY: Do you wonder if there has been some complacency since the civil rights movement?

LEE: I think America just really arrived at the point where it said, Look—and I think the mandate was handed down by Reagan—where it said, Look, we are tired of you niggers. You've got about as much as you're gonna get from us, and that's it. Period.

PLAYBOY: Some black people say they don't want special consideration.

LEE: Special? I don't think it's special, the fact that we were brought here as slaves and we've been robbed of our heritage and everything else. I mean, I don't consider that special.

PLAYBOY: So we take it you don't have much truck with black conservatives.

LEE: They'll sell you out in a minute. They sold us out. I mean, they're trying to make a big deal out of this what's-his-name, Colin Powell.

PLAYBOY: You don't think that he's a formidable figure? He's the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—that shows black progress, doesn't it?

LEE: So what? So we've got a black general that's going to be head of the Army that kills black people in Panama? Kills black people in Nicaragua? People of color in the Middle East? How come every war now is against people of color in Third World countries? They talk about fighting for democracy: Is South Africa democratic? I know it would be too far-fetched to ask Bush to send troops into South Africa to fight for black people, so let's not talk about that. But how about sanctions? He's trying to lift the mother-

"The United States is not on the moral ground to judge anybody, because it's the most hypocritical country in the world."

fucking sanctions! Saddam does not compare to what De Klerk and all them crooks down there in South Africa are doing and have been doing. But they're white, so it's not perceived as that.

PLAYBOY: So you think it's another instance of racism?

LEE: Yes. I'm not going to say that Saddam might not be a maniac, but if you just study the way the press portrays Noriega, Ortega, Hussein, the ayatollah and the way they portray people like Botha, De Klerk, Cecil Rhodes—I mean, it's the difference between night and day. I have to give in, they have a point on Hitler and Mussolini, but since World War Two, there is a difference in the way they portray dictators.

PLAYBOY: But look at the way the Soviets were portrayed.

LEE: That was really during the Cold War. They didn't send no troops into Lithuania and shit. They bogarted that country the same way that Hussein bogarted Kuwait. For me, the United States is not on the moral ground to judge anybody, because it's the most hypocritical country in the world. So, to me, they really can't say shit about nobody, because they got a lot of shit with themselves.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that after the civil rights movement lost its figureheads—Martin Luther King and Malcolm X—it lost momentum?

LEE: It did, but that's a mistake of putting emphasis on personality and people instead of the movement. As long as we continue to do that and make cults around our leaders, all they have to do to stop it any time we're making ground is just kill us off, kill off that leader.

PLAYBOY: What have you learned in your research for the Malcolm X movie?

LEE: That Malcolm was a very complex person. There were three or four different Malcolms. He was constantly evolving, his outlook and his ideology, and always trying to seek the truth. If he found it, he was not scared of being called a hypocrite. If he found a higher truth, he would say, "I was wrong. All that stuff I said before is wrong, and this is what I believe." That's something that very few people do.

PLAYBOY: Have your feelings about him changed since you started doing the research?

LEE: I think that I've really grown to love Malcolm more. What he stood for and what he died for.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when you first read his autobiography?

LEE: It was just a revelation. I have deep respect for Dr. King, but I've always been drawn more to Malcolm. I just cannot get with Dr. King's complete nonviolence philosophy.

PLAYBOY: Malcolm was moving in that direction himself, wasn't he?

LEE: No. Malcolm never moved away from defending oneself, the right to protect the self. He never moved away from that. Malcolm would never say, "Go to a march, get hit upside the head, and hopefully, after you get enough knocked upside the head, the white man will see how evil he is and will stop." He never said that, and he was never moving toward that. He's always been about the right to protect oneself. Malcolm never advocated violence. He said one should reserve the right to protect oneself.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it seem interesting that there has finally come a time when a major studio will give you——

LEE: Yeah, twenty years and more since he's been dead and buried. He no longer seems such a threat. This film would not have been done in 1966, the year after he got assassinated. No way.

PLAYBOY: But look at what you get a chance to do now.

LEE: It's a great opportunity.

PLAYBOY: Are you up for it?

LEE: Yeah. Everything I've done has really prepared me for this film. It's led me in this direction. I've got no intention of dropping the ball.

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after saddam was vanquished, the kuwaitis discovered who really won the war

No, Mein Kuwait

THE DAY the ground war was launched against Iraq, I hooked up with the Kuwaiti army to witness the initial thrust to reclaim its homeland. I figured the Kuwaitis would be the first to strike, then enter and liberate, the prize of the war, Kuwait City. They would be accompanied by an overwhelming Allied force, of course, but the political realities at the front held that the honor of spearheading the assault would rightly belong to an Arab army, presumably the Kuwaitis.

There was an important historical precedent to back up this speculation. In World War Two, the Allies permitted Charles de Gaulle's Free French forces to enter Paris and triumphantly reclaim the country from the occupying Germans. De Gaulle's troops in that war, like Kuwait's in this one, actually played a minor role in the liberation of their country. But from the moment the French troops marched down the Champs Élysées, France was indisputably French again. The symbolism became the reality of the postwar world.

I got my first hint of the new reality in the Middle East in the military liaison office of the Kuwaiti embassy, which

In our January issue, we went behind the scenes to describe Saddam Hussein's politics of fear and aggression. This month, we present an updated view of the Arab world.

***article* By MORGAN STRONG**

ILLUSTRATION BY AMY CREHORE

Mein Kuwait
IRAN
KUWAIT
SAUDI ARABIA

was based in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Although the Kuwaitis were enthusiastic about having me write about their part in the war, it was clear that they could authorize nothing without Saudi acquiescence. In the end, it was the Saudi commander in chief, Prince General Khalid bin Sultan, who granted me permission to accompany the Kuwaiti army. "It would be good for the Kuwaiti morale," he said grandly, and arrangements were quickly made.

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The morning the ground war began, the two Kuwaiti brigades—the Shaheed (Martyrs) armored brigade and the Tahrir (Liberation) infantry brigade—crossed the 15-foot sand pile, or berm, at the Saudi border. Within a mile or two, we came across the first line of what had once been Iraqi defenses. The mine fields were all clearly marked, and the vaunted flaming trenches were, in fact, little more than smouldering ditches. The Iraqis had simply left their trucks, weapons, clothing, ammunition, personal possessions, food, everything they possessed. They had surrendered or fled. There were no spent cartridges or other signs of resistance. There were no dead. There was no rattle of gunfire. The desert was filled only with the roar of Allied vehicles heading north.

We arrived at the infantry-brigade commander's camp an hour after crossing the border. At that point, we were well in advance of the main body of Saudis, and the armored brigade of the Kuwaiti army was well in advance of the infantry. All had been ordered to hold in place. This was the pattern while I was with the Kuwaitis: Each time their forces advanced beyond what the Saudis found tolerable, they were ordered to halt.

On our first night out in the desert, I was told that Kuwait City was only 70 kilometers to the northeast. The Kuwaitis were jubilant: They would be there the next day! But that night, as we held our position, there was constant traffic heading northeast. Convoys of Saudi military vehicles and men streamed past us toward Kuwait City.

We weren't going anywhere, so I went over to have a chat with some U.S. Special Forces troops, who'd just returned from a reconnaissance patrol and were camped next to the Kuwaitis. The commanding officer was a pleasant man in his early 40s. He was built like a long-distance runner and spoke with a Boston-Irish accent. He seemed relaxed and easygoing, and so did his troops. Ignoring the ban on press access, he offered me some C-ration coffee, and we talked for several hours about the war and the Special Forces' role with the Kuwaitis.

He said that the Special Forces units had been with the six Kuwaiti brigades (only two were at the front) for the past half year, about 10 Americans per brigade. Their mission was to mold the Kuwaitis into a fighting force. But their success was "limited," in the words of another Special Forces man who joined the conversation. The Kuwaitis just weren't made of fighting stuff.

It was hard to argue. Although they had spent billions of dollars on top-of-the-line British, French and American military equipment, the Kuwaiti army and air force, along with the emir and his entire government, had fled Kuwait just ahead of the Iraqi invasion. They're a gentle, polite people—but they make better warriors in board rooms than on battlefields. Only a third of the native-born population remained inside Kuwait after the invasion. Many of those who fled ended up in the five-star hotels of Saudi Arabia, Bahrein and assorted European capitals. The biggest wartime concern shared by most of these Kuwaiti refugees was whether or not the hotel buffets could offer a sufficient variety of foods to stave off boredom.

It was during this conversation that the officer let it drop that he didn't think the Kuwaiti army was going to enter Kuwait City for a while. I asked him why. Well, he said tersely, the Saudis are in command here.

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Living in the desert with members of both the Kuwaiti brigade and the Special Forces, I came to share their separate anxieties as we made our advance—uncontested by anyone but the Saudi army—toward Kuwait City. Like the military men around me, I desperately wanted to get there. When it became apparent that we might be denied that goal, I convinced the Special Forces commander that we should make an early-morning reconnaissance patrol. It was the perfect subterfuge: a tactically sound move in support of what we all wanted to do anyway. The Kuwaiti colonel agreed and we left at dawn the next morning.

The colonel and the Special Forces major took off in the command car and I followed with a driver and another Kuwaiti soldier in a Toyota pickup mounted with a .50-caliber machine gun. We stopped first at what had been an Iraqi battalion headquarters, or so it appeared by the number of armor, trucks and personnel carriers. They had simply been abandoned.

The Iraqi fortifications were, to put it mildly, not what I expected. The entire redoubt consisted of about 20 large ditches with corrugated-tin roofs over them. Single rows of sandbags lined the sides, and most ditches were crumbling—not from bombing, since there was no evidence whatever of that, but from caving in the way a hole on the beach might collapse. I saw no evidence of air strikes in the vicinity. Not one of the 20 or so vehicles inside the perimeter had been damaged. If this were a used-tank lot, most of those babies would fetch a good price—used in only one war and not a scratch on 'em!

For half a year, our Special Forces were virtually bumping into one another behind the lines out there in the desert. Didn't anybody tell the boys in Riyadh, fully six months before the ground war, that the Iraqi preparations weren't as awe-inspiring as the Allies had thought? Did the American military keep the specter of terrifying Iraqi ground forces alive, despite what they might have heard from the field, because it suited their purposes?

It's a tempting thought. At the start of our troop commitment, questions were raised about our goals in the Middle East. Against the static of debate, there arose a simple, dramatic theme: the potency of the Iraqi defenses—the mine fields, the poison gas, the concrete bunkers, the burning walls of oil. Next came the discussion of how our soldiers would overcome the challenges before them. The entire adventure metamorphosed into a test of the nation's character, a challenge to America's will to do the seemingly impossible.

In reality, it was something less than that. After six weeks of a pin-point bombing campaign that was unprecedented in military history, there would be no reinforced bunkers, no walls of flame; indeed, no Iraqis to fight. Had we known their true disposition in advance, the debate—and the conflict itself—might have been resolved differently and more quickly.

Even now, the American military has declined to estimate the number of casualties sustained by Iraq in the bombing. If most of the defenses were as rudimentary as the ones I saw, the casualties must have been monstrous; indeed, the most recent unofficial estimates cite 150,000 Iraqi deaths, with untold thousands of injuries. If the American military acknowledged enormous Iraqi casualties as the action went on, would we, as a nation, have permitted the carnage to continue?

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Our recon patrol was nearly in Kuwait City when we paused next to the main highway into the capital. The Kuwaiti commander said proudly that we would enter the city that day. We'd be the first ones in, as we had hoped.

His optimism was soon dashed. On the highway next to us, a huge Saudi convoy slowly formed. Eventually, it

(continued on page 170)

"Honey, you forgot to put your jockstrap on."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

BALKAN BEAUTY

bulgaria doesn't export much to the u.s., but when it does. . . .

LOST IN THE tumult of events that make up world affairs, most of us have been downright insensitive about humble Bulgaria and everything it has done for us. Like what? you ask. Well, it's not as if we can look on the back of a VCR and see MADE IN BULGARIA or watch nimble Bulgarian gymnasts capture our hearts at the Olympics. It turns out there's a good reason we haven't been grateful to the Bulgarians. While they seem to have plenty of time to churn out machine parts and tobacco for their main ally, the Soviet Union, they have given us nothing, *nada*, the big goose egg. Until now. With the Communist Party out of power in Bulgaria, the paterfamilias, Mikhail Gorbachev, hanging by a thread and the success of Desert Storm showing the world who's top dog, the Bulgarians apparently want to make amends. And they're doing it in the best way possible: by sending us one of their leading rock stars. This isn't the first time Sonia Vassileva has been sent abroad to make her countrymen look good—she was also the very first Miss Bulgaria to carry the flag to the Miss World contest. (It was in 1988 and Miss Iceland won, but there were, no doubt, politics involved.) Already a star in her native country, Sonia has been angling to get out of Bulgaria for years. "I want to be famous not only in Bulgaria," she says in surprisingly good English. "I want to be famous all over the world." But at first, getting out was not easy—in the pre-*glasnost* days, there was no such thing as a Bulgarian passport; the government simply assumed you weren't going anywhere and you obliged. Sonia made the best of the situation by performing with a top Bulgarian duo, the Pop Top Twins, and entering beauty contests. She entered 16 contests and won all 16. One of them named her Miss Bulgaria and allowed her a trip to Great Britain, which opened her eyes to all sorts of possibilities not available at home. "It's so difficult in Bulgaria," she says. "My family and my friends, they don't have food, they don't have clothes. Things are changing now, and the road they take is probably a good road, but it's going to take them a long time. I'm twenty-two years old and I don't want to see what they're going through. I really miss my parents and friends, but once you're outside, you don't want to go back." Being Miss Bulgaria enabled Sonia to wangle permission to go to Norway. There she received career and diplomatic advice from Paul Stanley, of *(text concluded on page 148)*

As the first Miss Bulgaria ever to compete in the Miss World pageant, Sonia made minor history in London in 1988. The British press loved her rock-and-roll persona and her tendency to dress in punk gear. Other Eastern-bloc countries followed suit: Even the U.S.S.R. had its own beauty pageant in 1989.

Had Sonio not insisted on a music career, she might very well have ended up competing in the Olympics. "I went to a training school for gymnasts for three years," says Miss Bulgoria. "But when you are thirteen yeors old, before you go to the Olympics, the government mokes you sign a contract. You train ond your life is very hard. They use drugs, they cut my hoir—I didn't want it. But I wos interested in show business. I wonted to be a stor."

"I don't want ta depend an a man," says Sania. "I want to live my awn life. If yau're in show business and you want to make it big, yau must go thraugh it an your own." In the few months she has been in the U.S., Sonia has been too dedicated to her career to date. In fact, her only knawledge af American men cames from those she met abraad—and she was not impressed. "Maybe I met the wrang American men," she says. "But I think they're scared af wamen."

SPORTS IN AMERICA

"i'm very sincere about this, mr. milchuk—little drive in the country, little conversation, but dick us around, i'm gonna put lumps on your lumps"

fiction

By LUCIUS SHEPARD

WHILE THEY waited for Milchuk to show, Carnes leafed through *Sports Illustrated*, the N.F.L. Preview Issue, and Penner checked out the baseball scores in the *Globe*. They were parked on Main Street in Hyannis, across from the Copper Kitchen, where Milchuk—so they had been told—liked to have his breakfast. It was a quarter to seven of a bitter September morning, a few raindrops spitting down and ridges of leaden cloud shouldering in off the harbor. Carnes, pinch-faced and wiry, with sprays of straw-colored hair sticking out from beneath his Red Sox cap, betrayed no sign of anxiety. But Penner, who had never done this sort of work before, shifted restlessly about, flexing his neck muscles, reshaping the folds of his newspaper and glancing this way and that.

Christ, he thought, I don't want this. He had been insane to go along with it. His mind had not been right. Too much pressure. Too much drink, too many sleepless nights. He would run, he decided, lose himself among the houses down by the ferry dock. His hand inched toward the door handle.

Carnes coughed, noisily turned the pages of his magazine, and Penner, stiffening, gave up any idea of running. He touched the pistol stuck in his belt, the envelope stuffed with bills in his windbreaker, as if acknowledging the correspondence between his salvation and another man's extinction.

To strengthen his resolve, he pictured himself returning home, with Barbara warm and sweet in their bed, hair fanned out across the pillow, her cheekbone perfection evident even in sleep. Fifty grand, he'd say to her, tossing the money onto the sheet as if it were nothing. Fifty fucking grand. And that's just for starters. Then he would show her the gun, tell her what he had done for her and how much he intended to do, maybe frighten her a little, make her understand that she might be at risk here, that the next affair might not be so readily forgiven, and that perhaps she had not chosen wrongly after all; perhaps this newly desperate, bloody-handed Penner was just the man to guarantee her summers in Newport and winters in Bermuda.

He gazed out the window, searching for favorable signs, something to restore his sense of purpose. Overhead, a pair of laced-together sneakers looped over a telephone line heeled and kicked in a stiff breeze, bringing to mind a gallows dance. The deserted sidewalks and glass storefronts with their opaque wintry reflections had the look of a stage set waiting for lights, camera, action.

"Y' see this article here 'bout the guy owns the 'Niners?" Carnes said with sudden animation. "Y' know, that guy DeBartolo?"

"Fuck the son of a bitch," said Penner glumly.

Carnes folded his magazine into a tube and stared at him deadpan. "Lighten up, will ya?" he said. "Ain't no reason you gettin' nervous. The man shows . . . bing! We're outa here."

"I'm not nervous," Penner said. "I just don't feel like bullshitting seven o'clock in the morning 'bout some dumbass owns a football team."

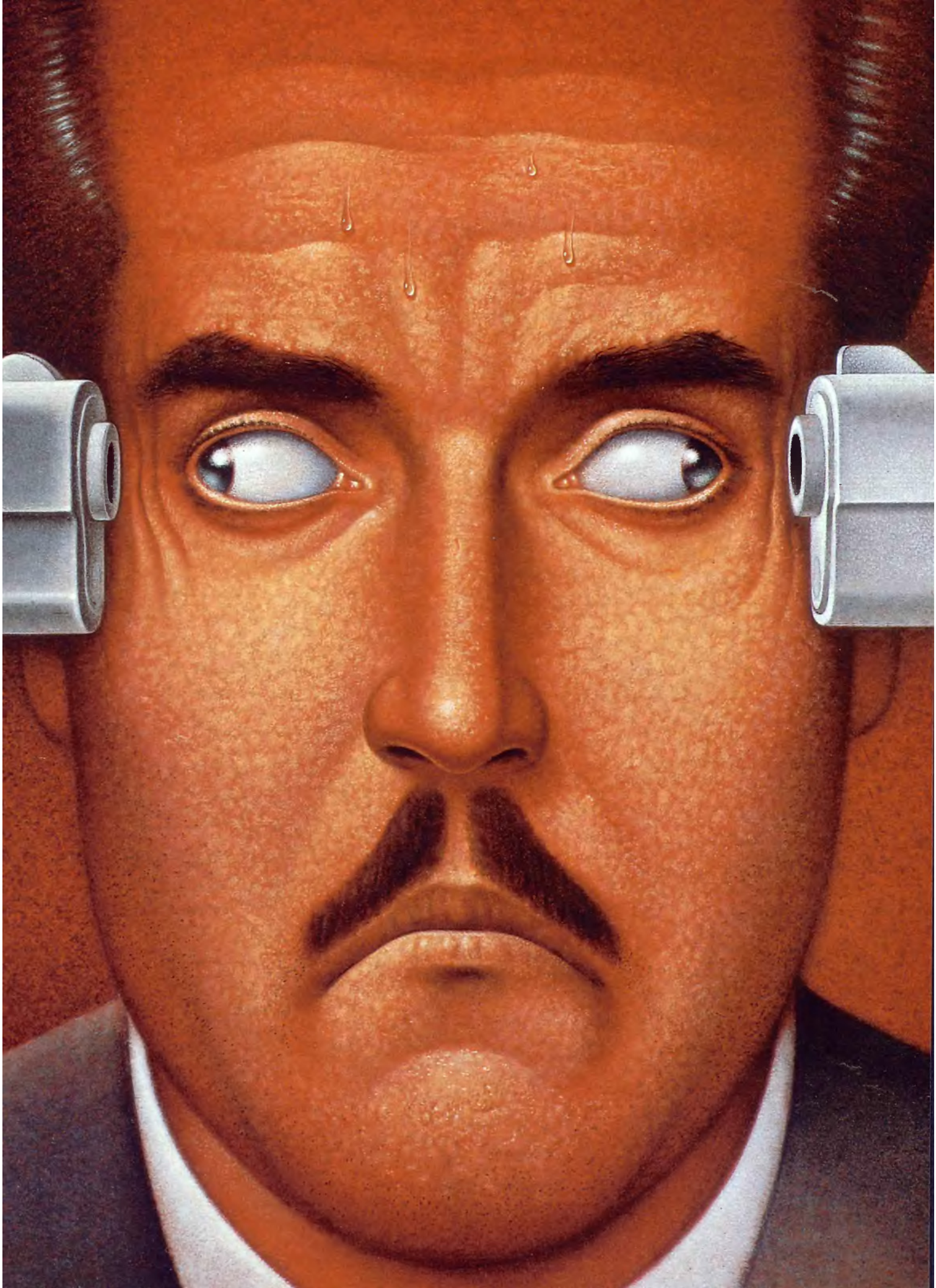
"The guy's OK, man! He ain't nothin' like the other schmucks owns teams." And he explained how DeBartolo was in the habit of lavishing gifts on his players. Ten-thousand-dollar rings, trips to Hawaii. How he sent their wives on shopping sprees at Neiman Marcus.

"Just 'cause he treats 'em like prize poodles, that makes him into Albert Schweitzer?" Penner said. "Get real!"

"I'm tellin' ya, man! Y' should read the article!"

"I don't have *(continued on page 88)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES

DOUBLE PLAYS

baseball's hot father–son team-ups, the alomars and the ripkens, aren't about to give you the shirts off their backs

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

IN JULY, when the baseball season heats up along with the weather, power lunches move to the ball parks and dress codes become as relaxed as hot dogs and beer. No, we're not talking about ratty pullovers from your bottom drawer. This season's line-up of sport shirts is as hot as a line drive off Cal Ripken, Jr.'s, bat. To prove that point, we headed south to Twin Lakes Park in Sarasota, Florida, and west to Compadre Stadium in Chandler, Arizona, where two of baseball's top father–son team-ups, the Ripkens and the Alomars, took a break from spring training to switch from their uniforms into some of the newest styles. The sport shirts we chose for them can be dressed up or down, depending upon the occasion. Fabrics such as washed silk, rayon and cotton give the shirts a soft, supple feeling and keep their cool when the temperatures start to climb. And the latest colors and patterns include both solids and abstracts. Earthy tones such as rust and mustard are major-league choices, along with Sixties-inspired prints. For a great going-out-to-dinner look, wear one with pleated trousers, a tie and a sports coat. Or, if you're just hanging loose, wear the same shirt with jeans, a wide belt and a pair of sporty shoes. Either way, you'll be a fashion hit in clothes that aren't priced out of the park.

With 15 years of professional ball and six years of coaching under his belt, it's no surprise that Sandy Alomar, Sr., encouraged his namesake to follow in his footsteps. Pictured at right is Dod, currently a minor-league instructor with the Chicago Cubs, wearing a washed-silk sport shirt, by Men Go Silk, $224; denim five-pocket baggie jeans, by Ruff Hewn, $68; and leather hand-sewn moccasins, by Cole Haan, about $120. Sandy, Jr., Cleveland Indians catcher and 1990 Rookie of the Year, sports a rayon polka-dot-print sport shirt, by Paul Smith, about $195; black cotton denim straight-leg jeans, by Wrangler, about $25; and canvas shoes, by Vans, about $30.

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on page 168.

In 1987, Col Ripken, Sr., became the first father in major-league history to simultaneously manage two sons, Cal, Jr., and Billy. Pictured from left to right ore the prides of the Baltimore Orioles, beginning with All-Star shortstop Cal, Jr., who's wearing an obstract-print woshed-silk sport shirt, $300, and cotton trousers, $165, both by Zanello; plus a calfskin belt, by Allen-Edmonds, $60; and cowhide loafers, by Kenneth Cole, about $80. Middleman Cal, Sr., a third-base coach who has spent 20-plus years as a cooch in the big leagues, hos donned o cotton Jacquard wave-print sport shirt, by Jharie Barnes, $115; o cotton T-shirt, by Calvin Klein Sport for Men, $35; dyed cotton twill trousers, by Claiborne, about $45; a cowhide Western-style leather belt, by Chevignon, $80; and chamois hand-sewn moccosins, by Timberland, $106. Second baseman Billy Ripken likes a silk-crepe abstroct-print sport shirt, by Kikit Maurice Sasson, $125; wool gabardine trousers, by Zanella, $240; a full-grain buffalo belt with a cowhide lining, by Anne Klein Men, $60; and leother hand-sewn tasseled moccasins, by Cole Haan, about $120.

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"'He's history. Sorta like the Red Sox. What's it they lost, now? Six in a row? Seven?'"

to read the article, I know all about the bastard. He's a short little fucker, right? 'Bout five-five or something?"

"So?" Carnes said stiffly; he stood about five-eight himself.

"So he's got a Napoleonic complex, man. His dick's on the line with the goddamn team. He could give a shit about 'em, really, but long as they win, sure, he's gonna throw 'em a bone now and then."

Carnes muttered something and went back to reading. The silence oppressed Penner. Carnes's conversation had stopped him from thinking about Barbara. It struck him as an irony that Carnes could in any way be a comfort to him. In high school, 15 years before, they had taken an instant dislike to each other. Since that time, they had maintained the scantiest of relationships, this due only to their roots in the same neighborhood, the same gang. As boys, both had been groomed for positions in the Irish Mob: providing cheap muscle, running drugs. After high school, Carnes had continued on this track, whereas Penner, dismayed by the bloody requisites of the life, had attended Boston College and then gone into real estate. Yet here they were. Partnered again by hard times and a common heritage.

"You still root for the 'Niners, huh?" he asked, and Carnes said, "Yeah," without glancing up.

"How come you root for a team like that, man? Fucking team's got a quarterback named for a state, for Chrissakes! Joe Montana! Sounds like some kinda New York art faggot. Some guy takes pictures of dudes with umbrellas stuck up their ass."

Carnes blinked at him, more confused than angry. "Fuck you talkin'?"

"Man was named for another state, then I could relate," Penner went on. "Like New Jersey. I could support him, maybe, he was named Joe New Jersey. Maybe he'd play a little tougher, too."

"You're fuckin' crazy!" Carnes looked alarmed, as if what Penner had said was so extreme it might be symptomatic of dangerous behavior. "Joe Montana's the greatest quarterback in the history of the N.F.L."

Penner gave an amused sniff. "He's history, all right. Sorta like the Red Sox, huh? What's it they lost, now? Six in a row? Seven? The tradition continues."

Carnes glared at him. "Don't start with that, OK?"

Penner fingered out a pack of Camels. In school, he had delighted in mind-fucking Carnes, pushing him to the brink of rage, making the creepy little mad boy twitch, then easing up. Pushing and easing up, over and over, until Carnes was punchy from surges of adrenaline. The trick was not to push too hard, because once over the brink, Carnes became uncontrollable. The Red Sox, to whom he was irrationally, almost mystically devoted, had been a particular sore point.

"Course," Penner went on in a lighthearted tone, "soon as Clemens comes back, he'll make it all better. Isn't that right, man? Ol' Rocket Roger! This good old boy with the I.Q. of a doughnut, guy doesn't have the brains to lift himself from the game when his shoulder blows up the size of a watermelon, he's gonna walk on water and win three in the series." He shook his head in mock sympathy and lit up a Camel. "Don'tcha ever get sick of it, man?"

"I'm fuckin' sick of you," Carnes said angrily. "You're just a front runner, man. You don't know how it is, you grow up with a team, you follow 'em your whole life."

"Bullshit, I'm a front runner!"

"Hell you ain't! Every team gets goin' good, you jump on the goddamn band wagon. First you're a Lakers' fan. Then the A's start winnin' and. . . ."

"I told you, man, I lived four years in Oakland."

"Big fuckin' deal! I lived in Houston, and I ain't no Astros fan."

"What'd be the point? They're even more pathetic than the Sox."

"Goddamn it! I don't hafta take this crap!" Carnes pounded a fist against the dash. "I told McDonough I couldn't work with you, man! You ain't professional! Fuckin' guy's gotta be crazy thinkin' I can spend a coupla hours in a fuckin' car with you!"

This broke Penner's mood. "I can't figure it either," he said, remembering McDonough in the lamp-lit gloom of his study, his white hair agleam, patrician features seamed with anguish, noble head bowed under the weight of a daughter's dishonor. And yet, afterward, he'd had the thought that the scene seemed posed. A cinematic version of Celtic woe.

"What can't you figure?" said Carnes fiercely.

"Everything, man. Like why'd he pay us so much? And in advance. He coulda hired somebody half the price. Less, even."

"He's always doin' shit like that. Remember when Bobby Doyle's kid needed a new liver? Fuckin' McDonough, he just digs down in his pocket. Like the man said—we help him, he helps us. We whack out the guy did his daughter, he takes care of us. That's how he's always been."

"Sure, he's a fucking saint."

"Hey, man! He's a mick's got some power in the Statehouse and ain't forgotten where he comes from. In Southie, that amounts to the same thing."

"That still doesn't explain why he'd put the two of us together."

It appeared that Carnes was about to speak, but he remained silent.

"What were you gonna say?" asked Penner.

"Nothin', man!"

Penner, edging toward paranoia, could have sworn he detected the beginnings of a smirk.

•

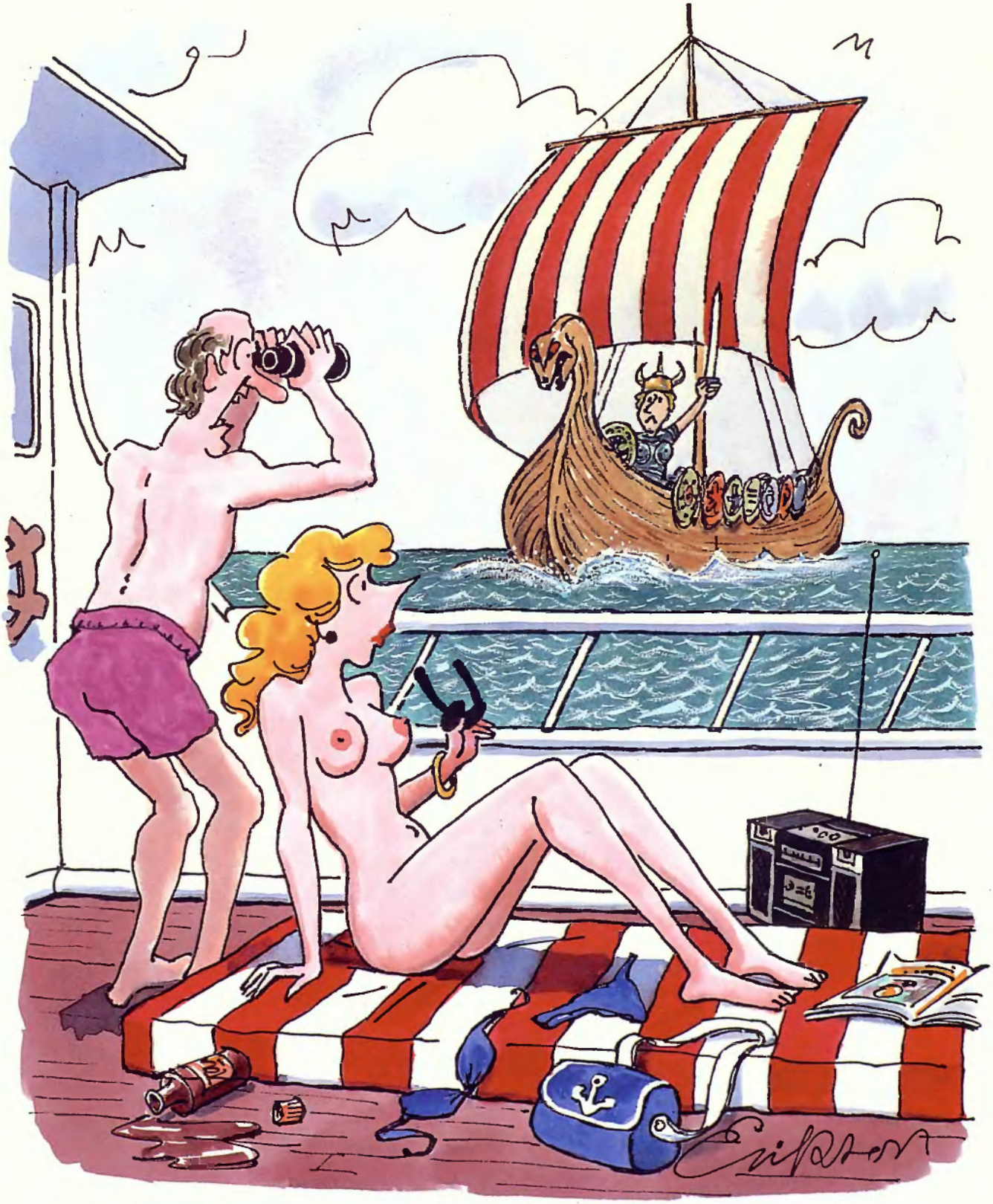
A gray Lincoln Town Car came quiet as a shadow past them; it pulled into a parking space 30 feet farther along. Carnes's hand went inside his jacket. A cold, crawly trickle inched down between Penner's shoulder blades. He stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray. His fingers looked oddly white and unreal the way they pushed and worked at the butt, like the segmented parts of some weird animal. Please, God, he said to himself, unsure whether he was praying for strength or permission to chicken out.

"Just you get in back of him." Carnes's voice was tight. "I'll handle the talkin'."

They waited until Milchuk started to climb out of the Lincoln. Then they walked rapidly toward him, their breath steaming white. Milchuk was bending down into the car, fussing with papers in a briefcase. He straightened, looking puzzled. He was younger and bigger than Penner had figured. Early 30s at the most. And he must have gone six-three, six-four, maybe two-twenty. His handsome, squarish face had a rosy-cheeked pallor. His black hair and mustache were neatly trimmed, but his jaw was dirtied with stubble. He had on a very nice herringbone-tweed overcoat with velvet on the lapels. Penner himself owned a similar coat, though it was several years older and far more worn. He felt a measure of resentment toward Milchuk for inadvertently showing him up.

"'Scuse me, Mr. Milchuk. We have a minute of your time?" Carnes took a

(continued on page 159)



"Batten down the hatches, man the lifeboats—it's Ingrid!"

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY of JAZZ and ROCK • PART THREE

SOME LIKE IT HOT

SATCHMO, BIX AND THE BOOTLEGGERS CONSPIRE IN CHICAGO TO HATCH THE JAZZ AGE

NEW YORK CITY, 1925. Bix Beiderbecke had just hit town. Fellow cornettist Red Nichols invited Beiderbecke to room with him at the Pasadena Hotel near Columbus Circle. Beiderbecke moved in and together they rented a piano.

And threw parties. Babe Ruth was probably there for some, since he and Beiderbecke were pals. Ruth liked hot jazz as much as Beiderbecke liked baseball—and both loved to party.

Nichols recalled a memorable party in the biography *Bix*. One night, jazz violinist Joe Venuti began wondering which key predominated on the piano—if all the keys were hit at once, which would win? Such cosmic thinking was no doubt fueled by bootleg gin. Music theory during the Jazz Age: Venuti said he had a plan and took bets on the outcome. A few nights later, they were back, partying again at the Pasadena. Before anyone knew what was happening, Venuti and a few other musicians muscled the piano to the window, lifted it up and dropped it from the fifth floor into the alley. Nichols remembered an enormous crash and snapping piano wires but said, "There was no hint of any pitch."

So the experiment failed.

This was what F. Scott Fitzgerald named the Jazz Age—jazz meaning more than mere music. It was more like rebellion on all fronts. World War One had blown away sunny Edwardian idealism, leaving in its place The Lost Generation, with its angst and existential humor, as seen in the mordant craziness of the art movements of the time—Dadaism, surrealism and the rest. Skirts went up, to reveal the much-coveted ankle and more. Cheap Model T Fords put cars and their back seats in the hands of more and more horny teenagers, providing an easier means of finding somewhere private to make out than ever before. Freud was in vogue, insisting that everything was ultimately sexual. James Joyce was having Molly say yes yes yes yes. People other than Einstein were beginning to understand Einstein.

Beiderbecke was the family bad boy, James Dean with a cornet—though not quite so handsome. His straight German upper-middle-class family in

Bessie Smith (opposite), the best of the ladies of the blues from the Twenties, sang some sexy hits, including *I'm Wild About That Thing*. Bix Beiderbecke (above) was James Dean with a horn (that's his cornet, left), the first important white jazz player, dead at 28 from bootleg gin.

ARTICLE BY DAVID STANDISH

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT IN THE STYLE OF TAMARA OE LEMPICKA

Louis Armstrong (below) was the jazzman of the Jazz Age. His 1928 *West End Blues* with Earl Hines has been called the best jazz single ever. Armstrong's second wife, Lil Hardin (left), studied at Fisk, played piano and at 22 began leading her own bands, which sometimes included Louis.

Davenport, Iowa, did everything it could think of to keep him from being a jazzman—a calling akin to pimping or robbing churches as far as it was concerned. During a visit home late in his brief career, Beiderbecke found all the records he'd made and dutifully sent home sitting there in a stack, still in their mailing wrappers.

> "THE JOINT STANK OF BODY MUSK, BOOTLEG BOOZE, EXCITED PEOPLE, PLATFORM SWEAT. I HAD NEVER HEARD THE TUNE BEFORE, BUT, FULL OF SMOKE, I COULDN'T MISS A NOTE OF IT."
>
> —HOAGY CARMICHAEL

Despite all that encouragement, Beiderbecke was hardly out of his teens when he became the first important white jazz player. During his short, troubled life—which ended in 1931 when he was drowned in bootleg gin at the age of 28—he was a cornettist second only to Louis Armstrong.

Only a few years earlier, Beiderbecke had been a student at Lake Forest Academy in a northern suburb of Chicago, 86'd from home by his father in hopes it would cure his jazz fever. It didn't. Night after night, Beiderbecke slipped out of the dorm, heading for the downtown clubs where they played the jazz he loved.

There was plenty to hear. Ever since World War One, more and more jazz musicians from New Orleans had been drifting North to try their luck in Chicago. By the Twenties, they had included cornettists Louis Armstrong, Freddie Keppard and King Oliver; the Dodds brothers, Johnny on sax and clarinet and "Baby" on drums; clarinetists Sidney Bechet and Jimmie Noone; Jelly Roll Morton, who had stretched ragtime piano into jazz; blues singers such as Bessie Smith, who was originally from Tennessee; and ragtime-

Ma Rainey toured in Rabbit Foot Minstrels before forming her own Georgia Jazz Band (left). The popularity of hers and other "race" records (see catalog, right) reflected white regard as well as racist Jim Crowism.

blues pianist Tony Jackson, just an "old head" who had started out playing in New Orleans whorehouses and moved to Chicago in 1912.

By 1926, Paul Whiteman's Band (on Columbia, left) played ersatz jazz. Above, members of Chicago's Austin High Gang—Frank Teschmacher, Jim Lanigan, Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Floyd O'Brien, Dave Tough, Dave North and Dick McPartland—mass as Wolverines.

For this habit of ducking out to Chicago and ignoring most of his classes, Beiderbecke was thrown out of school. To him it was more a relief than punishment. Soon he was leading the jazz life he'd been yearning for. He landed a job in a Lake Michigan excursion-boat band; gigs at a couple of Midwest lake resorts followed. After the fall season, he tried once more to please his father by going to work as a clerk in the family coal and lumber company. But by the following summer, he was back playing on excursion boats, and in the autumn of 1923, he was working at the Stockton Club outside Hamilton, Ohio, a Mob-run combination speak-easy/gambling joint/whorehouse north of Cincinnati.

After a major-league New Year's Eve brawl between rival gangsters, Beiderbecke regrouped as the Wolverine Orchestra, where life was a bit quieter. The Wolverines mostly played dance dates at cornfield colleges: Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and Indiana University in Bloomington, where Beiderbecke became pals with Hoagy Carmichael. But by the end of the following summer, he was playing New York and selling batches of records—and at 21 was becoming a star.

"SAID MISS JONES TO OLD BUTCHER PETE, I WANT A PIECE OF YOUR GOOD OLD MEAT. YOU GOTTA GIVE ME SOME. OH, GIVE ME SOME. I CRAVE YOUR ROUND STEAK, YOU GOTTA GIVE ME SOME."—BESSIE SMITH

If Armstrong was warm gold, Beiderbecke was cool silver. Even in his "hot" solos, there was a certain European classicism, stateliness, melancholy. He hit notes as if they were velvet punches, his solos like a young Muhammad Ali in slow motion. And he might not have been

Blues Smiths were rampant though unrelated. Mamie (above center) had the first blues hit, *Crazy Blues*; then came Bessie and Clara. Pianist Earl Hines (right) backed them when he wasn't ducking bullets, playing in Mob joints. His work with Louis Armstrong is legendary.

doing it—or thrown pianos out of windows—if it hadn't been for Armstrong.

It's hard for those who only remember him grinning and singing *Hello, Dolly!* on *The Tonight Show* or mugging through movies such as *High Society* to appreciate how profoundly Armstrong influenced the history of jazz. If jazz before him was Newtonian physics, Louis introduced Einstein and relativity theory. He was Beiderbecke's idol—his and practically every other jazz musician's.

Later claiming to have been born on the Fourth of July in 1900 (the real date was August 4, 1901), Armstrong was playing cornet in the Kid Ory band—New Orleans' best—by the time he was 19, and by 21, he was on the Mississippi riverboat circuit, where Beiderbecke, still in high school, first saw him.

When Armstrong got off the train on Chicago's South Side one hot August night in 1922, wearing an old-fashioned New Orleans box-back suit, he was a plump, friendly young man carrying a cornet case and not much else. No one would have guessed that a revolution was packed inside that case.

Musicians weren't the only ones heading for Chicago. After the war, many Southern blacks began moving North, looking for jobs and a shot at equality. Carl Sandburg

Bandleader Fletcher Henderson (top, at piano) established the big-band style that would dominate the Thirties and find its most sophisticated expression in Duke Ellington (right). Above, an early Ellington hit on Brunswick.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK IN THE STYLE OF MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

wrote in 1919, "Twenty years ago, fewer than 50 families of the colored race were homeowners in Chicago. Today they number thousands."

Many blacks made more money than they had in the South, but the Chicago race riot of 1919 was a clue that they weren't particularly welcome. As more blacks arrived and began moving into formerly all-white South Side neighborhoods, according to one Chicago historian, the friction produced "a kind of guerrilla warfare." Twenty-four bombings in two years preceded the July day in 1919 when, triggered by a rock-throwing clash at a beach, a riot began that led to the drowning of a black teenager. In the next five days, fighting, shooting, stabbing and pillaging left scores injured and a half dozen or more dead. White mobs grabbed blacks from streetcars and roamed black neighborhoods, trashing and burning homes. Finally, the governor sent in the state militia.

Welcome to Chicago.

But the newcomers managed to have their fun. By the early Twenties, the action centered on 35th and State: Dreamland, the Sunset Cafe, the Plantation Club, the Vendome Theater, Lincoln Gardens, plus Midway Gardens down on 60th Street, and the dance halls of Riverview, an amusement park on the West Side.

Armstrong was lured to Chicago by Joe Oliver, a man whose nicknames included King, from his days as the top-gun cornettist in New Orleans, and Bad Eye, for the way his eye popped out when he was really blowing. He'd been a friend—a mentor, of sorts—of young Armstrong's back in New Orleans and now, in 1922, wanted him to come North and join his Creole Jazz Band, already Chicago's hottest outfit and a fixture at Lincoln Gardens.

This section of the South Side was a little like New Orleans' famous District, its clubs providing pleasures of all sorts, generally illegal. Most were owned or "protected," thanks to Prohibition, by bootlegging Mobsters with gun lumps in their suits. This was Al Capone's turf, his scarface familiar in neighborhood clubs.

On the North Side, a smaller, complementary but mainly white jazz scene was developing at places such as the Rendezvous Club at Clark and Diversey and the Three Deuces, named as a parody of a famous Mob whorehouse called the Four Deuces, and Uptown's Green Mill Lounge on North Broadway, which is still in business as a jazz club and looks about the same as it did in the Twenties.

From the first, Armstrong couldn't help blowing his good friend Oliver away—even while trying not to—so radiant was his talent.

Within a few nights, "The first ten rows at the Gardens was nothing but musicians," said trombonist Preston Jackson. Many of them were young and white: "You could see such people as Paul Mares and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Muggsy Spanier, the Dorsey brothers. . . . Also the fellows from that particular school in Chicago—George Wettling, Frank Teschmacher and that bunch."

"That bunch" came to be known as the Austin High Gang, from the high school most of them attended on the West Side. The leader was Teschmacher, who convinced four of his high school buddies that they could successfully imitate the records of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings—a popular white jazz group originally from New Orleans—to which they were listening so eagerly.

In 1922, they formed what may have been the first garage band: Jim Lanigan on piano, Jimmy McPartland on cornet, his brother Dick on guitar and banjo, Bud Freeman on C-melody sax and Teschmacher on alto. Jimmy McPartland, at 14, was the youngest and Lanigan, at 17, the old man.

As they learned to play, they began to get gigs, as did other white Chicago kids still in or barely out of high school—drummer Dave Tough, pianist Art Hodes and teen whiz Eddie Condon, a guitarist/banjoist/pianist from Indiana, who moved in 1928 to New York to front his own band and do session work, backing Armstrong and Fats Waller, among many others. In the Forties, he opened the eponymous club that was to be a solid rock in the New York jazz scene for many years.

Another kid in the crowd was boy wonder clarinetist Benny Goodman. He'd been a beaver from the beginning, studying at Hull House when he was ten, because it provided instruments. Born in Chicago in 1909, Goodman entered a talent contest (imitating vaudeville star Ted Lewis) when he was 12 and got his first union card the next year. At the age of 14, he was playing on those Lake Michigan excursion boats, where he and Beiderbecke first crossed paths.

Then there was clarinet/sax player Milton "Mezz" Mezzrow, the first white hipster, who loved black music and black culture to the point of trying to become black. In 1942, his draft card read, RACE: NEGRO. During various stints in jail, usually on drug charges, he passed as a light-skinned black so he would be put in the black cell blocks, where he felt more at home. Part of a tough high school/poolroom Jewish gang, Mezzrow was 15 when he was caught in a stolen Studebaker in front of a police station. Like Armstrong, he had learned to play music in reform school. His autobiography, *Really the Blues*, is one of the great jazz books, the story of a middle-class white kid from Chicago's Northwest Side who became pals with both Beiderbecke and Armstrong—and who, for a time, peddled marijuana.

And all these young white guys went to see Armstrong whenever they could.

Hoagy Carmichael, who as an undergraduate lamenting the loss of a girlfriend had composed *Stardust* on the lawn in front of the Indiana University library, recalled seeing Armstrong at Lincoln Gardens with Bix, smoking a little "muggles"—slang at the time for marijuana.

"The joint stank of body musk," Carmichael recalled, "bootleg booze, excited people, platform sweat. Then the muggles took effect and my body got light. I ran to the piano and took the place of Louis' wife. I had never heard the tune before, but, full of smoke, I somehow couldn't miss a note of it. The muggles carried me into another world. I was floating in a strange deep-blue whirlpool of jazz."

The addition of Armstrong to the Oliver band marked one beginning of Chicago-style jazz, different in several respects from the older New Orleans style. For one thing, it featured solos. Armstrong was the first of the virtuoso soloists who played above and around and sometimes apart from the band. You can hear a consummate performance on his 1928 Hot Five *West End Blues*, with Earl Hines on piano. Probably the finest single performance in all of jazz, it's a record that has been more lovingly analyzed at greater length by jazz critics than any other.

Also in Chicago, the beat began changing—in part to accommodate the greater technical flair of the horn and reed players, who were learning to play more complex lines faster. And you could play it even hotter by doubling the beat and speeding up the tempo. The white groups were especially susceptible to the speed factor, Beiderbecke and the Austin High Gang often playing as if they had dogs snapping at their heels, youthful exuberance masking some lurking fear that it might all collapse if they didn't keep tearing along. So from the oom-pah oom-pah two-four of New Orleans emerged the tick-tick-tick-tick of four-four time—the beat that became the battery for the big bands soon to come.

In 1923, the Oliver band landed in Richmond, Indiana, to cut its first records. For a few years, this nowhere Indiana town was practically the jazz

(continued on page 151)

"If the stars could talk, what would they say to you, Vince?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

wendy kaye,
the perfect patriot, is our
salute to independence day

MISS LIBERTY

"I AM SO PROUD to be an American," says star-spangled blonde Wendy Kaye. And why not? The daughter of a U.S. Navy flier, the very first girl born at a spanking-new naval hospital in Memphis 19 years ago, Wendy celebrated her first Independence Day when she was 30 days old. It's still her favorite holiday. How star-spangled is she? Many patriots love the Fourth of July; Miss July takes her love of the red, white and blue a giant step further. "I do something special on the fourth of every month." She and her boyfriend celebrate their first date, the anniversary of their interdependence, on Independence Day. Wendy, who spent much of last winter in front of the TV in her apartment in Santa Barbara, California, chewed her glistening fingernails as she worried over news reports from the Persian Gulf. When victory came, she shot out of her chair like a Roman candle. "I do want to travel, to see how other cultures live," she says, "but one thing about me is never going to change. First and foremost, I'll always be an *American*." This month, we're proud to fulfill an all-American girl's dream by making Wendy Kaye Miss July 1991. "July. That's perfect. I love it," she says. If you're in Santa Barbara, watch for a car with streamers and sparklers. That'll be Wendy.

"I like simple pleasures," says Wendy, an all-American California girl who makes the locals sit up and take notice (right and above) at Santa Barbara's Palm Park. She also enjoys looking "wild" (left).

After outgrowing her shyness at Santa Barbara High School, aur patriotic Playmate became a favarite at East Beach. Wendy's seniar class vated her "Mast Likely ta Have a Secret Admirer" and, in anticipatian af the phota at right, "Best Rear View."

Fittingly, Wendy spent her high school days being compared to on American icon. "I wasn't too wild," she says with a laugh. "Everyone colled my boyfriend and me Ken and Barbie." Wendy was Wonder bread, apple pie, burgers and fries an the Faurth af July. "It was kinda fun," she says af being mistaken for a shy, incredibly nice schaalgirl. Now that she's Miss July, eyes in Santa Barbara are opening wide.

Young Santa Barbarans are territorial. Everyone who's anyone hits the beach all summer, but if you're an underclasswoman at Santa Barbara High School, as Wendy was in 1987–1988, you stick to Hendry's Beach with the frosh and sophomores. That's why no one took note of Wendy Kaye for the longest time. "I was the shy girl at school," and shy sophomores don't dare set foot on East Beach, where the upper classes strut their stuff. "That's where the action was." Finally, two years ago, a shy girl stunned East Beach. A newly minted junior, Wendy took a deep breath and waded into the action. She appeared as if from nowhere, coming out of the Pacific in a fluorescent thong bikini. Santa Barbara High had a brand-new celeb. It wasn't long until a few of her new fans, paging through a copy of *Playboy* (the September 1989 issue, for you history buffs), said, "You could do this." Initially shocked, Wendy soon realized she was being flattered. Two summers later, here she is, proof of the high standards set at East Beach. "A lightning bolt came down," says Wendy, snapping her fingers, "and God said, 'Do something different with your life, something you'll enjoy.' This is it!"

Wendy was five years old when a friend asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Without hesitation, she said, "A superstar." Fourteen years later, she is the pride of S.B.H.S. and our Playmate of the Month. "And I'm thrilled. The rest of my life, I want to stay as happy as I am right now," she says. But don't bet that this is the last you'll see of her. One morning, you'll open the newspaper and see an ad for a movie starring Wendy Kaye—ideally, a remake of *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.

CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Wendy Kaye

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 5.5.72 BIRTHPLACE: Memphis, Tennessee

AMBITIONS: To become an accomplished film or television actress.

TURN-ONS: Good movies, good music, the beach, romance, friendly & humorous people!

TURN-OFFS: People who are selfish, rude or deceitful. Drug & alcohol abusers.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Ghost, Pretty Woman, Parenthood, Tequila Sunrise, Trading Places.

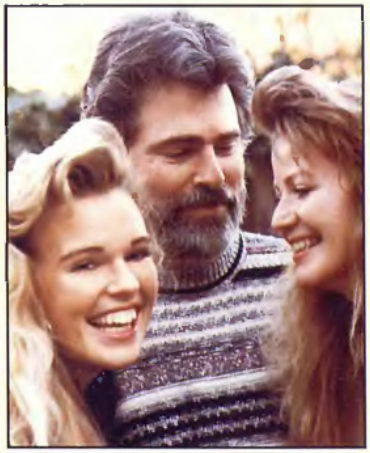
FAVORITE ACTORS: Eddie Murphy! Julia Roberts, Tom Cruise, Michelle Pfeiffer, Kurt Russell.

MY MORAL PHILOSOPHY: Commit yourself to truth, beauty and goodness. Be true to your values. If it doesn't feel right, don't do it!!

SPECIAL THANKS TO: President Bush & the troops of Desert Storm, my parents and God.

Excited to go to mexico!!

My boyfriend & I. Prom 1990.



my parents & I on graduation day.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On a shopping trip to the city, a backwoods farmer bought a 24-piece jigsaw puzzle. He worked on it every night for two weeks. Finally, the puzzle was finished.

"Look what I've done, Jess," he said proudly to a visiting neighbor.

"That's surely somethin', Willard. How long it take you?"

"Only two weeks."

"Never done a puzzle myself," Jess said. "Is two weeks fast?"

"Darn tootin'," Willard said. "Look at the box. It says, 'From two to four years.'"

After a truck carrying copies of *Roget's Thesaurus* overturned on a country road, the local newspaper reported that onlookers were "stunned, overwhelmed, astonished, bewildered and dumfounded."

Staking out a notoriously rowdy bar for possible D.U.I. violators, a cop watched from his squad car as a fellow stumbled out the door, tripped on the curb and tried 45 cars before opening the door to his own and falling asleep on the front seat.

One by one, the drivers of the other cars drove off. Finally, the sleeper woke up, started his car and began to leave. The cop pulled him over and administered a Breathalyzer test. When the results showed a 0.0 blood-alcohol level, the puzzled policeman asked him how that was possible.

"Easy," was the reply. "Tonight was my turn to be the decoy."

What do politicians and bull sperm have in common? Only one in 1000 actually works.

Three uninterested students had just received their grades on a sex-education exam. One got a D-plus, the second a D-minus and the third an F.

"Someday, we're gonna knock that bitch teacher down," sneered the first.

"And we're gonna strip her," the second added.

"And kick her in the balls," said the third.

Mikhail Gorbachev's secretary buzzed the speakerphone and announced, "Mr. Bush is on the line saying he's willing to lend the Soviet Union fifty billion dollars, Mr. President, and he says we won't have to pay it back—*ever*."

Gorbachev picked up the receiver. "Hello . . . Neil?"

What do you call to get 100 Iraqis to leave a bingo game? "B-52!"

A recent Harvard business graduate landed a plum job in New York. After just a few months, he wired home to his parents in Kansas: MADE SUPERVISOR. FEATHER IN MY CAP.

Six weeks later came another wire: MADE MANAGEMENT. FEATHER IN MY CAP.

A third wire followed shortly: FIRED. SEND MONEY FOR TICKET TO FLY HOME.

His parents wired back: NO TICKET NECESSARY. USE FEATHERS.

What's the difference between American pilots and Iraqi pilots? American pilots break ground and fly into the wind.

A laid-back lion was ambling through the jungle one day when he came upon a monkey. Terrified, the monkey scampered up the nearest tree. The lion assured him there wasn't anything to be afraid of.

"I don't trust you," the monkey said. "You've been known to eat monkeys."

"I just ate, honest," the lion said. "I don't want to hurt you. I just want to be your friend."

The monkey wasn't buying it and wouldn't come down. "Tell you what," the lion said. "I'll tie my legs together so I can't hurt you. OK?"

After watching the lion tie himself up, the monkey cautiously climbed down, shaking like a leaf. "Why are you shaking like that? My legs are tied up. I can't hurt you."

"I know," the monkey said. "It's just that I never fucked a lion before."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"So, like, he asks what I do, OK? But when I say I'm an English, y' know, teacher, he gives me this, y' know, verbal, y' know, abuse! So I, like, drop him like a hot, y' know, potato, OK? Like, if there's anything I don't, y' know, need, it's an anti, y' know, intellectual, right?"

Want to save your heart? use your head

The Thinking Man's Guide to Breaking Up

article By Denis Boyles

THEY ALWAYS get it right in the movies: When disaster strikes, it strikes in slow motion. The bullet slams into the hero's shoulder and he turns with balletic grace. Or, when the floor gives way beneath him, it's as if he is being released by the carefully unfolding hands of God.

Now imagine the scene as the perfect lips of the woman you love tell you to leave her and never return. Imagine her lower lip forming a soft pout as she says the word good, and the sweet, sad smile that must come with the word bye. *That* is the slow-motion depiction of emotional violence that makes all men want to hide their eyes.

If it seems as if the movie of your breakup is one you've seen before, you've come to where the soft shoulder of sympathy lives. If your emotional life has just been dumped into the landfill of love, read on for a little non-degradable advice.

We'll deal with the worst-case scenario first: when she breaks up with you. This is real-life *Jeopardy!*, where the only correct answer is in the form of a question: What the hell happened?

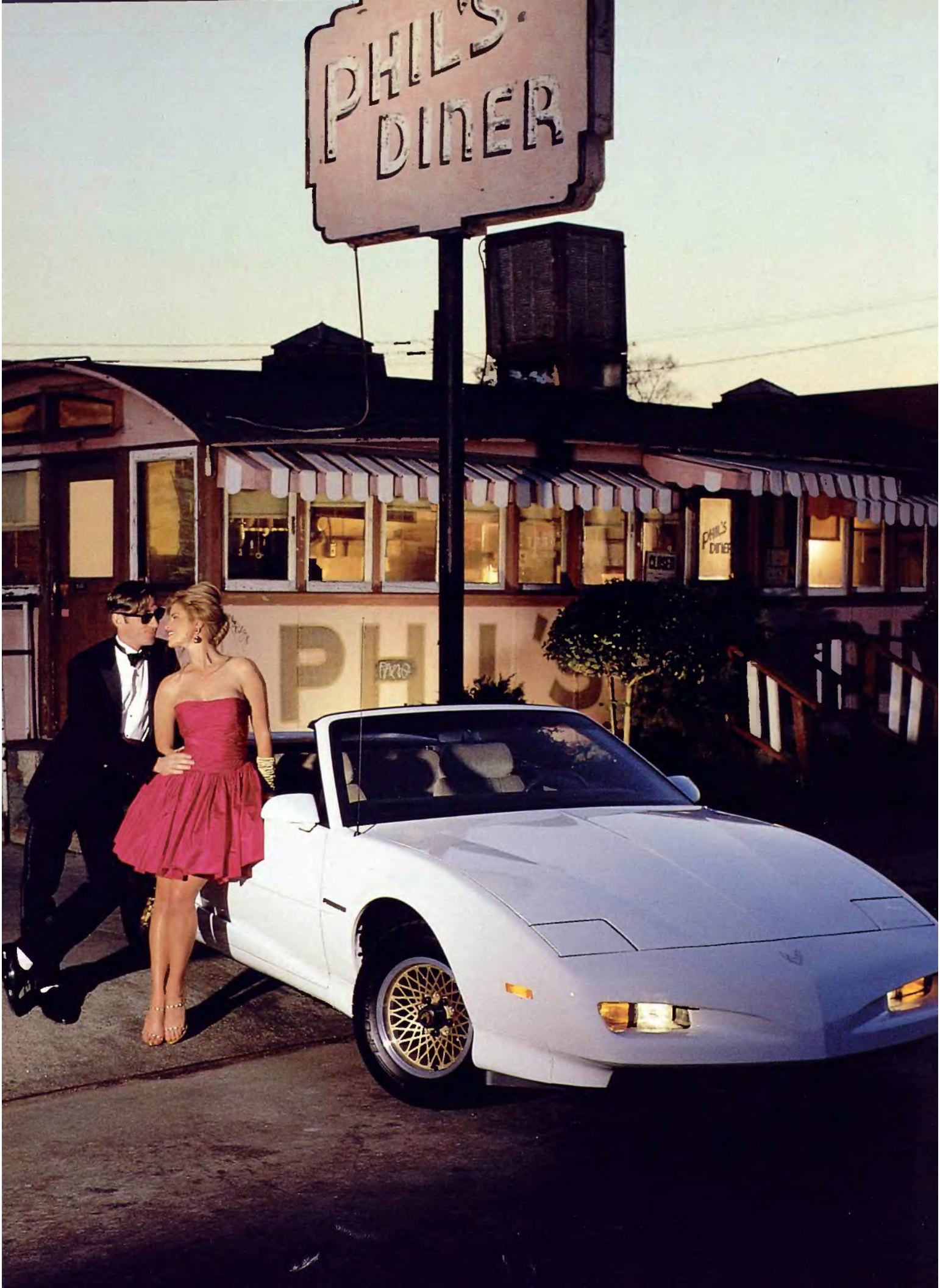
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED

The quick-and-dirty explanations for why you're not still rolling in your sweet baby's arms are readily at hand: You stopped talking to each other, or you started taking each other for granted, or one of you was afraid of commitment, or one of you felt intimidated.

This list can continue, of *(continued on page 128)*

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

OLBINSKI


PHIL'S
DINER
PHIL'S DINER

GOING TOPLESS

when the heat is on, take it off, take it half off

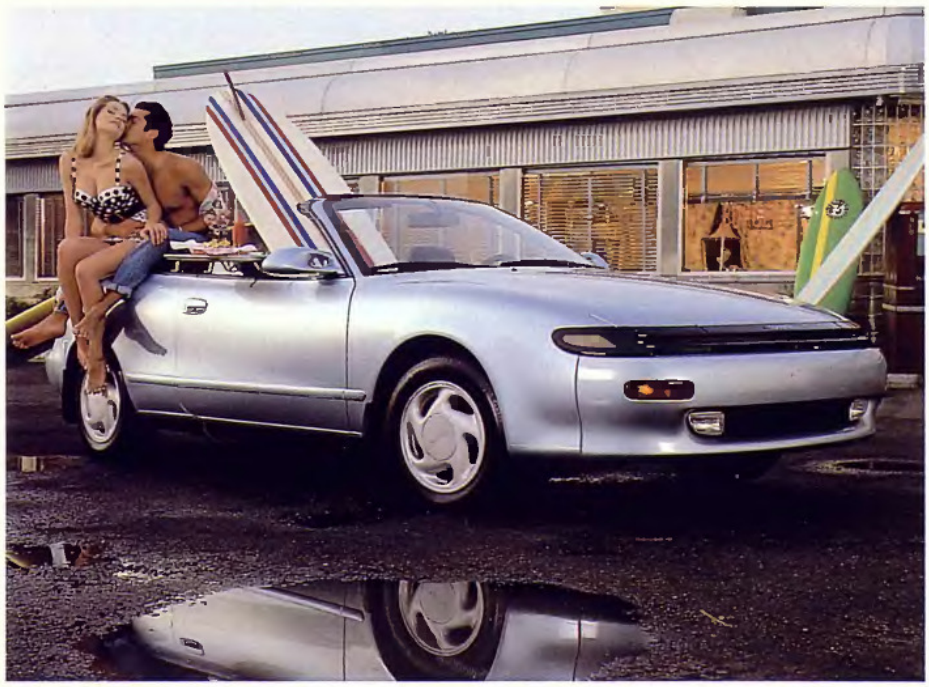
modern living By KEN GROSS

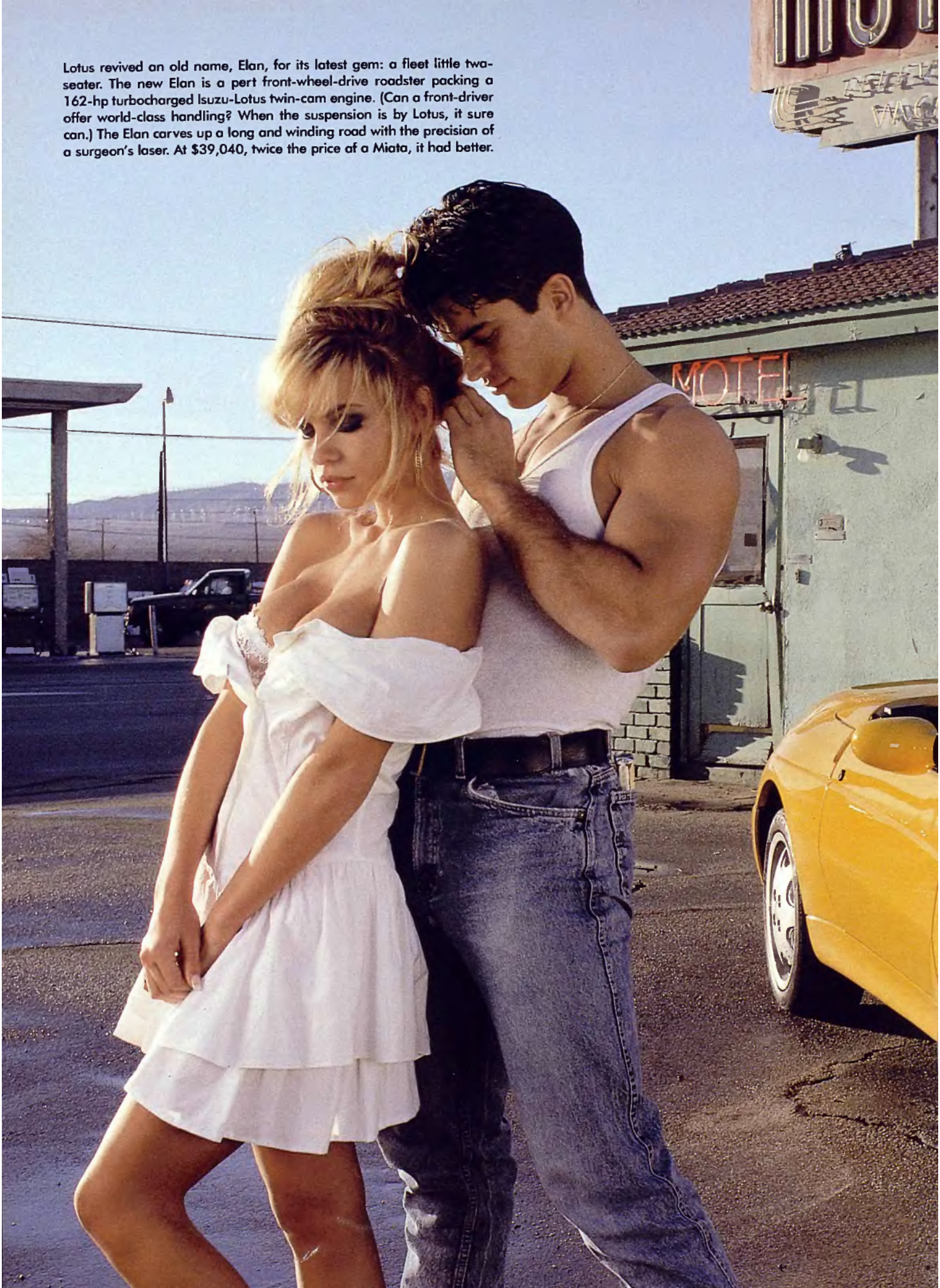
SURE, Chrysler is in a slump and industry insiders are speculating that Lee Iacocca may soon be driving off into the sunset. But before you wave goodbye, remember that it was largely his willingness to take a risk on the LeBaron convertible in 1982 that sparked an American ragtop renaissance. For decades, the convertible was considered the ultimate driving machine, but beginning in the late Sixties, the thrill of top-down motoring took a back seat to growing concerns over automobile safety. By 1978, when *Playboy* published *Last of the Ragtops*, MG, Fiat, Triumph, Volkswagen, Mercedes-Benz, Alfa Romeo and a few others were "the plucky remnants of a gallant, top-down band." Today, there are about 40 makes and models of convertibles on the market, with more on the way—including Dodge's Cobra-like ten-cylinder Viper. Once again, Iacocca is taking a risk. And now that cars are safer than ever, outdoor fun is back, as the pictures on these pages attest. Turn to page 169, for *Playboy's Guide to Going Topless*. The good times are rolling again.

Left: Pontiac's big, sleek $19,200 Firebird is a throwback to convertibles of 20 years ago—a rear-wheel-drive four-seater packing a muscular 3.1-liter V6 that's sufficient to settle most stop-light contests. Deeply recessed running lights and a mean, dramatically tapered hood line spell speed. Drop the top, turn up the Delco electronics stereo, enjoy the basso profundo rumble of the twin pipes and just cruise—all the way to the diner. Above: Often imitated, never duplicated, the newest Renegade incarnation of the 4x4 comes with the Wrangler's 180-hp fuel-injected six-cylinder engine, eye-catching new fender flares and a luxurious (for a Jeep vehicle) interior. Purists needn't worry: Under that sleek new bodywork, there's still the heart of an off-road rebel. Price: about $15,000.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Don't be misled. The Ferrari 348 ts is hardly understated. Its screaming 300-hp four-cam V8 and crisp transversal five-speed gearbox mean you'll take a back seat to no one. While this slick $105,500 Pininfarina-designed machine originated as a handsome coupe, in open style, the 348 ts' sharply raked windscreen and tight little tail become beautifully accentuated. Below: Toyata's Celica takes on a markedly different personality when sharn of its tap. Celica ragtaps begin as coupes in Japan; the steel raaf is remaved in Califarnia. Next, an easy-ta-use convertible top is installed and finished with a sleek plastic tonneau. Price: about $21,000, with a 220-watt killer stereo. Right: Chevy's Gea Metra LSi canvertible offers all—well, almost all—the fun in the sun yau can imagine far abaut $9700. Its 55-hp three-cylinder engine may seem puny until you recall that the MG TC had only 54 horses and weighed considerably mare. The Gea Metro LSi comes with a driver's-side air bag, and air conditioning is optional. Our recommendation: Skip the A/C and keep that top down.





Lotus revived an old name, Elan, for its latest gem: a fleet little two-seater. The new Elan is a pert front-wheel-drive roadster packing a 162-hp turbocharged Isuzu-Lotus twin-cam engine. (Can a front-driver offer world-class handling? When the suspension is by Lotus, it sure can.) The Elan carves up a long and winding road with the precision of a surgeon's laser. At $39,040, twice the price of a Miata, it had better.

THE JUSTICE BREAKS HIS SILENCE

for the first time since his retirement, supreme court justice william brennan delivers the closing argument on his colleagues, the constitution and what this country faces

SITTING ACROSS from him in the chambers he still has at the Supreme Court, it is difficult at first to realize that this short, decidedly informal man with so playful a wit was the most powerful and influential Supreme Court Justice in the history of the nation.

William J. Brennan, Jr., is entirely without pretentiousness. The ordinary city councilman takes himself more seriously than Brennan does. But the Justice—who retired on July 20 of last year after nearly 34 years on the Court—always took his job very seriously. He has described that job as requiring him to protect the dignity of each human being and to recognize that "every individual has fundamental rights that Government cannot deny him."

Accordingly, his many landmark decisions on behalf of the individual against the Government led New York University law professor Norman Dorsen to say that "we would be living under a very

article By NAT HENTOFF

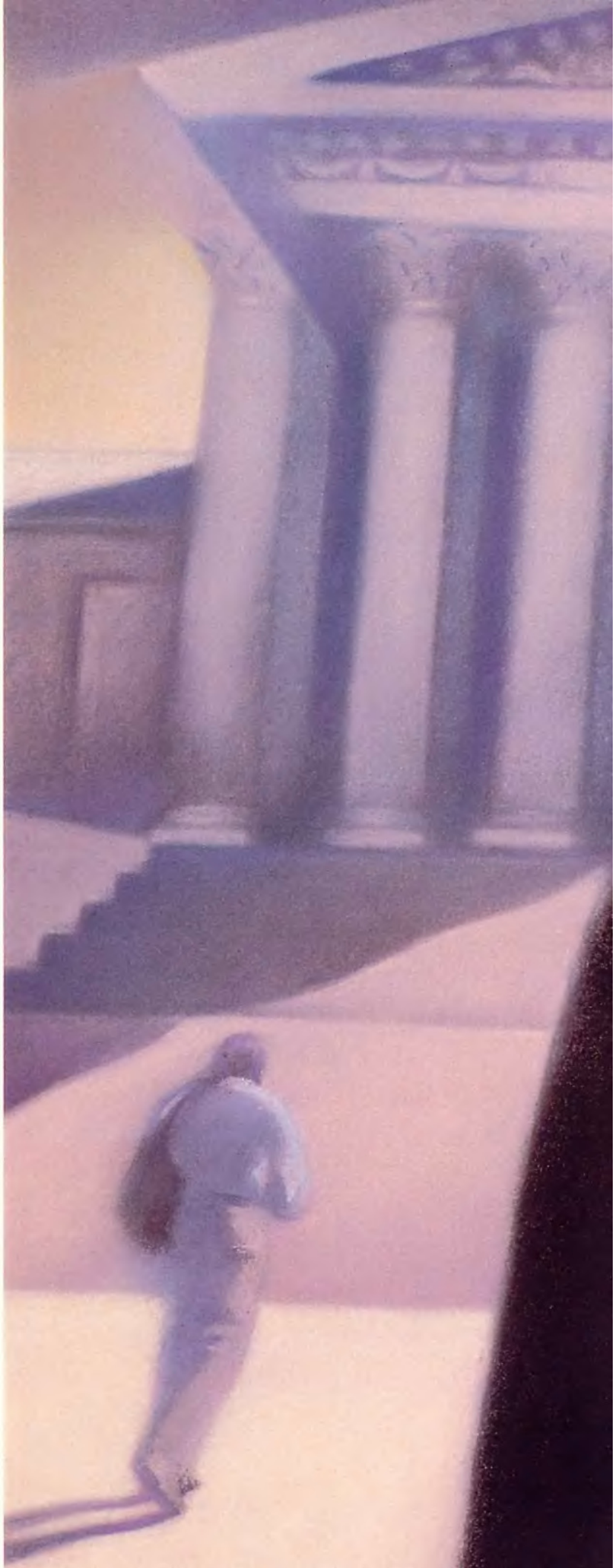
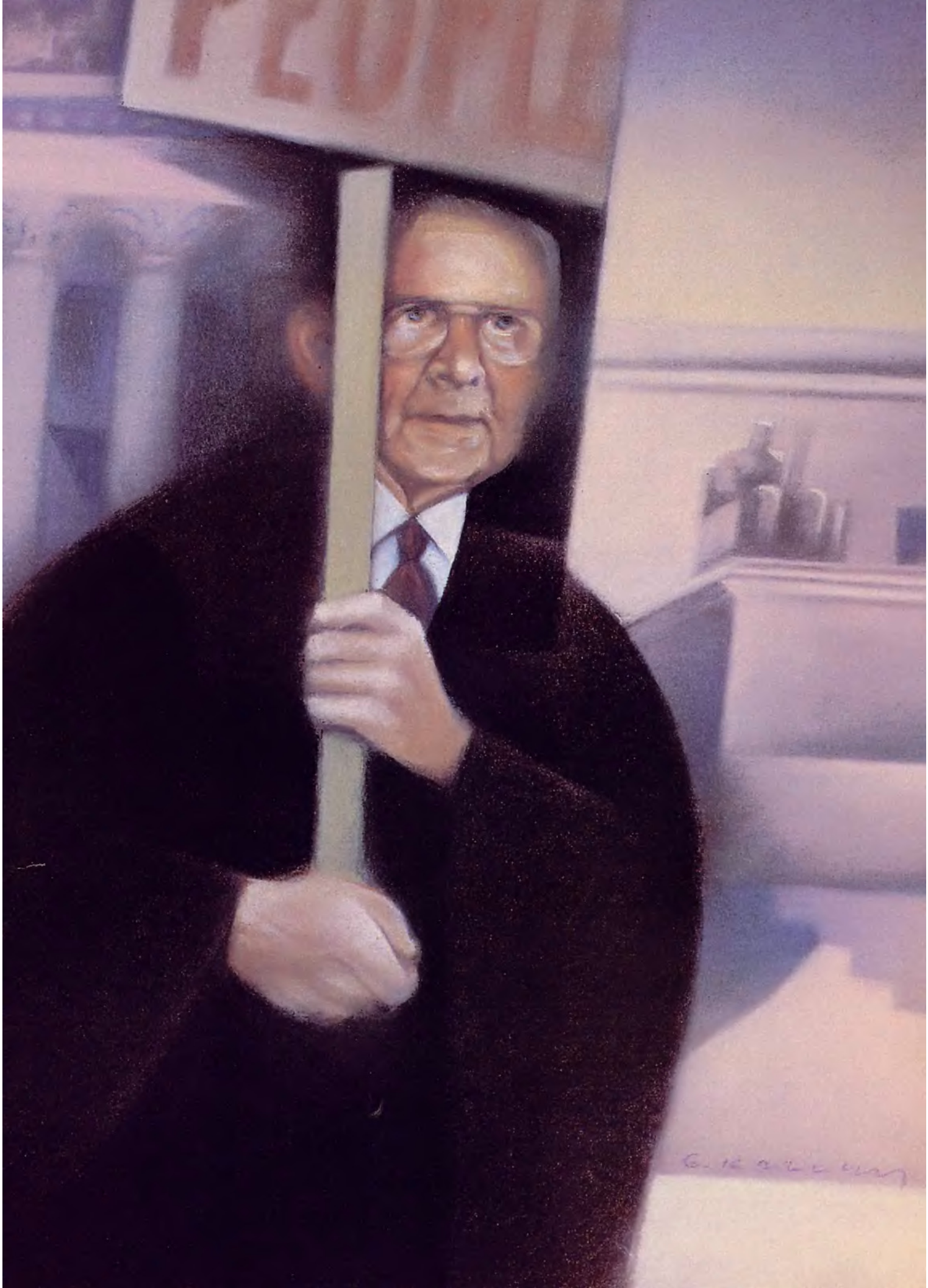


ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY



different Constitution if Justice Brennan were not on the Supreme Court."

Brennan greatly expanded and deepened First Amendment rights for the press, for teachers, for students, for book publishers, for moviemakers and for civil rights organizations. More than any other Justice from the 18th Century on, he successfully broadened the rights of criminal defendants. No jurist, for example, has taken more seriously the Fourth Amendment's prohibition of illegal search and seizure by the police.

Brennan was an insistent leader on the Court in strengthening civil rights laws, including affirmative action, and no Justice—including Sandra Day O'Connor—more successfully ensured women equal protection under the law. Symbolically, he was the first Justice to often interchange pronouns in an opinion. Even if a case involved only males, he would use "she" in parts of his writing. "Why should males," he explained, "be the only illustrious participants in whatever events we're talking about?"

Brennan was also responsible for the reapportionment of every state legislative system in the country, thereby ending the power of rural legislators to allot fewer votes to big cities than to their own less-populated areas. A devout Catholic who goes to Mass every Saturday, he was unyielding in defending Thomas Jefferson's wall between church and state, a position that drew protests from bishops in his own Church and from many other denominations. Furthermore, Brennan was a formidably consistent supporter of a woman's right to an abortion.

He suffered defeats through the years and most regrets his inability to get a majority of the Court to abolish the death penalty. Capital punishment, he insists, is a violation of the Eighth Amendment's declaration that "cruel and unusual punishment" is unconstitutional. Says Brennan, "Even the vilest criminal remains a human being possessed of common human dignity."

Even during his last years on the Court, when he was in the minority among conservatives, Brennan won a number of decisions—such as the ruling that deemed flag-burning protected by the First Amendment—because he was so persuasive, so deeply knowledgeable about the Constitution and so nonconfrontational. He was liked as well as respected by everyone on the Court.

I have never known anyone who loved his work more. A couple of years ago, we were walking out of the Supreme Court building, Brennan holding me by the elbow, and he looked around the marble hall and said, "It's just incredible being here—I mean the opportunity to be a participant in decisions that have such enormous impact on our society!"

When he suddenly retired last year because of the effects of a stroke, I wondered if he would ever recover—not from the stroke so much as from leaving the Court. "This is the saddest day of my life," he told a friend of mine.

When I talked with Brennan, it was clear that his was not going to be a passive retirement. He was considering offers from law schools to teach, and, indeed, later, with his doctors' approval, he accepted an invitation from New York University Law School to spend time in residence over the next four years.

He has also been approached by Georgetown University Law School and other institutions. "It'll be a lot of fun," he said.

His mind, however, was still on the Court. In previous conversations, he had stressed his disappointment at the way the Court was covered by the press—at the inaccuracy of the reporting and the placing of decisions out of context. He had not changed his mind.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that most of your colleagues in the press simply don't do a good job." A key exception, he said, is Linda Greenhouse of *The New York Times*: "She's a whiz."

He kept returning to the failures of the press, because although the Court makes decisions affecting millions of Americans, many have only the dimmest notion of the content of those decisions and of how they were arrived at. And that, he thinks, is the fault of the press.

"What I would like to see," Brennan said, "is that [important cases] are covered from beginning to end, from before they get to the Court to the final result. But what you get in most papers are a few lines about whether there was a reversal or an affirmation of a lower-court decision."

I reminded Brennan that one way more people would understand and become involved in the drama of the Court would be to have oral arguments before the Justices seen on TV. C-SPAN has offered to carry all oral arguments in their entirety.

Brennan believes strongly that those arguments should be televised. When he was on the bench, however, most of his colleagues refused to allow cameras in the courtroom. They preferred that the Court do all its work in isolation. Since he left, there has been no indication that the Justices have changed their minds.

I asked Brennan his appraisals of certain Justices, past and present. He was unusually candid, perhaps because he is off the bench. We began with William O. Douglas, a passionate defender of the individual against the Government and often Brennan's ally.

I quoted New York University law professor Burt Neuborne, who said there had not been much staying power in Douglas' work. "When he retired," Neuborne said, "Douglas left behind no legacy that transcended his death. By contrast, Brennan's influence is great and lasting."

Brennan did not comment on his own legacy, but of Douglas, he said, "There's too much damn truth in that appraisal. His last ten years on the Court were marked by the slovenliness of his writing and the mistakes that he constantly made. He seemed to have lost the interest that was so paramount in everything he did when he started on the Court. It's too bad."

"He had a quick mind," I said.

"Yes, but it ran away with him," Brennan answered.

Thurgood Marshall and Brennan voted similarly much of the time—they were always in agreement on death-penalty cases. I was a little hesitant when I asked Brennan his reaction to the judgment of some Court reporters that Marshall can't keep up with the other Justices in terms of the quality and quantity of his work.

"No," Brennan said, "I don't think that's a fair appraisal at all—especially in the areas that are his particular interest. Of course, all of those are sort of racial interests. In those areas, I don't think there's anyone in the country who can match either his experience or his expression of his experience. When he does put himself to it, the resultant product is just as good as it used to be in his trial days, when he was regarded—and with justification—as one of the ablest trial lawyers in the country."

I asked Brennan about Sandra Day O'Connor and my sense that she can be a good deal more impassioned than her image as a cool, self-contained jurist.

"She can and does get quite passionate," Brennan said. And he mentioned *United States vs. James B. Stanley*, which resulted in one of the most appalling decisions in recent Supreme Court history—though it received very little press coverage. Brennan thinks that that case still deserves a great deal of attention.

In 1958, James B. Stanley, a master sergeant in the Army, had answered a call for volunteers who were to test the effectiveness of protective clothing and equipment against chemical warfare. He and the other volunteers were cruelly deceived. Secretly, the Army doused them with LSD to find out how

(continued on page 154)

"There it goes again! . . . Sort of a 'bang–zinnng!' sound . . . !"

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Ripping the wakes never looked more radical. Clockwise from top left: Axis asymmetrical ski board, $300, Thrasher ski board with quad-channel bottom, about $250, Pro Trac Trick skis, $330, Max freeboard, $300, Magic knee board with retractable fins, about $270, all by O'Brien.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

If you can't program your VCR, there's VCR Plus+, a device that automatically programs selections using special codes printed in newspapers or *TV Guide*, by Gemstar, about $60.

The Noblia Spirit Perpetual World Timer watch displays local time, date and daylight-savings information for 23 major cities world-wide and features a leap-year subdial, $450.

After you've finished that vintage bottle of Meursault-Charmes, fill this silver-plated wine cooler with your nosh of choice, from The L•S Collection, New York, about $300.

The colorful packaging for British Empire's collection of men's fragronce and grooming products is nearly as enticing as the spicy, woody scent. Priced from about $12 to $27.

In just 80 seconds, Panasonic's nifty new PV-VP1 Video Printer will turn images from your TV, camcorder, video cassettes or laser discs into full-color still photos, about $1300.

Jason's GlassesOn 7x35 wide-angle binoculars are built with o unique rubber Eyegloss Guard that lets you keep your specs on while viewing, $149, including a corrying case.

Where & How to Buy on page 168.

Etter Suisse's imported Eau de Vie fruit brandies come in four handsome hand-blown glass bottles that can be refilled, from Jurgensen's, Pasadena, California, $190 each.

Breaking Up *(continued from page 112)*

"If she asks for 'space,' it's time to give her so much space that she feels like Neil Armstrong."

course, but here's what really happened: You were wrong about the person you chose to love. She wasn't who you thought she was. Unbelievable, you say? Well, chum, decisions on whom to love are almost always made based on damned skimpy evidence. After knowing a woman for only a few hours, a few dates, you go ahead—what the hell—and give her extraordinary power over your life. At that moment, you're road kill, a flat goner, and all you can do is hope for the best. Maybe you *will* hang on to her for the long haul—say, three or four months. Perhaps years. Maybe even a lifetime. But most often, what you've really got is a wonderful opportunity for self-delusion.

When you reach the breakup phase, you realize that all those terrific attributes you tried to adorn her with were the wrong size, the wrong color, the wrong cut—just plain wrong. She didn't change, and neither did you. The difference now is that through the wreckage, you see her for what she is.

HOW COME IT HURTS SO BAD?

Men fall in love far more precipitously than women do. Here's why: While a man may have the upper hand in organizing the closet and keeping track of baseball statistics, he's usually less facile when it comes to the tangle of worries and desires that constitute an emotional life. That's where women come in, as the closet organizers of the heart. If that organizer collapses, chaos ensues.

Women, on the other hand, are neater about all this; they've arranged their emotional lives to accommodate a number of attachments. Men focus on one context for love, whereas women are busy creating pigeonholes for all the loves of their lives—their father, their sister, their damn cat. A woman's love for you is one of a number of her involvements, all of which are given more or less equal weight. So when she falls out of love with you, she has a web of other attachments to catch her. When *you* fall, you go straight from the high wire to the concrete floor.

Beyond that, when a woman breaks up with you, she has done a lot of careful planning. She's ready. You're not.

HOW TO TELL WHEN IT'S OVER

When everything's going well, the end of a relationship seems far enough away to be measured in light-years. But a romance on the brink can travel at hyperspeed. Let's say you call her at home or at work, and she seems edgy. You ask what's wrong and, like every woman born, she says, "Nothing," and you know it's a lie. Nothing, in this case, means everything. Suddenly, you find that every country-and-western hit has a special meaning just for you.

Now it's time to look for the ten signs of failing love:

1. No sex: This is the obvious one—no closeness, no passion, no sweat. As a rule, sex breaks down right after communication breaks down: You can't speak the language of lust if you aren't speaking in English as well. And since there is no intimacy in your emotional life—the one that exists in kind gestures, thoughtful words, caring questions—you won't be able to find it between the bed sheets, either.

2. The omission of the emission: Women love to talk about the daily minutiae of their lives; we're talking excruciating detail, every minute of every day and every word of every conversation. When large pieces of her time start going inexplicably astray, she's probably following them.

3. Abandoned rituals: One of the more comforting aspects of romance is the adherence to small rituals and routines—the Sunday-morning bagel-and-newspaper ceremony, or the what-can-I-wear-I'm-so-ugly preparty confessional. When these become secondary to her, you can assume you've become secondary, too.

4. Pronoun problem: A woman plays havoc with your personal history when a relationship starts teetering. Where once the word we figured prominently in all of her plans and stories, now she suddenly metamorphoses into a solo act in everything past, present and future. Call it the "I" of the storm.

5. Friendly fire: Her pals start treating you with pity—or contempt.

6. Space: This is a woman's final frontier. If she asks for "space," it means she doesn't like you as much as you seem to like her. When the discussions go ballistic, it's probably time to give her so much space that she feels like Neil Armstrong.

7. Assigning blame: When a woman accuses you of being insensitive or boring, or bad in bed, it probably means she's unhappy with her entire life—not just the part you play in it. Because you are close at hand, she'll try to make you the villain in the piece. She'll take all her problems, cram them into your pockets, push them down your shirt, then throw you out the door. That is, unless you get out first.

8. Tough talk: When even routine conversations have a contemptuous tone, you're in trouble galore. To spot this one coming, it helps to review military history. Just before a nation goes to war, it seeks to dehumanize the enemy. They become godless heathens with stupid names, people whose most obscure traditions become targets of ridicule, a race of jerks who command no respect. Women on the march subject men to the same tactic.

9. She cheats: Look, it's not a surprise. Unless you're a paranoid trooper walking the dangerous perimeter of jealousy, you will know, without hesitation, when she's cheating.

10. She suggests that *you* cheat.

THE LAST STRAW

Know where your limits are. Find what for you is nonnegotiable in the continuance of the relationship, the deal breaker. Tell her what it is, then stick to it. Make sure that your ultimatum is based on stern stuff: tests of commitment, fidelity, trust. If you allow every miserable episode to become only the penultimate straw, you'll end up with a haystack in the corner. Worse, she'll leave without a shred of respect for you.

ANATOMY OF A BREAKUP

The breakup will proceed according to a predictable pattern. You'll see it unfolding and you'll sense your powerlessness. If you're not living together, she'll ask you to stop by her place some evening for a little *talk*.

Stay home. When a woman tells you she thinks it's time you talked, you should already have a good idea about what she wants to say. At all costs, get her to give you the bad news over the telephone. Most women have the idiotic notion that the best way to tell a boyfriend to kiss off is to do it face to face, and preferably on her turf. Don't fall for it; it's like being summoned to the principal's office.

Shut up. Once she tells you to get lost, don't waste your time with any further discussion. Say something curtly polite, then get off the telephone. And stay off.

You're going to be heartbroken, of course. And the only person who can make it better is the woman who has just given you your walking papers. Don't call her and expect any comfort whatsoever. It won't be there, no matter how badly you need it.

(continued on page 148)

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1983

1984

1985

1986

1987

1988

1989

1990

1991

Remember that one disappointing Father's Day?

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THE HEIGHT REPORT

look up—way up. it's the biggest playboy pictorial ever

REMEMBER the seventh grade? Puberty time. You were five feet tall and every girl in the world was gargantuan. It was scary until the night of the school dance, when, slow dancing for the first time, you found that your chin was at the exact level you'd have chosen if you yourself had dreamed up gender differences. Today, you're probably taller than most of the women you know, but unless you're Manute Bol, there's still a percentage of the female population that can outrebound you. Here are ten tall beauties to remind you of the night you discovered that women are worth looking up to. The shortest is UCLA volleyballer Jennifer McCloskey. She stands 5'11". From there, it's six inches to the indiscreet charm of Dallas' 6'5" Heidi Olsen (seen here and on the facing page, on which she barely fits), who once pumped up Lady Tigers fans as a hoops star at LSU. You didn't see Heidi in our *Girls of the S.E.C.* pictorial a few years back, because, she says, "I didn't want to lose my basketball scholarship." Now the biggest beauty in her Big D real-estate office, she had nothing to lose but her inhibitions when we came calling again, "and everything to gain." By now, Heidi has gained millions of admirers, as well as drawn a few whistles, as the center of our attention. She's the tip-off to our vertiginous view of Playboy Heights—the sexiest skyline you are likely to see this month. On these 12 pages, you'll meet some of the most potentially intimidating women on earth. But don't worry. Remember the seventh-grade dance. Smile, take one step back and enjoy the view.

"A man's legs should be long enough to reach the floor." So said Abe Lincoln, 6'4" (stovepipe hat not included). Obviously no man, 6'5" Heidi Olsen (left) has gams that touch sky and floor. On the facing page, she poses for a free shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley.

My sister and I want to marry tall men and have babies. We'll start a race of giants," says six-footer Tracy Tweed (above). Her sister is 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed, 5'10", who stars on CBS-TV's *Fly by Night*; the towering Tweeds teamed up in a recent *Playboy* pictorial. A globe-trotting fashion model who now co-hosts cable's magazine show *Playboy 360*, Tracy is much too smart to worry about height. "I like men who are six-three or six-four," she says. "I like 'em five feet tall, too."

Jennifer McCloskey, in heels that take her past six feet and a dress that measures a delicious three, is a UCLA volleyball spiker with high standards. To measure up, a man must be honest and sensitive—and tall.

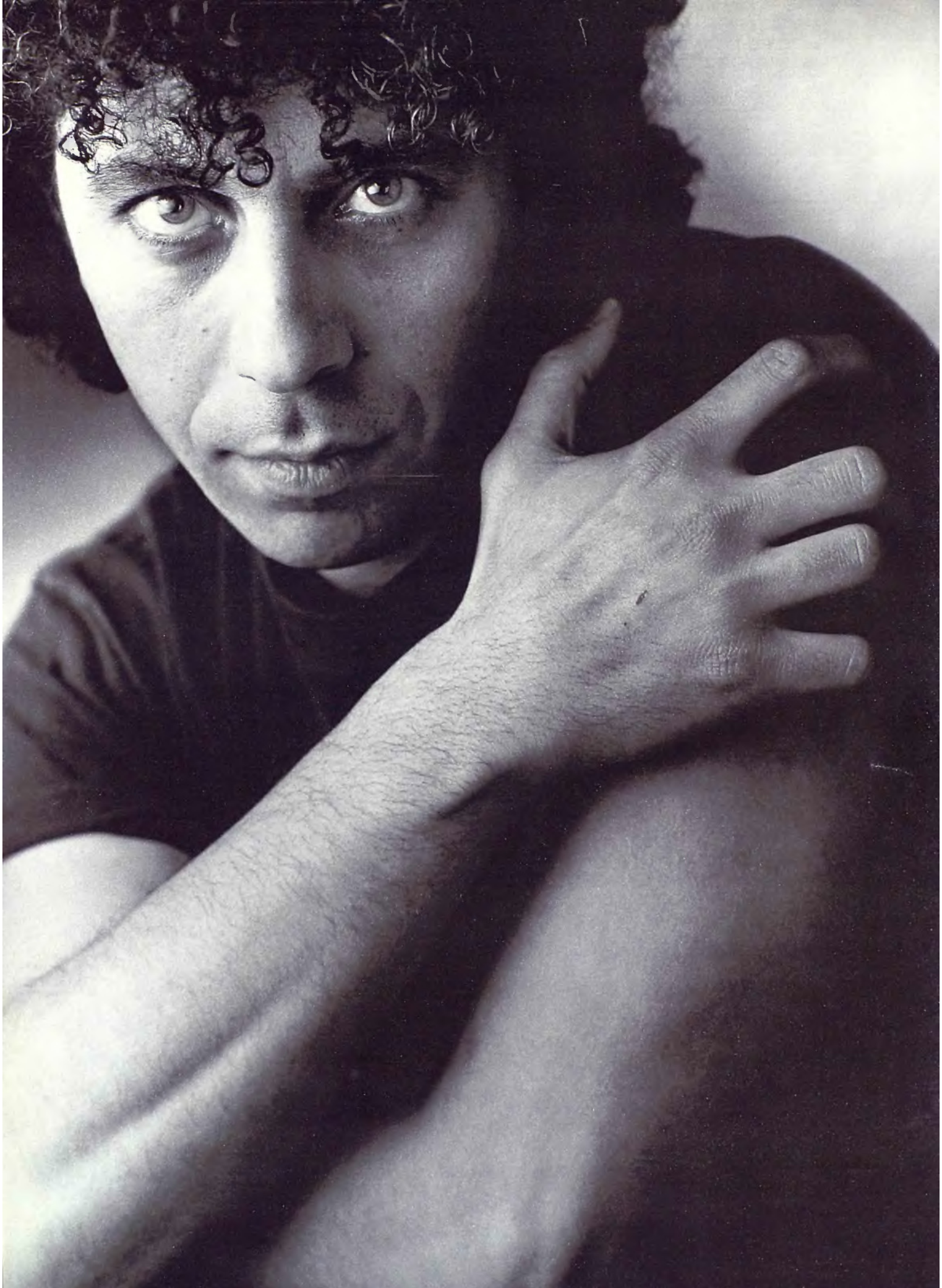
You'll notice that this is the longest photo caption in *Playboy* history. That's to accommodate Deli Goldson (above left) ond Julie Stroin in the only way that can do them justice. Both are six-footers who deserve the stretch, but had we printed these pictures the usuol way, we would have had to chop them off ot the knees—o bloody awful thing to do to such leggy ladies. Ponoma-born Deli used to work at the—that's right—Cornegie Deli in Beverly Hills and dreams of becoming a newscoster or running on ad agency. Turned on by "life," she says, "I've learned to love myself os I am." Julie, a dog breeder ond trainer, has learned to accept the slavering ottentions of her fons, of whom there will soon be many more two-legged ones.

Ginger Connolly (above) studies exercise physiology at Cal State Fresno. You may know her frame from last October's *Girls of the Big West* or her net form as a front-liner for the Lady Bulldogs hoops team. Ginger appreciates "tall, proportioned" men; her fellow Californian Vicki Winston kicks up her heels (below) contemplating the Pacific, spicy food and/or European males. Vicki's driver's license lists her at 5'11". Don't tell the C.H.P. she's an inch taller. "My father always said I had the belly button of a Playmate," says the aptly named Heather Long (right). Exactly what Dad meant is a subject for reflection.

CALIFORNIA
2RBL957

If you possed Michelle Holloway on the previous pages, bock up. A 6'1" beouty, nude except for the boots on her endless legs, struggles with the carb of her Mazda and you dust her? Where were your manners, to say nothing of your sense of adventure? Give Michelle, who is fond of "short men," a lift home to Southern California. Give her your best Dudley Moore impression. Now speed east on the Ventura Freeway, bear south to Hollywood ond meet actress and world-champ equestrienne Melissa Moore (above ond right). Six-footer Melissa keeps her size in perspective. Check the headline on her bed. Then scan upward, then downward. There's a lot to like this month.

NATIONAL
TABLOID
Woman on the Loose
TABLOID
Woman on the Loose



ERIC BOGOSIAN

the raging monologist who gave us "talk radio" raps about street life, horny guys and the redemptive joys of gardening

Eric Bogosian blazes his own trail. On arriving in New York City in 1976 with a newly minted theater-arts degree, he skipped the preliminaries ("I'm not an audition kind of guy") and went straight to the starving-actor role ("To try to live for a week on a bag of rice and a head of cabbage is an interesting idea"). He became a gofer for a theater group, took over a dance troupe and hung out in the liberated precincts of downtown Manhattan, where he brewed up a solo-performance style from his considerable native anger and the prevailing local Zeitgeist. "Everything had gotten so wishy-washy during the Seventies," says Bogosian, "so low-key and mellow. You wanted to come out and scream. Just smash things."

Bogosian's early monolog performances caught the eye of New York Shakespeare Festival impresario Joseph Papp, who tapped him to perform at the Public Theater. There he co-wrote the play "Talk Radio"; Oliver Stone directed the film version. Robert Altman directed him in a television special, "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." He played roles in "Miami Vice," "Crime Story" and "The Twilight Zone." Some of his own work has appeared, heavily edited, on cable and PBS. But Bogosian remains best known for his monolog collections, including "FunHouse," "Drinking in America" and "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll." A filmed performance of the last will be released in August.

Warren Kalbacker tracked Bogosian to his office on the edge of Little Italy in Lower Manhattan. "Bogosian's place is a study in black and white filled with books, tapes of his performances and tapes of heavy-metal rock. He favors black-and-white dress. There was just one patch of green in the place, the cover of a gardening magazine."

1.

PLAYBOY: Your characters plead, cajole, threaten, offer skewed insights, suffer delusions and exhibit paranoia. Is your stage act your own cry for help?

BOGOSIAN: I need to solve my own personal problems. I know nowhere to look other than to myself, so I look at my own questionable traits. And then I personify them in a character. Early in my career, I spent a lot of time on things that had to do with sex, because I wanted to have better relationships with women. *FunHouse* was about pure, unadulterated fear, because at that point, I was just freaked out. My wife, Joann, and I were impoverished; we lived in this tiny apartment. *Drinking in America*, written when I became more successful, was about a hunger for power and success. *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll* asks, How do you live when all you know how to do is party?

2.

PLAYBOY: You honed your performance style in New York's downtown art scene. Was it easier and cheaper than enrolling in drama school?

BOGOSIAN: The downtown scene allowed me to walk out on stage every night and say and do whatever I wanted. I would go out and insult the shit out of the audience. There were nights when I took all my clothes off. I had fights with the audience. The best thing about the scene was that we were making our work and having a good time entertaining one another. I would perform in front of audiences that were guaranteed smart and hip. They didn't care whether or not I was doing something right, like some acting teacher had taught me. They would tell me whether or not they got it. I was performing loud, nasty, insulting stuff.

3.

PLAYBOY: We noticed quite a few well-dressed uptown types at a recent performance of *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll*. Is that kind of audience smart and hip enough for you?

BOGOSIAN: I'd say most of them enjoy it, twenty-five percent are not quite sure and a few people walk out. My stuff is not easy. It's not like joke, bang, laugh, then on to the next one. The comedian's goal is to make everybody laugh as often as he can, and the guy who makes them laugh the most is the best comedian. *My* job is to entertain myself in the most complicated and sophisticated and fun way I can so that I have a blast out there and as many people out there who are like me can similarly enjoy it. I don't give you all the answers. My characters analyze themselves, and I've done them enough so I'm starting to see that they all have a blind spot. If I make a piece right, the audience is thinking, What's wrong with this picture? That's the whole bit for me. You can be as powerful as you want, you'll never figure out life. Your dick can be huge. You can have a million bucks.

4.

PLAYBOY: Does *The Stud*, your monolog about one man's extraordinary endowment, reflect your own desire for a larger penis?

BOGOSIAN: I was taking a pee one day and I looked down and I wished I had an eight-inch dick. You're going to quote me on that. Don't quote me on that. It's part of men's fascination with themselves. I wanted to take something out of the back room of male mentality and stick it right out in front of everybody. *The Stud* is one of my oldest pieces. Doing things about giant dicks is not that far out at the moment. There are probably twenty comics out there doing dick things. But when I started ten years ago, it was extremely embarrassing for men in the audience; they'd sit there with their hands folded over their crotches, not laughing, and the women would be laughing their guts out and the men would be getting angry. I thought it was great stuff going on between people in the theater.

5.

PLAYBOY: Horny guys populate your monologs. Do you claim special knowledge of America's testosterone level?

BOGOSIAN: I'm very average in what I want. And my desires point me toward centerfold models as the ultimate, the ultimate, the ultimate. The ultimate accomplishment in my sexual life would be to ball a centerfold model. For a pretty girl with large breasts to be the object of delight to millions of red-blooded American men is perfectly normal. Nothing wrong with that. Guys get horny and need to focus on something. Large breasts are great. A large breast is a lovely thing at a particular moment. But as I become old and wise, I think the really important thing is being oriented toward something and understanding that you don't necessarily have to have the thing to enjoy

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK SELIGER

the thing. I happen to be in love with a woman who has medium-sized breasts.

6.

PLAYBOY: Aspiring performers often seek fame and fortune in New York. But we suspect that you didn't spend a whole lot of time auditioning for Broadway plays.

BOGOSIAN: For me, New York is not the museums and theaters and all those things that are nice and cultural. I love New York because the streets are entertainment. I roamed the streets all day. The library was where I took my pee and I hung anywhere I could see people. I got on the subways. I was up all night long. I saw lots of crazy shit. Nothing could be better than hitting a night club at midnight, closing that club, hitting another club at four in the morning, getting out of the club at eight, going over to Alex' on the Bowery and sitting around with a bunch of pimps and prostitutes. It's a blast. I used to live in an attic on Forty-third Street and Ninth Avenue. The fun thing about Forty-third and Ninth in those days was that it was a big haunt for transvestite prostitutes. They used to fight with the regular prostitutes. I'll never forget one regular prostitute screaming to a transvestite, "Three holes are better than two, baby!"

7.

PLAYBOY: Are the citizens of Woburn, Massachusetts, relieved and delighted that Eric Bogosian moved to New York?

BOGOSIAN: I shouldn't say bad things about Woburn. Woburn is a wonderful place. But in Woburn, I'm smaller than most guys. In New York, I'm average size. In Woburn, I'm a wimp. In New York, I'm stronger than most guys I run into. And in New York, women like sensitive guys. In Woburn, sensitive guys are followed by cars slowly down the street. You've got to be into sports and smashing into other guys and getting into fistfights in bars just for the hell of it. "Let's get each other in headlocks and punch each other." I've never been one of those guys. I'm not gay, but I'm not a guy guy.

8.

PLAYBOY: Does every Armenian name end in I-A-N?

BOGOSIAN: Unless it's been changed. Mike Connors' doesn't. It's an Armenian thing. One thing that's great for me about New York is that New Yorkers look more like me than people anywhere else in the country. There's a huge number of Jews in this city and I have the same kind of markings. There is the huge *Latino* population, so in New York, to be brown and curly-haired is not some kind of sin like it is in some other parts of the country.

9.

PLAYBOY: Grants from the National Endowment for the Arts helped you develop your work. Did the taxpayers get their money's worth?

BOGOSIAN: Grants are good. If all grants worked the way they worked for me, I couldn't imagine a better system. What basically happens with the National Endowment for the Arts is that when you reach a certain level of quality, and everybody in the community knows you, then it's time to get a grant. For about two or three years, it was very hard for me to get one. My wife and I were very poor. It was a frustrating time in my career and the grant was a pat on the head, saying, "Good work." There are some artists who can't exist on the commercial scene and they need to continue to get support. You can't be overly idealistic about the arts.

10.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to discuss over lunch with Senator Jesse Helms the redeeming social value of your *Shit, Fuck, Piss* monolog?

BOGOSIAN: Sure. Can you arrange it? I would try to persuade him to drink a glass of Clorox mixed with some Coca-Cola and see if he liked the taste. He's a pinhead, but what can I do about that? He's seized on something he can get a lot of attention with, with very little backlash. He displays a kind of courage, because he knows there's an unpopularity in what he says. The problem is not Jesse Helms, it's the people who run scared when he opens his mouth.

11.

PLAYBOY: Is attendance at an Eric Bogosian performance an uplifting experience?

BOGOSIAN: The tradition for what I do is as old as the hills. I'm like a shaman. I get in front of the audience and I conjure up their worst fears and deflate that anxiety by showing that it's not as horrible as it might be if they just left it in the back of their brains and let it fester and grow. I walk down the street and I see two young black guys walking toward me and my brain trips off into being mugged or some kind of race war breaking out in New York City. Courage is really a central concern of mine. I wasn't very courageous when I was little. My life has been affected by fear of lack of money, lack of recognition, lack of housing. Lack of food. Lenny Bruce and Richard Pryor both dealt with their personal fears in their work. I remember their bits better than routines about dieting or what's on TV and why it's so shitty. Who cares about those topics? I'd rather watch somebody bang his head against the wall and talk about what scares me. That makes me laugh harder.

12.

PLAYBOY: The film *Talk Radio*, which you co-wrote and in which you star, headed to the video stores soon after its

"I wasn't staring. I was memorizing."

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release. Were you disappointed in its box-office performance?

BOGOSIAN: *Talk Radio* has had a tremendous afterlife. The movie has come back with a vengeance. It's a big video hit. I'm very aware of a lot of people knowing me and seeing me because of the movie. I walked into a strip joint in Tampa and the stripper stopped stripping and jumped off stage to tell some of the other girls that I was in the audience. She came up to me later, topless, and said, "I know who you are. You're that *Talk Radio* guy." Now, what was I doing in a strip joint in Tampa? I was promoting the record of *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll*, and since the days of cocaine and payola are over, sexy experiences are now the stock in trade of record promoters. This one promoter promised he'd show me a funny place. It was so funny I lasted there about fifteen minutes.

13.

PLAYBOY: You are synonymous with the downtown New York scene. Do you dream crossover dreams?

BOGOSIAN: At this time, I don't think I'm going to show up as some kind of box-office attraction. But you never know. I'd like to be a star. There's always the challenge, especially when you're surrounded by agents and producers, to see if you can really catch the gold ring. Can I fill Madison Square Garden? Can I go on *Johnny* and do a killer five minutes? I can't imagine getting on *Letterman*. People would watch and say they knew what I was doing: This guy plays thugs from New Jersey and subway panhandlers. They wouldn't see the irony; it would be like I'm just making cruel fun of these guys. I need an audience to be with me for a little while.

14.

PLAYBOY: You've acquired a lot of material from the street people of New York. Do you pay them back with spare change in lieu of royalties?

BOGOSIAN: Sometimes I toss a quarter, sometimes I don't. It really varies because of what I know about them. I'm very familiar with the streets in this area. I know who a lot of the guys are and I know their stories. There's a Vietnam vet around here who was actually a mercenary later on in Africa. He's not really homeless. He owns a couple of buildings, but he stays on the street all the time and he begs. He doesn't need money. I wouldn't give it. On the other hand, there's a guy around here who clearly should be institutionalized. He has a lot of physical and mental problems and he's very sad and he just stands there with a cup and begs.

15.

PLAYBOY: You've bought a house in New Jersey. Will crab grass begin to crop up in your monologs?

BOGOSIAN: It has already. I did a monolog called *Normal Guy*. I like gardening a lot. Gardening gets me real mellow. I grow twenty-five kinds of vegetables, and when I'm lucky, like last summer, a lot of things come up very nicely. I grow lettuce and beets and carrots and different varieties of cucumbers. I grow different varieties of corn and tomatoes and squash and pumpkins and peppers and okra and all kinds of neat stuff. And early in August, you get to a point where everything you're eating that night at dinner was grown in your own garden. That's nice. However, when you garden, you find out that in order to get your vegetables to look good, you have to kill everything within a hundred yards: animals, plants and little insects. And you realize that after you do all that, you still end up with this gnarled little carrot. Then you go to the supermarket and you get this perfect carrot and you wonder, What are they killing to make these?

16.

PLAYBOY: One of your characters defines being civilized as sitting on a couch with a babe, watching TV, eating clam dip on a ripple potato chip, smoking joints, snorting coke—and swilling bourbon, beer and champagne. What's your vision of the civilized life?

BOGOSIAN: In New Jersey, we have a fireplace and we're very, very civilized. I'm sitting on the couch and the fire is going and snow is falling outside and I'm reading a pulp novel by Stephen King. Being over thirty-five, there's no question that there is a vibe in me that's moving toward a Stratolounger with a bowl of potato chips and cable TV with a channel selector. I will fight that tooth and nail. It scares me. I like middle-class life. I don't think it's a sin to be middle class. I don't have to be mainstream to be comfortable. I've spent time with Frank Zappa, and he has a very normal, middle-class existence. He's a daddy and has a whole family and they have pizza for lunch and they have pets and it's a very normal life. But he's not mainstream and never will be.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've publicly thanked your parents, Henry and Edwina, for their encouragement and support. Were you a good little boy?

BOGOSIAN: I was probably quite spoiled. I was a bright kid and things came easily to me and I never really learned to make an effort. And I got angry when I couldn't have things my way. I wasn't real happy about the way my childhood turned out in terms of my relationships with a lot of other little kids. For some reason, I developed tremendous resentments. I have a huge amount of anger.

18.

PLAYBOY: Have you constructively channeled your anger into your career?

BOGOSIAN: The first few years, I thought it was really important to let everybody know I destroyed my dressing room in Edinburgh or got into a fistfight with a club owner someplace or that I used to do hard drugs. The big thing then was to be the guy all the time. Never stop. And I didn't like that. It was so far from me as a person that it was creating a strain on me. There are no artists who continue to work their whole lives who can stay in those insane places. They have to come home and take their insane hat and tie off, hang them up and relax for a while, just so they can go back out there and make it even more intense the next time around. Now I'm not afraid to tell you that I garden.

19.

PLAYBOY: You admit to more than a little experience with sex, drugs and rock and roll. Did you learn any lessons from your years of living dangerously?

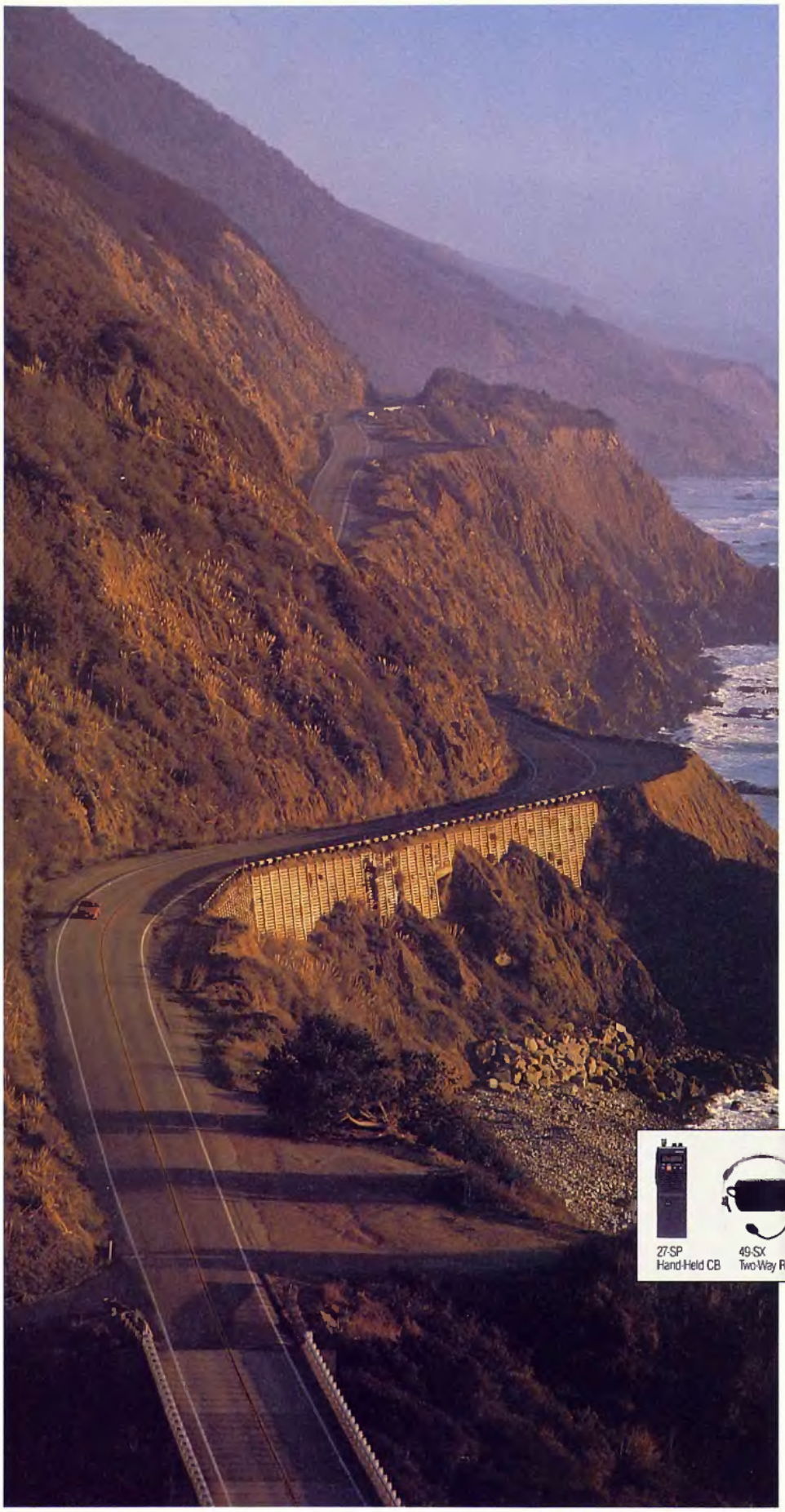
BOGOSIAN: I partied pretty hardy in the Seventies and early Eighties. At first, it was a very energetic experience. No question. You stay up late. You get yourself in trouble. It's great. Then it becomes walking death. I really regretted the time I lost being in a permanent hangover, a stupor, looking for the next sedation. I don't believe the drugs helped me do my work better. Probably worse. I would have been making better work sooner. I probably would have been known by more people, because I wouldn't have been so difficult to deal with. I recently found out that a big movie I wanted to be involved in rejected even the notion of my auditioning, because five years ago, I insulted some producer who was working on the movie and he's never forgotten it. I didn't kiss his ass really hard enough; it's too bad that shit has to follow me around.

20.

PLAYBOY: How will you react when your son discovers sex, drugs, rock and roll?

BOGOSIAN: He's probably going to check that stuff out. A lot of people checked out drugs and put drugs down and moved on with their lives. My son is a lot like me and he's got a lot of energy and he's very perceptive and he's got a little aggression in him, and yet he doesn't like to fight. When Harry's fifteen, something will come up that will bother the shit out of me and that I will have no experience with. They'll all have this little button that they can attach to their wrists and have nonstop orgasms. I'll find out that he's in his bedroom all night long pushing this button hundreds of times and I'm going to be freaked by it.

What A Trip.



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BALKAN BEAUTY

(continued from page 74)

the rock group Kiss. Stanley, always one to give refugees advice, particularly those who win beauty contests, was the first star from the West Sonia had ever met. "I like him. He's really nice," she says. "He said, 'You must go for it.' I didn't speak English very good at the time, but he had the patience to talk to me. He told me I must go to a country where everybody speaks English. So I went to England."

London was not as hospitable as Paul Stanley. In fact, after a year, and a messy little problem involving using a friend's passport, she was deported back to Bulgaria. "It was not a good time for me," she recalls. "But I could not give up." She started touring in Bulgaria again and aimed her sights at what she hoped would be a friendlier English-speaking nation: the United States. "When I walked into the American embassy in Bulgaria for the first time and tried to ask them for a visa, the consul just looked at me—at the way I was dressed—and said, 'No, I'm not going to give you a visa.' It was because I looked good. He thought since I was single and looking good, I'd want to go to America and not come back. All those years I wanted to come to America, but I couldn't. This is the place for me. This is where dreams can come true."

Shortsighted American consuls notwithstanding, Sonia stuck to her dream, making her way to Singapore, where she not only entertained but became a successful club and concert promoter. She arrived in the United States at the beginning of the year and now lives in Los Angeles, where she's currently modeling, talking to record producers and trying to relaunch her career, American style. "I really like rock music and what I listen to at home is only rock music: Whitesnake, Bon Jovi, Guns n' Roses. I'm never going to do this kind of music," she complains. "It is difficult for a female who looks like me to sell rock records." But Sonia is determined. "It took me three years to come to America," she points out. "It doesn't matter how long it's going to take me." So far, things are looking good—her modeling career is doing well and she has signed up to take singing lessons with the man who taught Michael Jackson, Madonna and Paula Abdul. "This class is good for me. I don't think I speak English very good," she says modestly. "But when I start singing, you can't really tell that much. If I release a record, everybody will know it's me, because it's kind of a different sound."

"They're Secret Service. They appeared the day Billy decided he wanted to be President when he grew up."

Breaking Up

(continued from page 128)

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

When the police dogs of love jump for your throat, you must know your rights. We'll call this your *Emotional Miranda*:

- *You have the right to remain silent.* You don't have to answer every charge and accusation. Keep in mind that if she's initiating the breakup, she has already marshaled all her arguments, and any off-the-cuff rebuttal you may attempt will probably be feeble and inaccurate. Anything you say will probably be used against you, maybe even in court.
- *You have the right to set the record straight.* Since remaining friends will probably be part of her program, exercise this right by stipulating that she must hear you out as the price of your friendship. Wait until you know what you're talking about, then let loose.

The best method of correcting the record is by writing a letter. Get down on paper all the things you've been trying to say but that you know have never been heard, but don't undermine your desired effect by reducing the letter to an emotional screed. Remember, she already assumes that you think she's horrible, and if you simply reinforce that observation, she'll be able to easily dismiss it. Instead, you should do what a man does best: With exquisite logic, explain the law and how she has broken it. If you wish to curse her with a barren life or a meaningless existence, do it in the form of a logical sequence of predictions.

While the letter may have no ultimate effect on bringing her back or shattering her self-image, it will help you understand your own moral ground. It's a lot easier to lose a battle like this if you understand exactly why you are right. And that's why the best advice of all may be to write the letter and never send it.

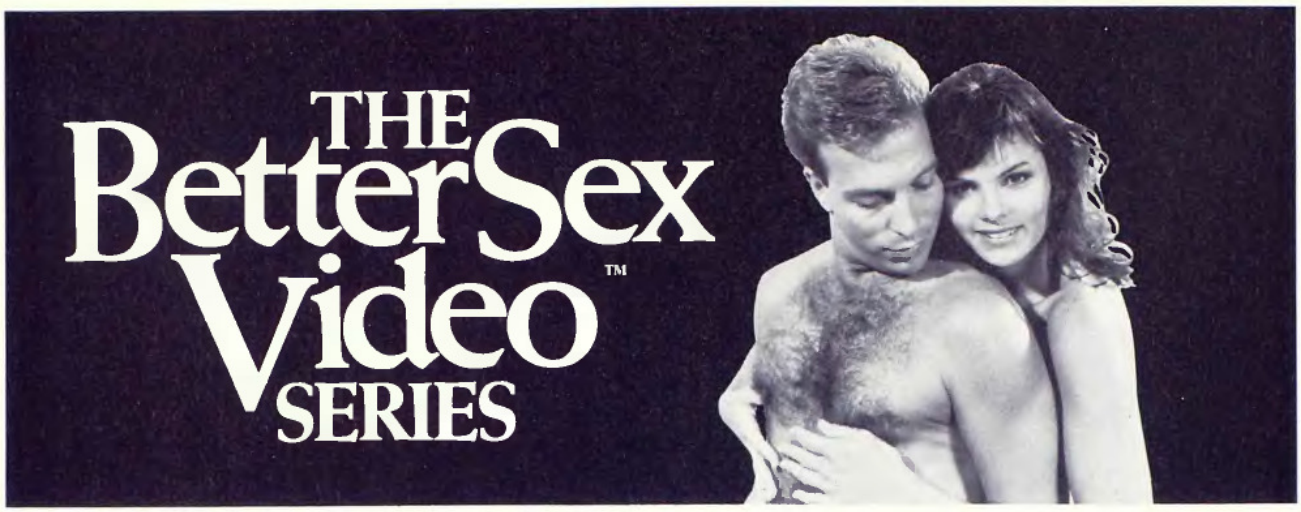
- *You have the right of revenge.* But be careful here. The superceding rule of revenge is that you should always be sure the screwing you give is worth a retaliatory reaming. Never attempt to take revenge on someone unless you can control the variables that result.

CAN YOU GET HER BACK?

No.

If your relationship has fallen apart, nothing you do by yourself will have any effect. No act on your part will result in the desired response on her part. If your romance is in trouble, you both will know it, and the only thing that will make it better is if both of you are willing to fix it. Don't try any fancy tricks. No matter what, nothing you do is going to get her back. . . .

Except maybe this: Walk away from her. It's one of the few unilateral—and potentially effective—moves you can make. Read that again; it's very good



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advice. Shrug your shoulders, say so long, tell her tomorrow's another day. If you try some other desperate move—a pleading phone call or intercession by a mutual friend—you'll just be sorry later that you did. Once you donate your balls to romance, you never get them back.

THE AFTERMATH

It takes six months or so for the smoke to clear, so keep close to the floor. Eventually, you'll see your way out. Here's what to do in the meantime:

- *Look at the other aspects of your life.* If your job is shaky and the IRS is getting up close and personal, maybe you ought to solve the problems you can control. Most of all, pay close attention to your job. What you need more than anything else is a clear focus, and hard work can provide that.
- *Rebuild.* Remember those long-suffering buddies who couldn't get you for a pickup basketball game because you were lolling in bed with what's-her-name? Go to them, apologize and live for a while in the land of men. They'll know exactly what you've gone through, assist you by saying rude things about your ex and occupy your mind with the really important stuff in life—Rotisserie League Baseball, golf-swing mechanics, comparative waitresses. In between all of that, they'll help you figure out how you—or she—messed up.
- *Anything goes.* You're heartbroken, so ride with it. Do anything you want—cruise by her house, dial her phone number just to hear her answer, bed her best friend, go through her garbage—but be prepared for the consequences. Remember, nothing you do is going to get her back.

THE CHRONOLOGY OF RECOVERY

Don't make unreasonable demands on your recuperative abilities. A broken romance is the emotional equivalent of riding a Harley under a gravel truck, so expect to be laid up for a while.

Here's what to expect as your postbreakup life crawls along:

- The first day: Don't be surprised if you experience a momentary euphoria after getting the gate. The world will look new and full of interesting challenges, and you'll immediately start thinking of women you just know you could have scored with if you'd been free to do so. Allow yourself 24 hours or so to return to the hard and ugly truth: The perfect woman isn't out there, and if she were, she'd be with somebody else.

After reality sinks in, make a quick call to your travel agent. Get out of town. Play Kerouac and drive across the U.S. Go to London or Newark for lunch and a good hoot. Get drunk in a motel lounge or introduce yourself to nature. Stay away as long as you can. By all means, substitute a new landscape for the charred ruins you're leaving behind.

- The first week: A breakup resembles a death more than anything else. You have, after all, lost a loved one, so the first few days of postbreakup confusion will be spent in denial. For instance, you will pass the time waiting for her to come to her senses and call. One day, you'll realize that the phone isn't broken and your relationship is, and you will move on.
- The first two months: This is the time for endless recapitulations to friends as you try to make sense of the disaster that has befallen you. You will find yourself slipping into hours of profound sadness and grief as the reality of life without love grows more immediate. These periodic bouts of melancholy are extremely helpful. They are a purgative of a sort, since they represent acceptance of what has happened.
- The third month to a half year: Now you will be trying to control a growing anger over the injustice you've suffered. Revenge and other black thoughts occupy your mind. This stage is a highly dynamic one, since it's difficult to maintain a high state of rage. You just sort of wear yourself out after a while and put your energy into more useful things.
- The seventh month to the ninth month: You should now be able to ask yourself why it all happened and get a reasonable answer. Incorporate that answer into your arsenal of useful knowledge and live by it.
- A year or two later: You'll wonder what the hell all the fuss was about.

IF YOU BREAK UP WITH HER

The world of heartbreak has two hemispheres, of course. The good-neighbor hemisphere is where you live if you break up with her. If you do the dirty work and call it quits, you'll recover faster than if you are the guy wearing the toilet-seat covers when the party's over. It's a matter of exerting control, but control isn't without responsibilities.

Be scrupulously honest. Think clearly about what you're doing. You'll be giving a hard time to somebody who was once your best friend and greatest ally, so give her your best explanation of why you're breaking it off.

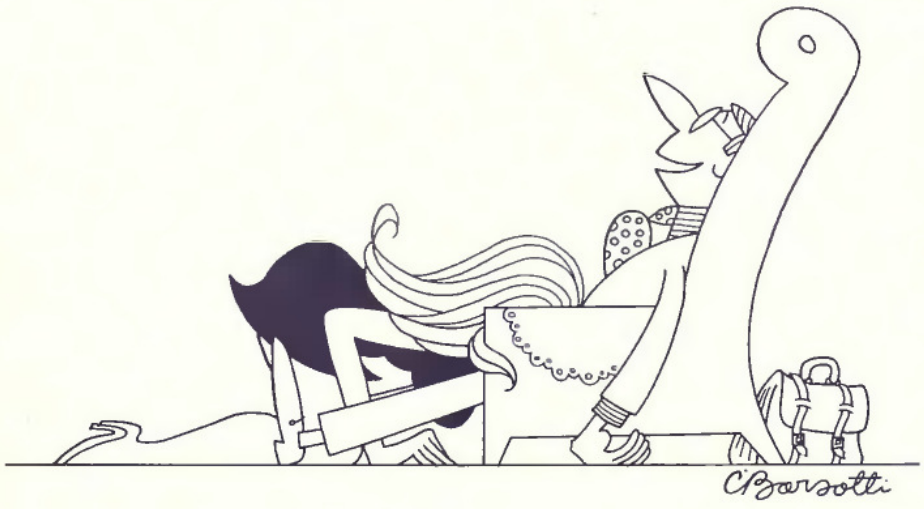
Be specific. Saying "I guess it just didn't work out" is not only intellectually bankrupt, it's emotionally cruel. Don't leave the responsibility for the breakup in mid-air. There are specific reasons for doing what you're doing. Take the time to get them clear to yourself before you retail them to your soon-to-be ex. Nothing will ease her pain so much as a concrete set of reasons it didn't work out.

Be final. Breaking up is crossing the line; it's not a hazy, ambivalent kind of thing. When you say that it's over, you must mean it. If you end it on Friday, don't try to be friends again on Monday. Get out of her life. There'll be an opportunity for friendship only when the idea of meeting her for lunch is something you'd have to consult your calendar, not your shrink, about.

THE END

Here's what you have to keep in mind, always: When it's over, it's over. Not only that but even if your romance should revive, it'll be a different beast. And the chances are, you won't like the look of that beast one bit. So much the better, then, if you take the end like a man, preserve your attitude and move on.

Once you've learned this skill, you'll have it forever. So the next time your love life goes belly up, you'll keep a sense of control and distance yourself from cardiac distress. You'll pick up your life, pile it into a box, throw it into the back of your car, tune in the voice of country music and drive off into the sunset.



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 (continued from page 96)

"Armstrong liked her right away, noticing her rolled-down garters as she pumped those piano pedals."

recording center of the world. The Starr Piano Company there had a little recording studio, where it produced records on the Gennett label—mainly to promote its pianos. Nearly all the jazz artists—Jelly Roll Morton, Beiderbecke, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Bessie Smith and Armstrong, among others—passed through.

This was before electric microphones. The musicians had to aim their instruments toward a great cornucopialike horn. Drummers could only clip-clop wood blocks, since real drumming made the stylus cutting the wax disc at the other end of the horn fly out of the groove. And the Gennett studio was next to the railroad tracks, so recording had to stop every time a train passed. But for a while, the Gennett label was the Sun Records of the early Twenties, for bands both black and white.

The sides the King Oliver band cut on April 6, 1923, included Armstrong's first recorded solo, on *Chimes Blues*; not particularly inspired for him, but he briefly soared above the rest of the band.

Armstrong changed the whole game, thanks in part to Lil Hardin, a foxy lady who played piano in the band. She studied music at Nashville's Fisk University before moving to Chicago in 1917 and going to work as a song demonstrator in a music store. Armstrong liked her right away, after noticing her rolled-down garters as she pumped those piano pedals. At first, she was put off by him—too fat and country green—but she changed her mind after hearing him play. In February 1924, she became the second Mrs. Armstrong. (The first, Daisy, had been a New Orleans "working girl" three years older than he.) Hardin taught him to read music more easily, urged him to further develop his own style—and to leave King Oliver.

Reluctantly, Armstrong did so in June 1924, when he accepted an offer to join Fletcher Henderson's Orchestra in New York. Hardin stayed on in Chicago playing piano with Oliver.

In New York, a slightly different jazz scene was developing. Musicians were less directly influenced by New Orleans players; most had more formal training. They were evolving a big-band style that would take over from Chicago's hot small groups by the end of the decade.

One such musician was young Duke Ellington, born in 1899 and raised in Washington, D.C., in comfortable circumstances that included music lessons from an early age. He hit New York in 1923, joining the band of Wilbur Sweatman, whose main claim to fame was that he could play three clarinets at once—the first Roland Kirk! By 1927, the Duke Ellington Orchestra was headlining at Harlem's famous Cotton Club, which used black dancers and musicians but did not allow blacks in the club.

One of Ellington's rivals was Armstrong's new boss, Fletcher Henderson, whose middle-class background was similar to Ellington's. He was an odd duck in the history of jazz—made more poignant by his chemistry degree from Atlanta University. From song plugging in a New York music-publishing house, he drifted into arranging sessions for Black Swan, the first black-owned record label, gradually falling into the role of bandleader at Broadway's hopping Club Alabam. From 1924 to 1934, his orchestra was a regular headliner at the Roseland Ballroom.

Some greats passed through his band—among them Coleman Hawkins, the godfather of bebop, who played tenor sax in a brand-new way, and Don Redman, a sax player and arranger whose use of groups of horns as "sections" playing against one another was a breakthrough for the big-band style of the Thirties. Pre-eminent among them was that of Benny Goodman, who in 1933 bought a bunch of Henderson/Redman arrangements to start his own big band, which Henderson later joined as an arranger.

From 1924 to 1925, Armstrong played in Henderson's group—with legendary results. Critics note the pre- and post-Armstrong Fletcher Henderson Orchestra, which went from being a slightly stiff, conventional dance group to a new breed of jazz band.

During this short time in New York, Armstrong played on more than 40 recording sessions with the Henderson band; he also made some small-group records with the Clarence Williams Blue Five and the Red Onion Jazz Babies, the latter featuring Hardin on piano.

These sessions included clarinetist/soprano-sax player Sidney Bechet, four years older than Armstrong and already something of a legend in England and Europe after touring there with Will Marion Cook's Southern Syncopated Orchestra in 1919 and 1920. Bechet went back in 1925 for an extended stay, touring Europe and Russia, and spending 11 months in a Paris jail in 1929 for being involved in a "shooting incident." Bechet was, according to the authors of *Louis*, "perhaps the only jazzman in the mid-Twenties who could live with Louis in a no-holds-barred ensemble improvisation." They were forgetting about Earl Hines, but otherwise, it was true.

With Henderson, Armstrong was also doing recording sessions with such women blues singers as Ma Rainey, Chippie Hill and some of the many unrelated Smiths—Clara, Trixie and Bessie. The first popular blues record had been Mamie Smith's *Crazy Blues* (with Willie "The Lion" Smith on piano) in 1920. In six months, it sold 1,000,000 copies—double platinum for the time. In a country of fads, it set off a blues craze, and record companies scrambled to sign up blues singers—especially women.

The best were Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith, who had played on the same Southern minstrel circuit together, with Smith as the young protégée of Ma and Pa Rainey, who billed themselves as "the Assassinators of the Blues." Ma Rainey was no beauty—short, heavy, buck-toothed. And she was bisexual.

Bessie Smith came from a similar mold. Heavy but handsome, she was born in Tennessee around 1895, and after touring with Rainey for a year or so shortly after World War One—doing vaudeville comedy as well as singing—she went off on her own, recording her first hit (written by Alberta Hunter) in 1923, *Downhearted Blues*. It sold nearly 750,000 copies, and she was a star.

Soon she was wearing furs and touring with her band in its own Pullman cars—something black musicians who could afford it did at the time, as a way to avoid racist hassles at hotels and restaurants. Like Ma Rainey, Smith was bisexual and sometimes made the managerial mistake of sleeping with the girls in the show. She also drank too much and could get as mean as a snake after a bottle or two.

Some of her songs are warmly sexual. Lyricist Andy Razaff and Clarence Williams, her regular accompanist, wrote some for her that were well beyond suggestive, including *I'm Wild About That Thing* and *You've Got to Give Me Some*—which goes:

> *Said Miss Jones to old butcher Pete,*
> *I want a piece of your good old meat . . .*
> *I crave your round steak, you gotta give me some.*

Armstrong left New York after a year. Hardin had tired of their separation and gave him an it's-me-or-them ultimatum. He was also tired of the Henderson band's lack of discipline—guys showing up drunk or not showing at all—the leader's lackadaisical attitude spilling over into the music.

So, in 1925, Armstrong returned to Chicago, to more work than most people could handle. He started out with Lil's Dreamland Syncopators, soon doubling at the Vendome Theater as part of Erskine Tate's Symphony Orchestra, 15

pieces with strings providing a live sound track for silent movies and accompaniment for the vaudeville acts between features. Armstrong became one of the solo acts, jumping on stage from the orchestra pit, cornet in hand, his lifelong trademark handkerchief in the other and doing *Heebie Jeebies*, his first hit, which had sold 45,000 copies in three months after its release in March 1926. Its scat singing—another first on a popular record—was supposedly inspired by Armstrong's dropping the lyrics during the recording session and faking it the rest of the way. Grace under pressure.

Soon, he left Lil's band. Their marriage was skidding around by then—with frequent blowups in which they repeatedly split up the bank account and he moved out—and Armstrong was showing an interest in Alpha Smith, a cutie who also worked at the Vendome.

Armstrong could be found, too, at Lincoln Gardens or the Sunset Cafe, where he joined the Carroll Dickerson Orchestra, playing for the after-hours sporting crowd till nearly dawn. The Dickerson Orchestra's mascot was a pink ceramic pig that was placed at the feet of any band member who hit a wrong note—or, in Beiderbecke's coinage, a clam.

The piano player at the Sunset was Earl "Fatha" Hines—the Louis Armstrong of jazz piano. His playing was more modern, unpredictable—more trumpetlike—than that of anyone before him. As Armstrong had liberated the horn, Hines freed the piano. Gunther Schuller says in *Early Jazz*, "In its rhythmic counterpoint, Hines's style attained a complexity of the two hands that had probably never been heard in jazz before." Hines's association with Armstrong produced classic results.

Born in Duquesne, Pennsylvania, in 1903, Hines started out on cornet as a kid—his father played one in Pittsburgh's Eureka Jazz Band—but blowing it made Earl's head hurt, so he switched to piano when he was nine. He dropped out of high school to tour with the otherwise forgotten Arthur Rideout's Orchestra at the urging of Lois Deppe, an otherwise forgotten male crooner with the band. Hines was 18 when he joined Deppe in Chicago—and just 21 when he became part of Carroll Dickerson's Orchestra with Louis Armstrong, who was only two years older.

Their collaborations in 1927 and 1928 under various Louis Armstrong imprints—the Hot Seven, the Hot Five and the Savoy Ballroom Five—blew people away. These easygoing, no-sweat sessions, pretty much tossed off in afternoons before work, produced one jazz classic after another: *West End Blues*, *Muggles*, *Basin Street Blues*, *Tight Like This* and *Weather Bird*.

Schuller wrote of their 1928 collaboration on *Weather Bird*:

> Both musicians here anticipate for a moment the future of jazz; they are unencumbered by the incessant "chomping" of a rhythm section and project strong linear shapes that propel the music forward—airy, jagged lines and rhythms that even then pointed toward the bop lines of the Forties. Here the two masters are years ahead of all other jazz musicians.

If they were the future, the Jazz Age was almost history. The wild, twisting road race of the Twenties was zooming toward its end. The October 1929 stock-market crash put out the first of the party lights, and the gathering Depression soon shut down many of the rest. The repeal of Prohibition in 1933 put the speak-easies and the Mobsters out of business—or at least sent them in search of new scams.

The flappers' hot times were giving way to Dagwood's home fires burning. In fact, Dagwood and Blondie are symptomatic: When the comic strip began, Blondie was a fast-times flapper and Dagwood her would-be beau. By the early Thirties, they were at home with the kids, Dagwood making midnight sandwiches and sleeping on the couch.

With less money to throw around, fewer people were going out to clubs—or buying records. The market for jazz records crashed along with Wall Street, and there was a new competitor: radio. As more and more commercial stations came on the air during the late Twenties—the first had been Pittsburgh's KDKA in 1920—they filled their weekend evening slots with live bands. Most were just dance bands, but you could also hear Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington, so you could get your jazz at home, for free.

Many bands broke up, with former headliner Sidney Bechet working as a tailor in Harlem by the mid-Thirties, and other black players, such as Coleman Hawkins, bailing out for Europe, where they could still get work—especially in Paris—and suffer less discrimination as well.

The music was changing along with the times. The raucous, small-group Chicago style was giving way to the big bands, whose sound was not only bigger but sleeker, more streamlined, more corporate than the Hot Five's and Seven's had been—Duesenbergs compared with the rattletraps of the Twenties—safer and more refined.

Something was lost for what was gained. Twenties jazz had an adolescent joyousness—like being 19 years old and living away from your parents for the first time. Just like the classic TV shows of the early Fifties, which are celebrated for their fresh, ingenuous unself-consciousness, jazz in the Twenties hadn't yet looked in the mirror too often.

Beiderbecke's death in 1931 was a tombstone for the era, his obituary that of the time—a bop-till-you-drop kind of guy, gone too soon. He played out his last few years with the famous and well-staffed but basically corny Paul Whiteman Orchestra, where he was something like the house hippie of the Sixties—proof that the Whiteman Orchestra was truly a jazz band, which it mainly wasn't. But Whiteman had the best known and best paying outfit of the time, and the band always traveled first class. Beiderbecke was attracted to that; it provided a certain legitimacy he'd been seeking despite all his rebellion. Also, Whiteman was paternal. As Beiderbecke began failing, too weak to play, Whiteman kept him on salary for nearly a year. Beiderbecke died of pneumonia after going by train from New York to Princeton to play a gig with some old friends.

But there remains an image of him in happier times, a snapshot of the Jazz Age itself, from a story told by Mezz Mezzrow in his autobiography.

It was August 1926. Mezz was still in Chicago and had just gotten a copy of Armstrong's latest record, *Heebie Jeebies*. That night, he got together with some of the Austin High Gang—Bud Freeman, Dave Tough and Frank Teschmacher—and they played *Heebie Jeebies* over and over. At two in the morning, Teschmacher was inspired: "This is something Bix should hear right away! Let's go out to Hudson Lake and give him the thrill of his life!" Hudson Lake was a small resort town 50 miles east of Chicago in Indiana. Beiderbecke was playing an extended gig there. The musicians piled into Mezz's "green monster" and took off into the night, singing snatches of *Heebie Jeebies* as they tore along dark, leafy Route 12.

Beiderbecke and a few fellow band members—including Pee Wee Russell and Frankie Trumbauer—had rented a fairly disreputable cottage near the dance hall where they played every night. Their good nutritional intentions, in the form of two fresh bottles of milk delivered daily to the back porch, often went forgotten—sometimes 30 or 40 bottles accumulated. Beiderbecke was known for sleeping in his clothes, cradling his cornet like a Teddy bear. A fixture in the bedroom he shared with Russell was a jug of corn whiskey between the beds. The cottage had two essentials—a record player and a piano. Sort of a low-rent fraternity house.

"That morning," Mezz remembered, "as soon as we grabbed those cats out of their pads and played *Heebie Jeebies* for them, they all fractured their wigs. 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' Bix kept chuckling as the record played, and his long bony arms beat out at the breaks, flailing through the air like the blades of a threshing machine. . . . Soon as it was over, he grabbed

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it from the machine and tore out of the house, to wake up everybody he knew around Hudson Lake and make them listen to it."

Mezz said of this and other times at Beiderbecke's broke-down palace:

> Time flew by like in a dream and we hardly knew the world existed outside of that greasy shack. Maybe we just weren't the outdoor type. . . . Bix sat at that beat-up piano for hours, sometimes making our kind of music and sometimes drifting off into queer harmony patterns that the rest of us couldn't dig. The rest of the world melted away; we were the last men left on earth, skidding on a giant billiard ball across a green-felt vacuum with no side pockets, while Bix crouched over his keyboard in a trance, barleycorned and brooding, tickling bizarre music out of the ivories. . . . We had some wonderful, out-of-the-world times with Bix at Hudson Lake, whole days and nights when the clock stopped and we blew our tops playing music and clowning. They were some of the best times I ever had.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are beginning our descent. Please fasten your seat belts and return your seat backs and tray tables to the upright position."

THE JUSTICE

(continued from page 122)

the drug worked on human subjects. In Stanley's case, the drug produced hallucinations, periodic loss of memory and incoherence. Also, according to the Court record, Stanley would occasionally "awake from sleep at night and, without reason, violently beat his wife and children, later being unable to recall the entire incident." His marriage was destroyed.

Years later, when Stanley found out what had been done to him by the Army, he sued for damages. Speaking for a majority of the Supreme Court, Antonin Scalia said Stanley had no redress, because military discipline and decision making could not be called into question without the entire military regime being disrupted.

O'Connor was furious in dissent, attacking the Army's conduct as being "far beyond the bounds of human decency." The Constitution, she said sharply, guarantees even soldiers due process of law.

Brennan remembered his own dissent in *Stanley* very well. He emphasized that after the Nuremberg war-crimes trials, the United States Military Tribunal established the Nuremberg Code, which prohibits medical experimentation on unknowing human subjects. Yet the U.S. Supreme Court was putting its awesome imprimatur on similar experiments by its own Armed Forces.

So angry was Brennan that he ended his dissent with, "Soldiers ought not be asked to defend a Constitution indifferent to their essential human dignity."

Reliving that case with me, Brennan said, "Wasn't that an outrageous case? It was incredible! Some of us were so shocked by it when it came down that we were fearful it had started a trend. But, thank God, it hasn't shown its head again—not yet, anyway."

Capital punishment, however, shows no sign of disappearing. In all of our conversations through the years, Brennan has said that "the evolving standards of human decency will finally lead to the abolition of the death penalty in this country."

With more and more executions taking place, I asked him why he remained optimistic.

Brennan laughed. "Maybe because it's the way I want it to come out. I just have a feeling. Do you realize that we are the only Western country that has not abolished the death penalty? I can't believe that the leader of the free world is going to keep on executing people. I don't know when the change is going to come. I've never suggested it's going to be next week or five years from now. But I am absolutely convinced that it will happen. When I start doing some writing, I'm going to have quite a bit to say about

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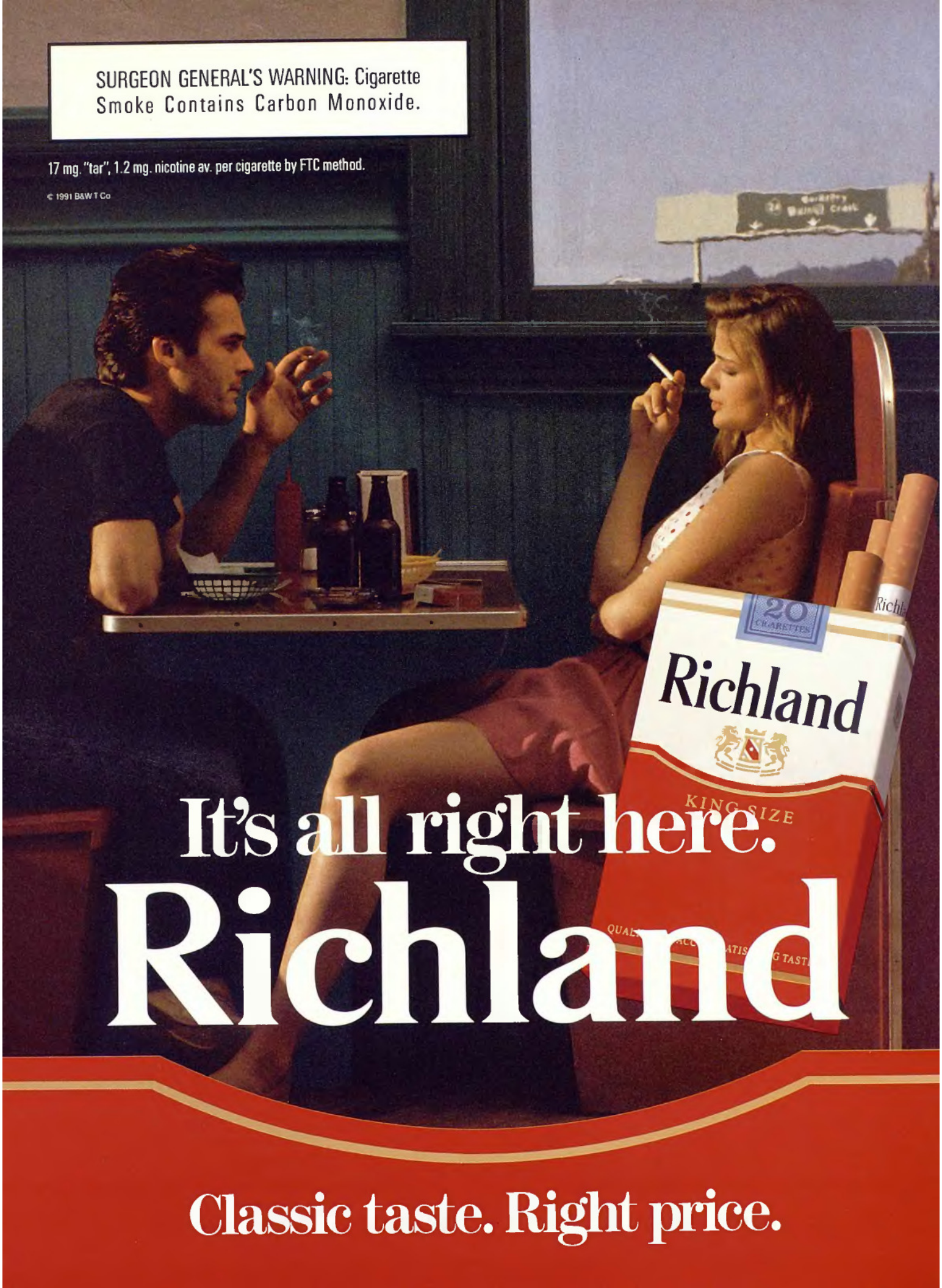
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capital punishment."

I told the Justice that a recent Amnesty International report had revealed that 31 prisoners in 12 states in this country were "under sentence of death for crimes committed before they reached their 18th birthday." And this nation is one of only four—including Bangladesh, Iran and Iraq—that execute juvenile offenders.

"Isn't it horrible to be in that company?" Brennan said. "Good God!"

The Court also decided, I noted, that a retarded person can be executed.

"That's right," he said. "That's even worse. Well, I still believe that eventually, we'll become more civilized. It would be horrible if we didn't. I wish there were more people arguing in the opposition."

Except for Thurgood Marshall, there are—with Brennan gone—no other absolute opponents of capital punishment on the Court. "Well," said Brennan, "people on the Court can evolve, too. I give you the opinion for the Court by the Chief Justice in the *Hustler Magazine, Inc., vs. Falwell* case."

Larry Flynt had a fake ad published in *Hustler* in which the Reverend Jerry Falwell and his mother were depicted, with Falwell saying that his first sexual experience was with his mother in an outhouse. Both were drunk. ("I never *really* expected to make it with Mom, but then, after she showed all the other guys in town such a good time, I figured, 'What the hell!'")

A lower court awarded Falwell $200,000 for intentional infliction of emotional distress, but the Supreme Court unanimously reversed the decision—with William Rehnquist writing a passionate defense of free expression. ("At the heart of the First Amendment is the recognition of the fundamental importance of the free flow of ideas and opinions on matters of public interest and concern.")

In the past, however, Rehnquist had not been one of the Court's notable defenders of free speech. Nor did landmark opinions by Brennan, such as *New York Times Co. vs. Sullivan*, make it any easier for public officials and, later, public figures to win libel suits. But in the *Falwell* case, Rehnquist actually embraced Brennan concepts he had previously criticized.

However, in the 1989 flag-burning case *Texas vs. Gregory Lee Johnson*, a year after *Hustler vs. Falwell*, Rehnquist did a serious reverse with regard to the First Amendment. Said Brennan, "If there is a bedrock principle underlying the First Amendment, it is that the Government may not prohibit the expression of an idea simply because society finds the idea itself offensive or disagreeable." Rehnquist sternly disagreed. A parody of Falwell and his mother having sexual intercourse in an outhouse was one thing, but disrespect for the symbol of American freedom must be punished.

I asked Brennan how much give-and-take there is at the conferences during which the Justices tentatively decide how they will vote on a case they've just heard argued. Did he and Rehnquist, for instance, get into a substantive face-to-face discussion of the flag-burning case?

"No," said Brennan. "Contrary to belief, there's very little face-to-face debate. Our decisions are based on what we write, on the drafts we circulate to one another. What happens at the conferences is only a scratching of the surface. You really don't get into it until you have to write out your position, and then it changes back and forth as you read what the other Justices have to say. Writing does a better job than if we were trying to decide a case just sitting around a table and arguing with one another. You're much more careful about what you're going to say if you write it down."

"You say the decisions are more careful," I said, "but it's still hard for me to understand how certain Justices can *carefully* vote, for example, to execute the retarded or teenagers."

A case in point, *Joshua DeShaney vs. Winnebago County Department of Social Services*, one of the most poignant in the recent history of the Court, concerned a child, Joshua DeShaney, who had been beaten so often and so brutally by his father that he became permanently retarded and will be institutionalized for life. A county social worker who knew the boy was being abused took no action, so the county never took the child into custody.

Accordingly, a majority of the Court ruled that the child and his mother had no claim for damages because the *state* had not inflicted the violence on the child—the *father* had—and so it was not responsible. Although one of its agents had had continuing knowledge of what was going on, the state had not placed the child under its protection.

In his indignant dissent, Brennan said it was eerie that the county social worker had chronicled in detail what was happening to the child; and, indeed, when she heard about the last and most devastating beating, she said, "I just knew the phone would ring someday and Joshua would be dead."

Yet six members of the Court had failed to see—Brennan stressed in his dissent—that "inaction can be every bit as abusive of power as action. . . . I cannot agree that our Constitution is

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indifferent to such indifference."

Only Thurgood Marshall and Harry Blackmun were as appalled as Brennan at the majority view. In his dissent, Blackmun—in a rare anguished cry from the heart in the history of the Court's opinions—wrote, "Poor Joshua!"

Brennan's customary optimism and his conviction that the Court will one day fully live up to the Constitution does sometimes waver. For instance, when he is confronted by the coldness of colleagues, as in the case of *Joshua DeShaney*.

But he keeps bounding back. "You'd be amazed at the mail I've gotten since my retirement," he said. "Holy Moses! All these people agreeing with me about the way the Court and the country should be going. It's been an eye opener for me."

As always, Brennan sees so much injustice in the land—while still believing that the Constitution can redress it when enough Americans really know the power and promise of that document.

He often refers to this passage from a 1986 speech he made to the American Bar Association's Section on Individual Rights and Responsibilities:

> We do not yet have justice, equal and practical, for the poor, for the members of minority groups, for the criminally accused, for the displaced persons of the technological revolution, for alienated youth, for the urban masses, for the unrepresented consumer—for all, in short, who do not partake of the abundance of American life. . . . The goal of universal equality, freedom and prosperity is far from won and . . . ugly inequities continue to mar the face of our nation. We are surely nearer the beginning than the end of the struggle.

On days when he sees that end as being terribly far away, Brennan's spirits are invariably lifted by a passage in William Butler Yeats's play *Cathleen Ni Hoolihan*. It's about a dream, he said, "that although old, is never old." The dream is that no one anywhere will be denied his or her inherent dignity and rights; and in the play, that dream is personified by a figure called the Poor Old Woman.

As he has to visitors for more than 30 years, Brennan—in his soft, hoarse voice—read me the passage:

> "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" asks Bridget.
>
> "I did not," replies Patrick, who came into the house just after the old woman left it, "but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

Brennan smiled. "We can't give up," he said. "We can't despair. We have to keep taking up the cudgels, and the first thing you know, by God, we'll abolish the death penalty and we'll make the Fourteenth Amendment come alive for everyone, so that there *will* be justice for all."

In this regard, Brennan has been vigorously advocating for years that law schools involve their students in clinics that deal with clients among the poor and those who are otherwise marginalized in this society. (The American Bar Association notes that 80 percent of Americans have no access to the legal help they need because they can't afford a lawyer.)

Brennan now sees more and more law schools changing in ways he approves. "The students are learning firsthand about how the law can actually affect people's lives," he said. "They learn not only from law books but from actual cases involving actual people. And that experience is going to lead to more improvement in the lives of many."

Eventually, perhaps, the words carved above the entrance of the Supreme Court—EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW—may be more than rhetoric.

On the other hand, there are law students, I told Brennan, who out of decent motives—to combat racism and sexism, for example—have been working to establish speech codes on their campuses. The codes punish offensive speech and sometimes go as far as to lead to suspension or expulsion. Even some law school professors are supporting this kind of censorship.

I told him that at Stanford, student organizations, including the Asian Law Association, Black Law Students Association, Native American Law Students Association, the Asian American Students Association and the Jewish Law Students Association advocate these codes.

Brennan shook his head. "I'll be damned," he said.

I asked him what he would do about the speech codes proliferating at colleges around the country.

"I can tell you what I think they ought to do," he said. "They ought to just abolish all of them."

Unfortunately, if these speech-code cases reach the Supreme Court, he will not be there to say just that. But much of what Brennan has said will last—as future Justices quote from opinions of his that will shape the course of constitutional debate for as long as there is a Constitution.

And the core of all William Brennan has said and done is his unyielding conviction that if freedom of expression is eroded, so, eventually, will be the rest of our liberties.

When I asked him if he had a favorite part of the Constitution, he replied, "The First Amendment, I expect. Its enforcement gives us this society. The other provisions of the Constitution merely embellish it."

(continued from page 88)

stand that forced Milchuk to turn his back on Penner.

Milchuk made an impatient noise and said, "I got an appointment."

When Penner poked him with his automatic, he stiffened but did not turn his head as someone might who had never been that route before. Penner could feel Milchuk's pulse in his gun hand, he could feel the whole breathing mass of nerves, bones and meat. In the chill air, Milchuk's cologne had a stinging, astringent scent.

"Awright, be cool, guys," he said. "I got a coupla hundred in my wallet. Inside pocket of the overcoat."

"How 'bout you takin' a stroll over to the car," Carnes said. "The blue Caddy back there."

"What?" said Milchuk. He snuck a peek at the car, and Penner, in a sympathetic reaction, had a peek along with him. With its vanity plates that read SOX FAN 1 and the Red Sox logo painted on the hood, the Caddy had an absurdly innocent look.

Carnes let out an exasperated sigh. "Hope you ain't gonna give us no trouble, Mr. Milchuk, 'cause this is a very simple deal, what's happenin' here. Now, I wantcha to get in the back seat of the Caddy with my associate there, OK? We're gonna drive you down the Cape a ways to where a man's waitin' for us. He's gonna talk to ya, tell ya a few things. Then we'll drive you back to Hyannis so's you can have your breakfast."

Milchuk darted his eyes from side to side. Searching for police cars, brave strangers. "Listen," he said, talking fast. "I don't know what this is all about, but we can work somethin' out, you guys and me."

"Either get in the fuckin' car," Carnes said flatly, "or swear to God I'm gonna knock you cold and throw y' in it. Now, I'm very sincere about this, Mr. Milchuk. Nothin' bad's gonna happen long as you don't give us no shit. Little drive in the country, little conversation. But dick us around, man, I'm gonna put lumps on your lumps. OK?"

Milchuk drew a deep breath, blew it out. "OK," he said, and took a step toward the Caddy.

"Hey!" Carnes pulled him back. "You gonna leave your car wide open? Your briefcase just lyin' there?" He seemed appalled by the prospect.

Milchuk glanced at Penner, as if seeking a form of validation. Penner tried to keep his face empty.

"Lock the bitch, will ya?" Carnes said. "If you want, take the case with ya. You leave a fuckin' car like that unlocked, man, some asshole's gonna be ridin' it around Roxbury."

This solicitude was a beautiful touch, Penner thought. Extremely professional. He could not help admiring Carnes for it. Milchuk collected his papers, locked up the Lincoln. And as they walked to the Caddy, Penner could tell by the firmness of his step that the dead man felt much better about his future.

•

Ten minutes out of Hyannis, heading toward Cotuit, the overcast started to break. There was the merest line of blue above the islands, and directly ahead, a blare of silvery sunlight in roughly the shape of a cross seamed the division between mountains of black clouds, making a dark and mysterious glory of the eastern sky. Now and then, Penner saw flashes of sun-spattered water between the sparsely needled pines along the roadside. Despite the tackle shops, the clam shacks, motels and souvenir stores, there was something eerie and desolate about the Cape. It was a flat, scoured jumble of a place, flat rocks and flat fields, thickets and stunted trees, moors punctuated by the blue dots of glacial ponds, sloping shingles figured with capsized scallop boats, cork floats, torn fishing nets, all surrounded by the dreary flatness of a gray sea.

Static burst from the radio as Carnes spun the tuning dial, settling on a talk show—some asshole with a sardonic baritone goading housewives into bleating out idiot opinions on the economy. Penner kept his gun pressed against Milchuk's side and watched him out of the corner of his eye. He halfway hoped he would try for the gun. But Milchuk sat like a man in a trance, holding the briefcase to his chest, staring straight ahead. Once he asked how far they had left to go, and Carnes, with folksy amiability, said damn if he knew, he'd never been out on the Cape before, but it couldn't be much farther.

The talk-show host began discussing the Red Sox, their recent decline, and Carnes said over his shoulder, "Ever play any ball, Mr. Milchuk? You look like a ballplayer to me."

Milchuk was startled. "I played in college," he said after a second.

"I thought so. What's your position? First base? Outfield?"

"Right field."

"So I guess you a Sox fan, huh?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Follow 'em your whole life, didja?"

Milchuk said yes, yes, he had.

"Then maybe you can explain to my pal there what it's like to be a true fan." Carnes filled him in on the argument they had been having about the Red Sox and their alleged penury.

Penner did not think Milchuk would respond, but it may have been that Milchuk, like Penner, was using the argument to escape from the turmoil of his thoughts.

"Seems to me he's got a point." He spoke dully, as if it were a litany in which

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he no longer believed. "Lookit how they let Bruce Hurst get away. You got a left-hander wins fifty-five in Fenway, you don't just let him walk."

"Hurst was gone no matter what they offered," Carnes said. "Guy's a religious fanatic. He didn't go for all the shit about Boggs porkin' that cunt what's-her-name."

The tension in the car was dispelled to a small degree. Penner maintained vigilance, but with part of his mind, he slipped beneath the moment. It seemed he had been liberated, that the extreme nature of what he was about to do had freed him of the past. His life was a transparency. It could take on any color, any condition. He threw himself into the baseball argument with uncharacteristic vehemence.

"Look at Burks, now," he said. "He's gotta be one of the fastest guys in the league, right?"

"That's right," said Milchuk, nodding vigorously. "You're absolutely right."

"So what is it with him? He gets on first, he looks lost. What's he got now? Seven or eight stolen bases? You figure they'd hire somebody to teach him how to steal, wouldn'tcha? But naw!" He tapped Carnes on the shoulder. "What's that all about, man? They just too damn cheap? Or maybe they're trying to make Burks look so bad they'll have to trade him, then they can have the only all-white team in the league."

"Sox ain't prejudiced against niggers," Carnes said; from the hunched set of his neck and shoulders, Penner knew that he was fuming.

"Hear that, man?" said Penner, giving Milchuk a nudge. "They ain't prejudiced against *niggers*."

Milchuk grinned, shook his head in amusement.

"I didn't say *I* wasn't prejudiced, motherfucker!" said Carnes. "I said the Sox wasn't."

"Bull," said Penner. "Fuckin' town's built on prejudice. Y' hear about what happened to Dee Brown? OK, Brown—he's the Celtics' number-one pick, right? So he's sitting out front the post office in Wellesley with his fiancée. He's in his car, and he's reading his mail. He just picked it up, see? Next thing, some broad in the bank across the street spots him and says, Holy shit, a Nee-gro! Why, that must be the same Nee-gro robbed us a few weeks back. Makes sense, right? I mean, what would a Nee-gro be doing in Wellesley he wasn't there to rob a bank? So here come the cops. Seven of 'em. They roust Brown and his girlfriend and force 'em to lie face down on the sidewalk for twenty fucking minutes. At gunpoint, man! Twenty fucking minutes! You believe that?"

"No shit!" said Milchuk.

"It don't matter," said Carnes. "If you're a true fan, none of that crap matters."

"True fan!" said Penner disparagingly. "What the hell's that mean? The Red Sox front office screws everybody over. Fans, players. They're no different from the Government, man. They're not gonna be able to re-sign half their fucking players, their top pitcher prob'ly needs psychiatric help. Their manager looks like an old man talkin' about his freaking vegetable garden 'steada his problem at shortstop. You have to go back to prehistory to find when's the last time they won the series. Nineteen fucking eighteen! And the Celtics, man, they're just watching their players grow old. Fucking Larry Bird's starting to look like Freddy Krueger with a limp. And the Patriots . . . Jesus Christ! Only thing they're good at's waggling their dicks at female reporters."

Penner heard the reediness of fear in his voice, yet he had the idea that if he kept on ranting, he might accidentally work a spell.

"And still you people keep going to the goddamn games," he went on, his voice shrilling. "You support this crapola. I mean, nothing stops you. The fact that these assholes in three-piece suits are selling your dreams down the fucking river, it just doesn't sink in. Here they go gettin' rid of your best reliever, pickin' up white guys with bad backs and dead arms, and you think it's wonderful. They lose your best pitching prospect, 'cause they forget to put his name on the protected list. And whaddaya do? Do you boycott, you try and change anything? Fuck, no! You go on buying your dumb hats and your T-shirts, your shamrock jackets. You make stupid into a religion. You stand around chanting, Ooh, ooh, ooh, like pathetic rejects, and you don't even notice the whole thing's down the toilet. You just sit there and babble about next year, while everything turns to shit around you. True fans, my ass! All you guys are is a buncha fucking lemmings!"

Carnes made no sound or movement, but his anger was as palpable as heat from an open furnace. The silence grew long and prickly. The humming of the

"Yo, Michelangelo, you call those tits?"

Caddy's tires seemed to register the increase of tension.

"That Lisa Olson deal," said Milchuk tentatively. "Those assholes flashin' her in the Pats' locker room?" He glanced at Penner, his face stamped with an expression of concern. "I ain't sayin' I don't have problems with women in the locker room, y' know, but geez."

"Now, that's terrific, that is," said Carnes. "It's really great gettin' an education on how to treat broads from the guy corn-holed Lori McDonough."

A look of bewilderment washed over Milchuk's stolid face. "What're you talkin', man?"

Carnes slammed his hand against the steering wheel and shouted, "You raped her, you fuckin' Polack sleaze! You raped her, then you fucked her up the ass!"

Milchuk sat stunned for a few beats. Then he said, "Fuck I did! Hey!" He turned to Penner. "That what this is all about, man? I didn't do nothin' to Lori. I been goin' out with her six months. This is fuckin' nuts! We been talkin' about gettin' married, even!"

Penner said, with unconvincing sternness, "Take it easy," and poked him with the muzzle of the gun as a reminder. He felt queasy, nauseated.

"It was Lori's old man hired you guys, wasn't it?" said Milchuk. "It hadda be. Look, I swear to fucking Christ! It's her old man. He's against me from the start; he told me he didn't want me sniffin' around her."

"Guess you shoulda listened, huh?" said Carnes brightly.

"I didn't do nothin', man. Swear to God! All ya gotta do is to give Lori a call."

"Maybe we should," said Penner, trying to hide a certain eagerness.

"You musta done somethin'," Carnes said to Milchuk. "Maybe all you are's a pain in the ass to McDonough. But a guy like you, you musta done somethin'."

Milchuk put both hands to his face. "This is crazy," he said into his palms. "Crazy!"

"How you figure?" Penner asked of Carnes. "You don't know the guy!"

"Oh, I know him," Carnes said. "He pals around with the Vitarellis down in Providence. He's a wise guy. You better believe this fucker's got blood on his hands. Whackin' him out ain't no worse than steppin' on a cockroach."

"He's with the Mob?" Penner said, incredulous. "We're supposed to hit a Mob guy?"

Without reducing his speed, Carnes swung onto a gravel road that wound away through low thickets, the leaves mostly gone to brown. The Caddy soared over bumps and ruts, landing heavily, its rear end sluing. Black branches slapped at the windows.

"Nobody said anything 'bout hitting a Mob guy!" Penner yelled.

Milchuk gripped the front seat with both hands and began talking, half sobbing the words, offering a string of temptations and threats of Vitarelli vengeance, like a strange, primitive prayer. Carnes's only response was to increase their speed. The Caddy seemed to be trying to lift off, to go sailing up into the sky of broken silver light and black clouds. The world beyond the side windows was a chaos of tearing leaves and clawing twigs.

"So whaddaya wanna do, man?" Carnes shouted. "Wanna let him go?"

"Yes!" said Penner. "For Chrissakes, yes!"

"OK, say we do it. Know what happens next? The son of a bitch goes to the Vitarellis, he says, Chuckie, man, Chuckie, he says, that fucker McDonough tried to put a hit on me, and Chuckie says, We can't have that shit, now, can we? and he sends his people up to Southie. And you know who gets it? Not McDonough. Nosir! It's you and me, buddy! We wind up on a beach somewheres with our balls hangin' out our mouths." He swerved the Caddy around a tight bend. "We're fuckin' committed, man!"

The thickets gave way abruptly to a grassy clearing centered by the gray-shingled ruin of a one-story house,

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nearly roofless, with a shattered door and glassless windows; it looked out over the Atlantic toward a spit that rose at its seaward end into a pine-fringed pinnacle standing some 60 feet above the water, the highest point of land in sight. Carnes brought the Caddy to a shuddering halt and switched off the engine. The rush of silence hurt Penner's head. Carnes turned to them, resting his elbow on the seat. A silver-plated gun dangled from his hand. He grinned at Milchuk.

"Party time," he said.

Milchuk met his eyes for a second, then hung his head. All thought of resistance seemed to have left him.

"Outside," Carnes told him, and without hesitation or objection, Milchuk opened the door and climbed out. He still clung to his briefcase, still held it against his chest. His face slack, eyes empty, he stared off over the water.

Penner slid out after him. After so many hours in the car, standing in the open disoriented him. The world was too wide, too full of light and color; the soughing sounds of the waves and the seething wind; he could not gather it all inside him. He kept his gun trained on Milchuk.

"Drop the gun," said Carnes, coming up behind him.

Startled, Penner made to turn but stopped when the muzzle of Carnes's automatic jabbed into the side of his neck. He let the gun fall, and Carnes kicked him in the back of the legs, driving him to his knees in the tall grass. Another kick, this directly on the tail bone, sent him onto his stomach.

"Still curious 'bout why McDonough paid so much, are ya?" said Carnes. "Want me to fill ya in on the program, motherfucker?"

Penner rolled onto his back. Carnes straddled him, his feet planted on either side of his thighs, the automatic aimed at his chest. Milchuk, whom he could not see, was somewhere behind him.

"This here's gonna be a double-header, pal," said Carnes gloatingly. "Man's payin' me to whack you out, too. Betcha can't guess why."

Penner was afraid, but the fear was dim. Looking up at the muzzle of the gun, feeling the stony shoulder of earth beneath him, seeing the dark clouds wheeling like great slow wings above Carnes, he felt oddly peaceful, even sleepy. It would be all right, he thought, to close his eyes.

"It's your fuckin' old lady," said Carnes. "Her and McDonough been bumpin' bellies for a year now. Whaddaya think about that, shithead?"

The news surprised Penner. And hurt him. Yet because of the numb drowsiness that had stolen over him, the hurt was slight, as if a heavy stone had been placed on his chest, making him sink deeper into the cold grass. Carnes seemed disappointed in his reaction. His eyes darted elsewhere—toward Milchuk, probably—then he looked down again at Penner, a nerve jumping in his cheek.

"McDonough tells me she can't get enough of his dick," Carnes said. "Says her pussy's, like, twitchin' alla time. Says he's gonna marry the bitch."

Penner did not believe McDonough would have confided in Carnes, but the words opened him to visions of Barbara and McDonough in bed, to the bitter comprehension that this was everything she had wanted, a man of wealth and power. He should have guessed, he should have known that McDonough would never have concocted such a simple scheme as the one he had laid out. McDonough had seen a way to kill two birds with one stone and had orchestrated it beautifully. His throat tightened, his eyes filled. His sadness was a reaction not only to the betrayal but to how easily he had been taken in.

"Man, I can't tell ya how good this feels. I fuckin' cannot tell ya!" Carnes let out a lilting, girlish laugh. "I been wantin' to do you since I was fifteen fuckin' years old. Just goes to show, man. Don't never give up on your dreams." He took a shooter's grip on the automatic. "Wanna gimme more bullshit 'bout the Sox? C'mon, man! Let's hear it! Y' ain't gonna have no chances after this."

Penner was unable to speak, and Carnes said, "What's your problem, fuckhead? This is your big moment. Talk to me!" And kicked him again.

The kick dislodged something in Penner, tipped over a little reservoir of loathing that for the moment washed away fear.

"You're fucking ridiculous!" Penner said. "Both you and the fuckin' Sox!"

Muscles twitched in Carnes's jaw, that weaselly face jittering with hate. "I am gonna kill you a piece at a time," Carnes said.

Something black and flat and angular—Milchuk's briefcase, Penner later realized—smacked into Carnes's gun hand and knocked it aside. The automatic discharged, the round burrowed into the earth close to Penner's cheek, spraying him with dirt. Penner was not sure if he had actually thought of kicking Carnes or if the movement of his leg had been a startled reaction to the gunshot; whatever the case, his foot drove hard into Carnes's balls. Carnes screamed and dropped to his knees, then pitched onto his side, curling up around the pain. With his Red Sox cap and the tears, he looked like a savage, terrified little boy. Then he puked, heaving up a geyser of coffee and bad fluids.

Penner saw his own gun gleaming in the grass. Luminous with fright, he made a dive for it and came up firing. The first shot half deafened him, ranging off into the sky, but the second hammered a red nailhead into Carnes's jacket just below the collar. And the third blew bloody fragments from his lower jaw. There was no need for another.

Penner came unsteadily to his feet. His ears were ringing, his legs shaking. He gazed out over the thickets, the dry, turned leaves rippling with the same agitated motion as the chop on the water, then looked back down at Carnes. The jellied eyes and ruined jaw sickened him and hurt his heart; but then, thinking of

"Would you fetch me some slippers, Miss Palmer? The creative team just blew my socks off!"

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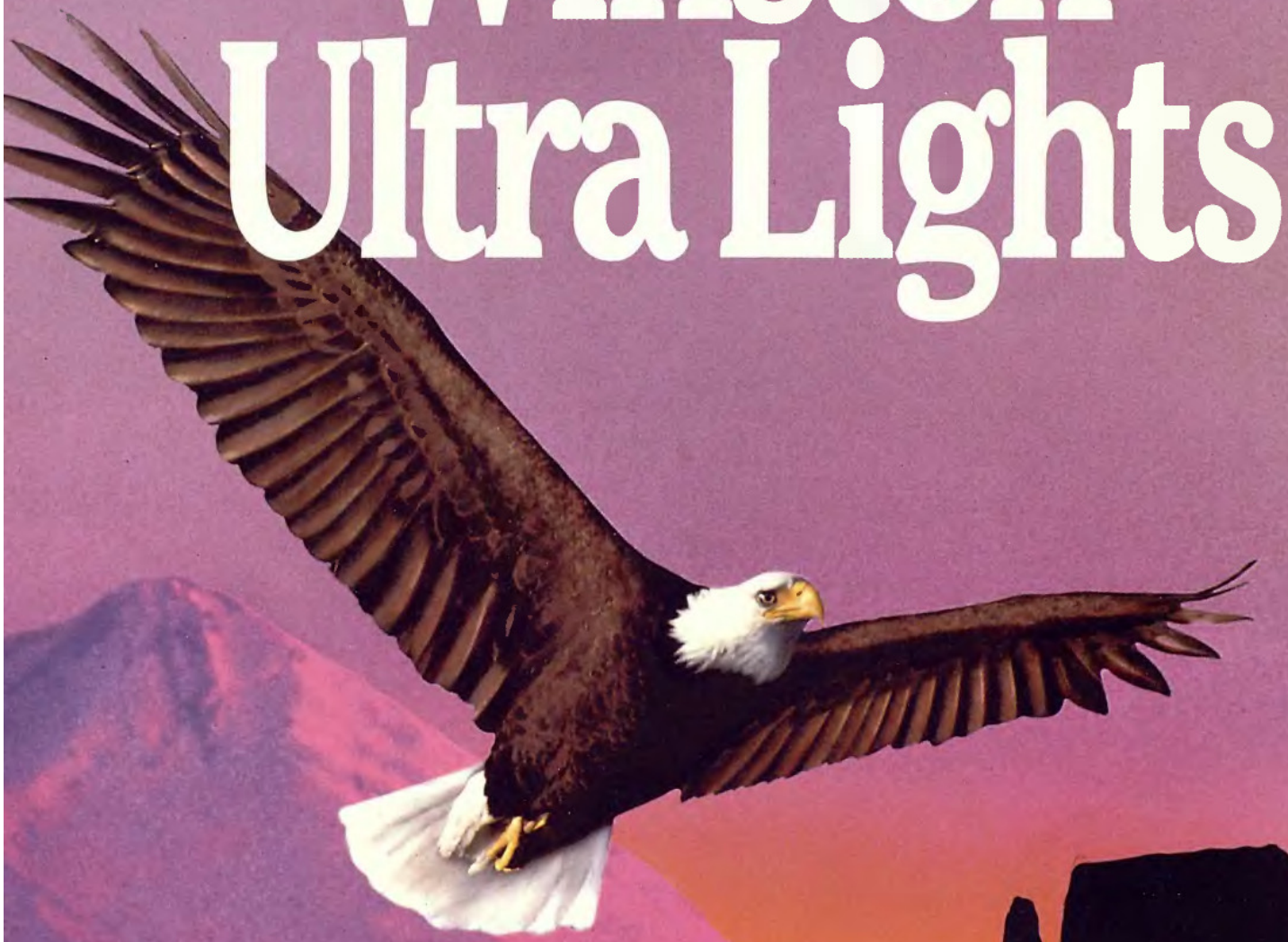

The Search For Taste Is Over

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the man, he was furious. Carnes's Red Sox cap had fallen off and Penner gave it a vicious kick.

Then he remembered Milchuk. He went quickly along the edge of the clearing, peering into the thickets. It was doubtful that Milchuk would contact the police, but he would certainly have a talk with the Vitarellis.

After a moment, he spotted him. Surfacing among the camouflage colors of the bushes. Running fast. Hurdling a fallen log. Zigzagging around some obstacle. Moving like a halfback in the broken field. Penner might have admired his athleticism had it not been so futile—Milchuk was headed not for the highway but toward the spit of land. He would not be able to see it because of the low ground over which he was running, the bushes and a few trees obscuring his view; any moment now, however, he would realize that he was trapped, that he would have to make his way along the shore. Because the spit formed the eastern enclosure of a bay, because the bay was cut back behind the clearing, the shore line lay close to where Penner was standing. He should be able to catch up to Milchuk without much difficulty.

He started toward the shore line west of the spit. He ran easily, confidently, with what seemed to him astonishing grace, twisting to avoid the clutches of twigs and branches. Not a misstep, not a stumble. He felt charged by this simple physical competence. It was as if the pure necessity of the moment had invoked a corresponding purity in him, eliminating clumsiness, fear and hesitancy. But on reaching the shore, he saw no sign of Milchuk, and once again, he became confused.

Where the hell was he?

The sun broke through again, turning the water a steely blue, and Penner, scanning the shore line, had to shade his eyes. Milchuk had outsmarted him, he thought, he had doubled back to the clearing. But then he saw him among the pines that sprouted from the rocky point at the seaward end of the spit. Apparently, he had not seen Penner. He was just standing there, looking toward the clearing.

Penner was baffled. What could he have in mind? Did he intend to swim for it? If so, because of Penner's position and the cut-back curve of the shore line, he would have to swim about a mile in freezing, choppy water to the opposite side of the bay—where there was a motel and some houses—in order to ensure his safety. A mile. That would take . . . what? At least an hour. Hypothermia would set in before then. And yet the man was obviously in excellent shape. Maybe he could make it.

But if that was the plan, why didn't he just dive in?

It took a minute's consideration before Penner understood Milchuk's tactic. From his vantage, Milchuk could see not only the clearing and the house but also the dirt road. Perhaps even the highway itself. It would be impossible for Penner to pretend to leave; in order to persuade Milchuk to abandon his position, he would have to drive a considerable distance away, far enough to allow Milchuk to escape along the shore. If he were to try to take Milchuk on the spit, Milchuk would risk the swim; he would likely have decided how closely he would let Penner approach, and once that line was crossed, he would swim for the far side, quickly getting out of reasonable pistol range. Very smooth, very economical.

He would not be able to kill Milchuk, Penner realized, and the Vitarellis would learn what had happened. He could not risk returning to Southie. That was OK. He had his 50 grand. And Carnes's money, too. It would be a bloody business, tugging off Carnes's money belt. Have to see those eyes again, that marbled cross section of gore and splintered bone. But he could manage it. A hundred grand would buy a lot of future in the right place. The thing to do now would be to neutralize Milchuk. He'd ditch the Caddy in Hyannis, take the bus into Boston. Fly out of Logan. Maybe buy a junker and drive south. Whatever. He could decide that later.

There was a flaw in Milchuk's plan . . . or, if not a flaw, an inherent softness. Penner pulled out his handkerchief, wiped his gun with meticulous care, then, wadding the handkerchief in his palm to prevent further contact with his skin, he gripped the gun by the muzzle and set out walking toward the spit. He called to Milchuk as he went, not wanting to startle him into a hasty dive. "Hey!" he shouted. "Don't be afraid, man! It's over! It's OK!"

Milchuk started down the slope of the point toward the water; he was shrugging off his overcoat.

Penner paused at the landward end of the spit; the opposite end was 30, maybe 40 yards distant.

"It's OK, man," he yelled. "Here! Look!" He waved the gun above his head. "I'm leaving this for you! Leaving it right here!"

Milchuk stopped his descent and rested in a crouch halfway down the slope, peering at him.

Penner tossed the gun out onto the spit, surreptitiously pocketing his handkerchief. "I'm outa here, OK? No more shooting! No more bullshit!"

Being unarmed made him feel exposed, but he knew that Milchuk would wait until he had retreated more than a pistol shot away before going after the gun. More likely, he'd wait until he watched the Caddy pull down the highway. There would be plenty of time for Penner to make it back to the clearing and collect Carnes's money and his gun.

"You hear me?" Penner called.

A beam of sunlight fingered Milchuk among the stones, accentuating his isolation and the furtiveness of his pose. The sight caught at Penner. He could not help but sympathize with the man.

"If you hear me," he called, "gimme a sign! OK?"

Milchuk remained motionless for a bit, then—reluctantly, it seemed—lifted his right arm as if in salute; after a

"Only dominant males get laid—why don't you take a course in dominance?"

second, he let it fall back heavily. The sun withdrew behind the clouds and he was reduced to a dark, primitive form hunkered among the rocks. Behind him, toiling masses of black and silver muscled toward the top of the sky, and the sea, dark as iron, moved in a vast, uneasy swell, as if the entire world had been nudged sideways.

"OK, I'm outa here, man!" Penner half turned away, and then, moved by a fleeting morality, a vestigial remnant of innocence, he shouted, "Good luck!" It amazed him, the sincerity he had felt while saying it.

•

Penner was more than satisfied with his performance during the phone call to the police. He had exhibited, he thought, just the right mix of paranoia and breathless excitement.

"The little guy knew the shooter," he'd said. "I heard him say his name, anyway. Millbuck, Mil . . . something. I don't know. He might still be around there, man, you hurry."

After hanging up, he decided to get coffee before hitting the road, but, as he stepped around the corner from the pay phone into the dining area of the roadside McDonald's, through the window he saw a green Buick pull up behind the Caddy, blocking it in. Two men climbed out of the Buick. Beefy, florid men, one—the taller—balding, with a fringe of dark hair curling low on his neck, and the other with straight red hair falling over his collar. Irish-looking men. Cops, was Penner's first thought; they must have traced the call. But then he realized that their hair was too long, their suits too expensive. They peered in the windows of the Caddy, at the hood, exchanged a few words; then the red-haired man slid back into the Buick and drove it into a parking space. The other headed for the front door.

A weight shifted loosely in Penner's bowels. Christ, he should have figured! McDonough could not allow a loose cannon like Carnes to jeopardize his position. Carnes had likely been instructed to drive somewhere after the job, to follow some specific course; these men had been set to meet him and—no doubt—to dispatch him and reclaim the money. The advance payment made perfect sense now.

Wrong again, Carnes.

We're talking a triple-header here.

Beautiful, thought Penner. This was McDonough functioning at the peak of his political acumen. Minimal involvement of his people. Minimal risk to himself. A neat system of checks and balances. Snick, snick, snick. Three problems solved, all's right with the world, and the great man could look forward to a lubricious future with the former Mrs. Penner. After an appropriate period of mourning, of course. What a player he was! What a master of the fucking game!

Penner retreated around the corner. The primary colors of the walls were making his skin hot, and the merry babble of the diners generated a fuming commotion inside his head. Hostages, he thought. Grab somebody off line, drag him into the parking lot. The idea had an outlaw charm that appealed to the absurdist witness who seemed to be sharing the experience with him. Mad Dog Penner. But instead, he ducked into the bathroom. The windows were high and narrow. A skinny dwarf might have managed an escape. He flattened against the wall behind the door, holding Carnes's gun muzzle-up beside his cheek. The white tiles were vibrating. The stainless-steel fixtures glowed like treasure. Every gleam was a splinter in his eye. His thoughts were singing. Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, please! What if some cute little tyke comes in to take his first solo piss, and you splatter the wee fuck's brains all over the hand drier? God, let me live, I'll say a billion Hail Marys, I swear it, right here in this holy nowhere of a bathroom. This is one of Your chosen speaking, an Irishman, a former acolyte, as sorry a lamb as ever strayed, and I'm begging,

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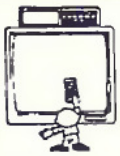

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no, I'm fucking demanding a religious experience!

•

The big, balding man pushed into the bathroom, his entrance accompanied by a venting of happy chatter from the restaurant, and said "Shit" under his breath. He bent with hands on knees to peek beneath the doors of the stalls, exposing the back of his head. Joy surged in Penner's heart on seeing that tonsured bull's-eye, and, as the man straightened, he stepped forward and smashed the gun butt against his scalp. The blow made a plush, heavy sound that alarmed him. But he struck again as the man toppled, rills of blood webbing the patch of mottled skin, and then dropped to his knees beside the man and struck a third time. He remained kneeling there with gun held high, like a child who hits a spider with a shoe and watches to see if its legs wiggle. More blood was pooling inside the man's ear. Penner's mind went skittering, unable to seize upon a thought. The white tiles seemed to be exuding a thick silence.

The red-haired man, he said to himself at last, he would exercise extreme caution when his friend failed to reappear. Nothing to be gained by waiting for him. He, Penner, would have to balls it out. Take a stroll off into Ronald McDonaldland and see what we can see. Tra-la. He laughed, and the hollowness of the sound sobered him, heightened his alertness. He caught the handle of a stall door and pulled himself up.

"Stay right there," he told the balding man, and gave him a wink. "One false move and I'll hafta plug ya."

He squared his shoulders, took a deep breath. Maybe they were still looking for Carnes, maybe the red-haired man wouldn't recognize him. Who could say on a day like today? He stuffed the gun into the pocket of his windbreaker. He felt giddy, but the giddiness acted as a restorative, a nervy drug that encouraged him.

"Yoicks," he said. "Tallyho!"

•

It was a fabulous day in Ronald McDonaldland. The sun had come out, the restaurant was thronged with golden light and pleasant smells, young secretaries and construction workers were stuffing Egg McMuffins into their mouths, and the red-haired man was just turning from the line of waiting customers when Penner stepped up and let him feel the gun muzzle in his side.

"Why don't we take a walk outside?" Penner said. "I mean, that's what *I'd* like to do. But I don't really care what happens, so you choose, OK?"

The man scarcely hesitated before obeying. The act of a professional, thought Penner, submitting by course to the rule of might. Beautiful.

They pushed through the glass doors out into the sun. The freshness and brightness of the air infected Penner, making him incredibly light and easy on his feet. He felt like weeping, like singing.

"What's the story here?" he asked, screwing the muzzle of Carnes's gun deeper into the man's side. "How'd you find me?"

"You kiddin'?" said the man. "You drivin' a Cadillac with vanity plates and a pair of red socks painted on the hood, you think you're hard to find?"

His disdainful attitude unnerved Penner.

"Where's Carnes?" the man asked.

"Well, now," Penner said blithely. "That's one for the philosophers, that is."

He forced the man to deposit his gun in the Dumpster at the side of the building. The man's doughy face registered an almost comical degree of worry, and Penner considered telling him everything was going to work out but realized that the man would not believe him. Instead, he asked for the keys to the Buick.

"Beautiful," he said, accepting the keys, and he pushed the man forward, moving through the asphalt dimension of the parking lot, the humming of traffic like the dark noise of life itself.

He had the man sit on the floor of the front seat with his back to the engine, his head wedged under the dash, legs stuck between the seat and the side panel. A tight fit, but manageable. It pleased Penner to have devised this clever prison.

"Comfy?" he asked.

The man gave no reply.

Driving also pleased Penner. In the golden light, the cars shone with the luster of gem stones, and he cut in and out of traffic with the flash of a Petty, a Yarborough. Lapping the field in the Penner 500.

What to do, what to do? he thought.

South on I-95 to New York, Washington, Miami and points beyond?

Brazil?

Just the place, so they said, for a man with a gun on the run.

He let the rhyme sing inside his head for a minute or so, liking the erratic spin it lent to all his thoughts. He switched on the radio. He heard the amplified crack of a bat and brash music. Then a man's voice blatted from the speaker, saying that his guest was Mike Greenwell of the Boston Red Sox. Penner had to laugh.

"What the fuck's goin' on?" asked the red-haired man; he crooked his head to the side so he could get a look at Penner.

"You got a name?" Penner asked.

"Yeah . . . Tom," said the man with bad grace.

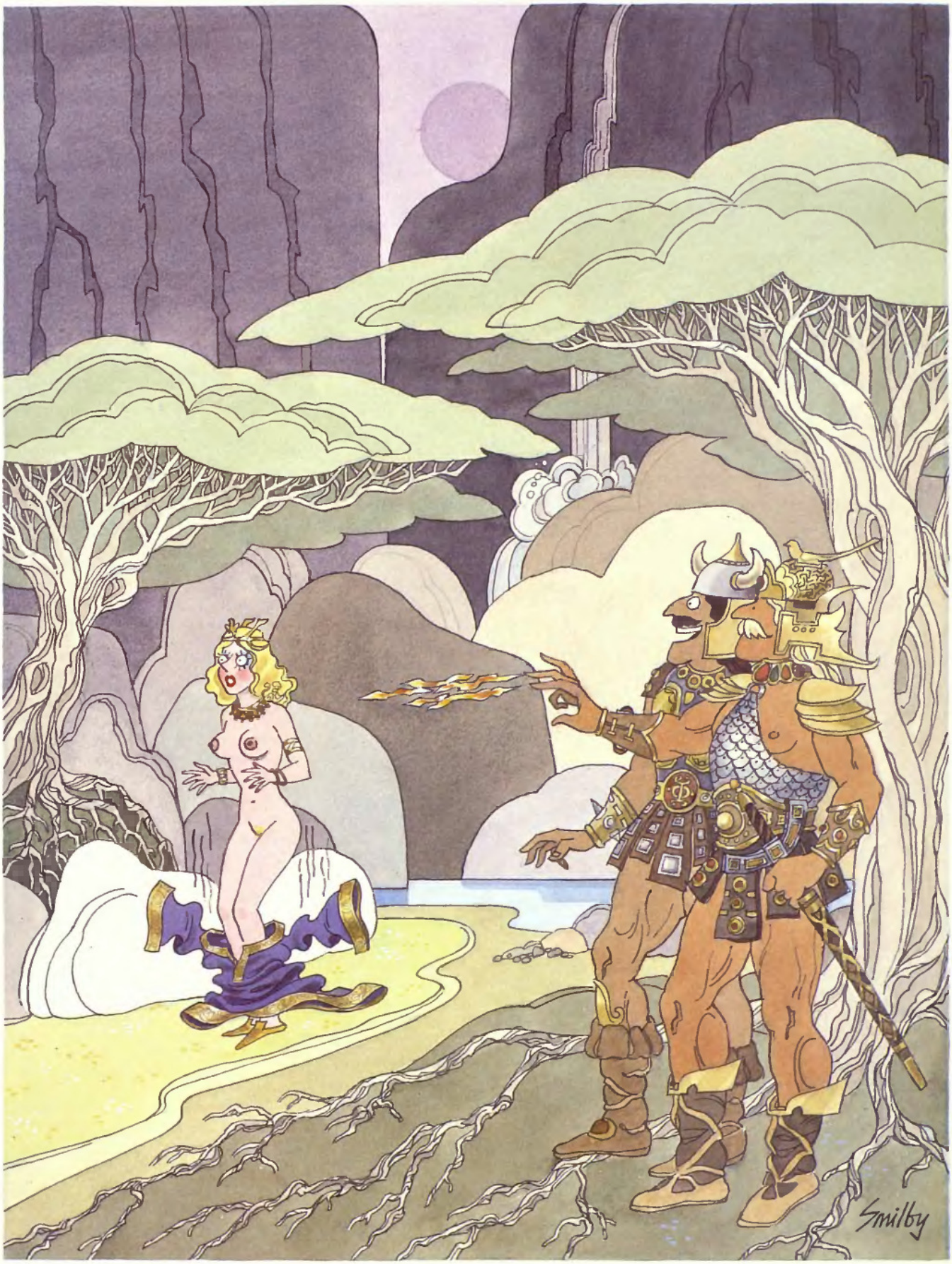
"You a Sox fan, Tom?"

The man said, "What?"

"I said, You a Sox fan? It's not a trick question."

Silence.

"Know what I think about the Sox,



"Say, who's your sorcerer?"

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

DOUBLE PLAYS

Page 85: **Sport shirt** by *Men Go Silk*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300; Go Silk, 424 Sutter St., San Francisco, 415-391-2474. **Jeans** by *Ruff Hewn*, at Camouflage, 139 Eighth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-741-9118. **Moccasins** by *Cole Haan*, at Cole Haan stores in N.Y.C., Chicago and Beverly Hills, 800-633-9000. **Sport shirt** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-627-9770; Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Jeans** by *Wrangler*, at Rod's Western Palace, 3099 Silver Dr., Columbus, OH, 800-325-8508; Drysdales, 3220 S. Memorial, Tulsa, 918-664-6481. **Shoes** by *Vans*, at all Dr. Jays, N.Y.C.; Vans, 7305 Sunset Blvd., L.A., 213-876-6684.

Page 86: **Sport shirt** by *Zanella*, at Mr. Ooley's, 12016 N. May Ave., Oklahoma City, 405-755-6040; Emporio Luomo, Galleria 1, 5015 Westheimer, Suite 2350, Houston, 713-622-3081. **Trousers** by *Zanella*, at L'uomo Vogue, 29475 Northwestern Highway, Southfield, MI, 313-352-7660; Vencci, Westside Pavilion Mall, 10800 W. Pico Blvd., Space 115, L.A., 213-475-1724; Cyril's, 370 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, 213-275-1330. **Belt** by *Allen-Edmonds*, at Allen-Edmonds stores nationwide. **Loafers** by *Kenneth Cole*, at Kenneth Cole, 95 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-873-2061; 353 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-873-2061; 2078 Union St., San Francisco, 415-346-2161; 865 Market St., San Francisco Centre, San Francisco, 415-227-4536. **Sport shirt** by *Jhane Barnes*, at Rich's, Lenox Mall, Atlanta, 800-282-8800; F. Camalo, 458 Heymann Blvd., Lafayette, LA, 318-233-4984. **T-shirt** by *Calvin Klein Sport for Men*, at select Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's, 800-233-2000. **Trousers** by *Claiborne*, at Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's, all Midwest locations, 800-233-2000. **Moccasins** by *Timberland*, at Prerogatives, 900 N. Michigan Ave., 5th Floor, Chicago, 312-943-1118; Timberland, 668 Bridgeway, Sausalito, CA, 415-332-1096. **Sport shirt** by *Kikit Maurice Sasson*, at Jordan Windsor, 203 W. Fourth, Kansas City, MO, 816-561-6575. **Trousers** by *Zanella*, at Uomo, 3200 Las Vegas Blvd. South, Las Vegas, 702-733-8230; Raffle's, 16921 Ventura Blvd., Encino, CA, 818-905-8205. **Belt** by *Anne Klein Men*, at select stores nationwide. **Moccasins** by *Cole Haan*, at Cole Haan stores in N.Y.C., Chicago and Beverly Hills, 800-633-9000.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Page 124: **Ski boards, trick skis, free board** and **knee board** all by *O'Brien*, 800-662-7436.

Page 125: **VCR instant programmer** by *Gemstar*, at major retail chains, including Sears Brand Central, Circuit City, Montgomery Ward, Electric Avenue, Silo and The Good Guys! and local electronics stores. **Watch** by the *Citizen Watch Company of America, Inc.*, at fine department and jewelry stores nationwide. **Wine cooler** by *Giovanni Mazzuconi*, at The L•S Collection, 765 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-472-3355.

Page 126: **Cologne** by *Farrow & Humphreys of England*, at Royal Appointments, 443 N. Clark St., Chicago, 312-222-9666; 839 Elm St., Winnetka, IL, 708-501-3087. **Video Printer** by *Panasonic Company*, contact Panasonic Consumer Affairs Department, Matsushita Services Co., 50 Meadowlands Parkway, Secaucus, NJ, 201-348-9090. **Binoculars** by *Jason Empire, Inc.*, 9200 Cody, Overland Park, KS, 800-255-6366.

Page 127: **Brandies** by *Etter Suisse*, contact Bill Decker at Jurgensen's, 842 E. California Blvd., Pasadena, CA, 91106, 818-792-3121.

ON THE SCENE

Page 173: **Watches** by *FreeStyle USA*, at finer specialty, surf and sporting-goods stores nationwide. By *Seiko*, at Smart Jewelers, 3350 W. Devon Ave., Lincolnwood, IL, 708-673-6000; Feldmar Watch Co., 9000 W. Pico Blvd., L.A., 213-272-1196. By *Tag Heuer*, at Feldmar Watch Co., 9000 W. Pico Blvd., L.A., 213-272-1196. By *Nautica*, at Nautica stores in N.Y.C., 212-496-0933; Newport Beach, CA, 714-720-0630; Waikiki, HI, 808-922-8688. By *Casio*, at L. Luria and Son, Inc., 305-557-9000; Service Merchandise nationwide, 800-251-1212; Nashville, 615-366-3900. By *Citizen*, at Macy's nationwide; Service Merchandise nationwide, 800-251-1212; Nashville, 615-366-3900.

Tom? They're God's baseball joke. A metaphor for man's futility. The Sisyphus of the American League East."

The man's face showed no comprehension. A serpent, Penner thought. There is a serpent in my garden.

"Where's McDonough?" Penner asked him.

More silence.

"Now, you don't have to answer." Penner jabbed the muzzle of the gun into the man's neck. "But I just bet he's waiting for a call from you."

"Home," said the man. "He's at home."

"Anyone with him? A woman, maybe?"

"How the fuck should I know?"

"Right," said Penner, pulling back the gun. "How, indeed?"

But Penner knew his Barbara. She would be with McDonough. She was part of this. And she would be able to live with it, to make that kind of moral tradeoff. He experienced a hiccup of emotion and pictured pale limbs asprawl, a gory tunnel burrowed into a shock of white hair. Could he really waste them? he wondered. How would it feel? Amazingly enough, it had felt pretty damn good so far. Since blood from the ears was not considered a healthy sign, he figured his score for the day was two.

But, after all, it would be nice to survive this. As Barbara herself was wont to say, The best revenge was living well.

He had not, he realized, been considering the prospect of survival until this moment. Not really. Not with the calculation you needed to weigh the possibilities, nor with the calmness necessary to believe in them.

On the radio, Mike Greenwell was saying there was no reason to panic, they just had to take 'em one at a time.

Sound philosophy. Words to live by.

A pickup truck roared past, somebody screamed a curse at Penner. He noticed that he had let the speed of the car drop to 30.

Brazil.

Take the money and run. What could be the problem with that?

He caught movement out of the corner of his eye. Ol' Tom shifting about ever so slightly, preparing to try to kick the gun. Penner couldn't much blame him for trying—unless he were a cockeyed optimist, he could not like his chances very much.

"You can't do better than your best," Mike Greenwell was saying. "You give a hunnerd and fifty percent, you got no reason to hang your head."

Amen to that, Mike.

The red-haired man had worked a leg up onto the seat, and Penner thought a confrontation might be just the way to decide such a momentous issue as one's future or the lack thereof. Let him make his play. If Penner won, he would do . . . something. He'd figure out what later.

To make things interesting, he boost-

ed the speed to 50. Then to 60. He pressed his foot harder on the gas, watching the needle climb, feeling pulled toward something. There was a curve coming up about a mile ahead, and he wondered how it would be just to keep going straight when he reached it. To go arcing up into storm light over the water, into the golden glare and big-muscled clouds. And then down.

Do I hear any objections? he asked himself.

Fucking A, I object, he answered. Fuck all that remorseful Catholic bullshit! This is your goddamn life, Penner. This is the Hundred Thousand Dollar Challenge! Are you man enough to accept it?

"You play a hunnerd and sixty-two games," Mike Greenwell said, "you gotta expect a few bad days. But we'll be there in the end."

Dead on, Mike, me boy-o!

Penner saw that the red-haired man was waiting for him to look away, to do something that would give him an advantage; but that was no longer a problem. The game was in hand, and all the signs were auspicious. Light was flowing around the car, fountaining up behind in an incandescent wake, and the green world was blurring with their momentum, and the corners of Penner's mind were sharp and bright as never before. Life hot as a magnesium flare, as Brazil, as freedom and the future, all the love in him sizzling. He boosted their speed to 65 as they approached the curve.

"Hey!" said the red-haired man; he had curled his fingers around the door handle; his eyes were round with fright. "Hey, you're going too fast!"

"Not me," said the Wild Blue-Eyed Penner, lifting his gun. As the Buick swung into the sweet gravity of the curve, he trained the gun at his enemy's heart, seeing only an interruption of the light, a dark keyhole set in a golden door. The thunderous report and the kick made it seem that the man's life had traveled up his arm, charging him with a fierce new spirit. He took in the sight without flinching. Blood as red as paper roses. The body, with its slack, twisted limbs, looked larger than before, more solid, as if death were in essence a kind of important stillness. He stared at it until he was completely at ease. A smile sliced his face, the sort of intent expression that comes from peering into strong sunlight or hard weather.

He thought about the disposal problem, a passport, opportunities for tropical investment. He spun the tuning dial, found an easy-listening station. Paul Simon was going to Graceland, and he was going with him.

"Not me," said Penner the Implacable, the Conscienceless, the Almost Nothing Man. "I'm just hitting my stride."

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO GOING TOPLESS

UNDER $20,000

Chevrolet's diminutive two-seater Geo Metro is available for under $10,000, and Yugo America, Inc., offers a $9000 four-seater Cabrio. ASC (formerly known as American Sunroof Corporation) is putting a ragtop on the $13,000 1991 Dodge Shadow convertible.

At $16,000, Volkswagen's perennial Cabriolet remains a top contender. Order it with the new Carat package, featuring leather seats, power steering and alloy wheels.

Mustang convertibles are available in two trim levels from $16,000 to $19,900. Archrival Chevrolet offers an open-air Camaro in two variations as well, priced between $18,000 and $21,000. And Pontiac convertibles come as Firebirds and stylish Trans Ams. Their price: about $19,000.

Mercury's Australian-built $13,000-to-$16,000 Capri XR2 offers greater space than the Mazda Miata (see below) and more power in its turbocharged version.

Jeep model's $9900-to-$17,000 Wrangler is available with a Renegade package featuring a 180-hp fuel-injected six-cylinder engine, flared fenders and mag wheels.

$20,000 TO $35,000

Mazda's $14,000 MX-5 Miata is now available in British Racing Green with a tan leather interior. Its price: $19,249.

Alfa Romeo's restyled basic Spider costs $21,000. For two grand more, you can get the luxurious Spider Veloce with leather interior.

Toyota's new $21,000 Celica GT mates a curvy body with one of the best optional stereo/speaker systems available, while Mazda's $28,000 RX-7 convertible is the only rotary-engined ragtop you can buy.

New from Infiniti for 1991 is the stylish $31,000 M30 convertible. A clever sonar suspension electronically adjusts the M30's shock-absorber settings.

Just 400 of Saab's $34,795 900 Turbo Special Edition convertible speedsters will be imported, and only in Monte Carlo yellow or Platana gray metallic. This air-dammed and turboed Saab features ABS brakes, an air bag and three-spoke alloy wheels.

$35,000 AND UP

BMW's $35,700 325i features a thin but immensely rigid windscreen frame that's as strong as a conventional roll bar.

The $38,700 Chevrolet Corvette convertible's body changes for 1991 include a fresh front end and an adaptation of the ZR-1's handsome hindquarters.

Lotus just launched an impressive-handling Elan roadster for about $39,000. The tiny Elan marries a turbo-charged Isuzu-Lotus twin-cam four-cylinder engine with an innovative front-wheel-drive suspension.

Crave the unusual? About $48,000 will get you into a genuine Morgan +8 roadster. Isis Imports of San Francisco imports these classic British two-seaters, modifying them to meet EPA/DOT specifications. The current Morgans run on propane gas. However, it's rumored that it won't be long before gasoline-powered +8s will be sold here.

Another impressive entry is the Mercedes-Benz 500SL, with its 322-hp, variable-valve-timing-equipped V8 engine, fully automatic soft top and split-second-actuating roll bar. For $90,000, you expect the best, and with this blitzin' Benz, you get it.

Ferrari's $110,000 348 ts is an open sports two-seater in the Italian tradition. Less well known in the Ferrari line-up is the $102,500 Mondial t cabriolet, which boasts its sportier brother's 300-hp V8 engine and a transversely mounted gearbox.

Porsche's $69,000-to-$80,000 rear-engined 911 Carrera 2 and 4 Cabrios are available with either two- or four-wheel drive. If they're a bit steep for your wallet, the front-engined, $50,000 944 S2 Cabrio remains a relative bargain.

Cadillac's $56,000 Allanté has been greatly improved, thanks to renewed attention to detail and a very effective electronic traction control.

Finally, for dignified luxury with a performance punch, the elegant $63,000 Jaguar XJ-S, with a V12 engine, is a men's club on wheels.

DOWN THE ROAD

Some other great convertibles are also on the way. Dodge will preview its V10 Viper roadster this summer. The price? Maybe under $50,000. Honda reportedly has a topless CRX in the works and Nissan is rumored to be developing a convertible version of its 240SX. And spy photos of a sleek Ferrari 512GT California convertible have crossed our desk. —KEN GROSS

Mein Kuwait (continued from page 72)

"Like the Kuwaitis, the Special Forces were dispensable bit players in the liberation of Kuwait."

extended back for miles. Large green flags with the Saudi sword and Arabic inscription flew from every tank and truck. There were small Kuwaiti flags beneath them. We had orders not to advance, so we stood by and watched as the Saudi convoy headed for the city.

Although the Special Forces commander had already received word of the command, he still showed his disappointment. Some of his men had tried to enter the city and were turned back. He was told that when Saudis finally allowed the Kuwaiti forces to enter the city, the Americans were not to accompany them. In fact, they were not even to be seen with them in the city. Their job was over. They weren't with the Kuwaitis now and never had been. Like the Kuwaitis, the Special Forces were dispensable bit players in the drama of the liberation of Kuwait.

"We're only an army within an army in another country; we take their orders," the Kuwaiti commander told me. "I'll send you in alone if you wish. You'll be in Kuwait City before me."

I got a truck and a driver and we made for Kuwait City. As we approached the expressway to the city, we passed Egyptian troops stopped by the side of the road. We also came across American Marines digging in around the outskirts of the city. All were waiting for the Saudis to lead the liberation.

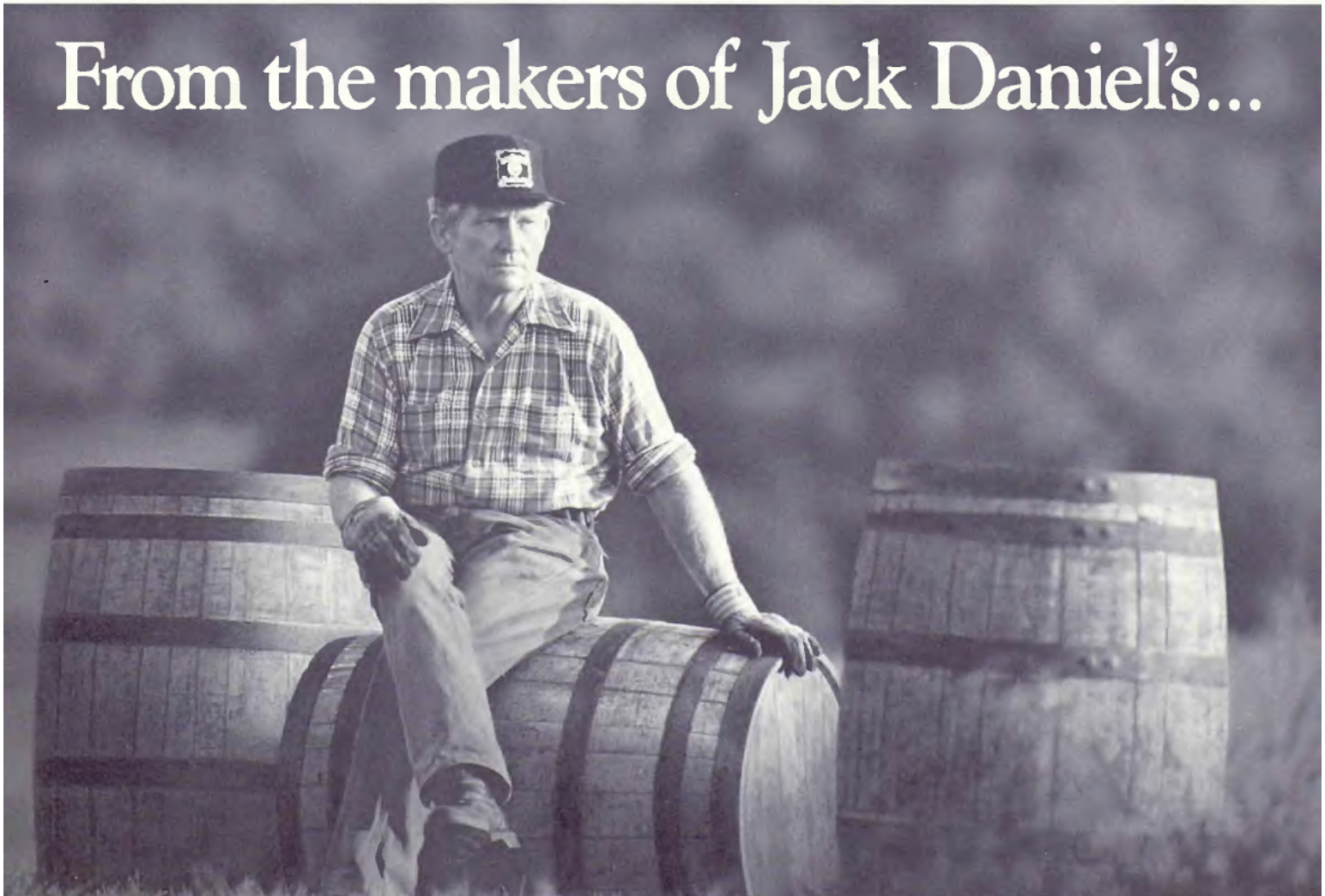
In retrospect, the Saudi march appeared inevitable. By sweeping past the rest of the Allied troops, the Saudis were gaining ground not only on their Kuwaiti neighbors but on the Iraqis and on their own history as a silent partner in the Middle East. By carrying off a lead role in the Gulf war, Saudi Arabia would become the dominant force in the Middle East.

If the war does produce a new world order, as President Bush has promised, then that new order is predicated on the alliance of two vastly dissimilar countries, Saudi Arabia and the United States. It is an unlikely partnership.

Saudi Arabia remains a feudal society devoid of basic human rights. There is no freedom of speech: The penalty for criticism of Islam is death. Nor is there even the most primitive form of representative government. The country is ruled entirely by members of one family. Nepotism and corruption within the government are endemic.

The U.S. can overlook this, of course, because Saudi Arabia is about oil, the elemental substance of the world economy. Whoever controls the majority of the world's oil supply controls its price as well and, therefore, the primary cost of doing business. Together, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait possess about 35 percent of the world's supply of oil. With the control of both sources, Saudi Arabia would instantly emerge as an economic superpower. The United States and the Saudis are fashioning a new economic and political order in the Middle East, and with it, a new international order has been born.

If all goes according to plan, the U.S. economy, badly battered by competition from Japan and Germany, will no longer be at the mercy of unpredictable market forces. With control of an oil supply on which Germany and Japan depend, the United States can, from a discreet distance, manage its rivals' principal cost of doing business. Facing that kind of American leverage, the Germans and the Japanese may become a little more eager to resolve the thorny issues of trade imbalance. If they don't, America



will be in a position to see that its citizens have to take out mortgages if they want to buy Hondas or Mercedeses.

•

When I finally arrived in Kuwait City, it was absolutely chaotic. There were no organized troops. Armed Kuwaiti resistance fighters, dressed in odd bits and pieces of military uniforms, manned check points around the city. I was, it seemed, the first American the Kuwaitis had seen, and I was overwhelmed by their display of gratitude. Many of them literally kissed my hand. Some shouted, "Israel, yes; Arafat, no!" while others were so overjoyed that they fired their weapons into the air, leading to a rash of deaths from falling bullets.

We made our way through the streets to the Kuwait International Hotel, located on the beach front. It had been trashed and looted by the Iraqis. There was no water, no electricity, no food. I took a room, then headed for the beach to check on yet another set of fortifications. There were no reinforced bunkers, no oil-filled ditches—just mines neatly fenced off and marked.

By the time I returned, the hotel was filling up with the media royalty. Dan Rather showed up, Tom Brokaw was there and I found Sam Donaldson wandering around the garage, looking lost. Ted Koppel was said to be on his way. When the network stars decamp from the plush hotels to the front, it's a sure sign that the shooting war is over. The ratings war was about to escalate.

A new PR firm—the Rendon Group, out of Washington—had taken over the management of Kuwait's world image. They distributed pictures of the emir and the crown prince to the anxious Kuwaiti citizenry who had been forced to do without for many months.

No official of the Kuwaiti government arrived in the city for several days. But the Saudi commander in chief, Prince Khalid bin Sultan, was available for a photo opportunity, posing triumphantly with his troops, who now commanded the city. He toured as a conquering hero, and the Kuwaitis went delirious with joy as he passed by in his Mercedes. Not until later that week did the Kuwaiti crown prince arrive, while the emir remained in Saudi Arabia for an extra two weeks.

As the Kuwaitis straggled back home, the Saudis occupied Kuwait City and manned check points. They also built a huge tent city on the road to Kuwait to house returning Kuwaitis. In other words, no citizens of Kuwait would be allowed into their own country without first passing Saudi inspection. Not even emergency supplies were being allowed past the border without intense Saudi scrutiny. The Saudis intend to maintain a permanent military presence in Kuwait to protect their brethren; it may be assumed that it will not countenance anything but a rigidly Islamic country.

The United States is adamant that the Sabah family return to the Kuwaiti throne. But that family now owes its allegiance to the Saudis. If democratic reform is not in the interest of Saudi Arabia or the Sabahs—and both care about stability above all else—it may not be in the interest of the U.S., either.

•

On my last night in the desert outside Kuwait City, I was speaking with another Special Forces officer. We were huddled against the side of a tank, which shielded us from the wind and rain. We drank C-ration coffee and tried to figure out what had really happened in Kuwait. He mentioned that he had been in Panama for the U.S. invasion. "That's it," I said. "This was Big Panama."

He thought for a moment and finally said with resignation, "Yeah, I guess it really was—Big Panama."

Not much changed in Panama after the U.S. invasion. Some say things got worse. There is still corruption, drug running, gun smuggling and money laundering—all the crimes that existed during Noriega's reign. We liberated Panama, but we didn't change a thing.

We may have liberated Kuwait, but we haven't made it free.

To the drinkers of Jack Daniel's.
Our very own, very special recipe for sippin' Jack Daniel's in the summertime.
JACK DANIEL'S LYNCHBURG LEMONADE
1 Part Jack Daniel's
1 Part Sweet & Sour Mix
1 Part Triple Sec
4 Parts Sprite®
Add ice and stir.
Garnish with lemon slices and cherries.
JACK DANIEL'S LYNCHBURG LEMONADE
JACK DANIEL'S OLD TIME
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Box, 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kings and 100's, 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

WATCH ON THE BRINE

Whether you're hanging ten in 40-foot waves or exploring the floor of the ocean, a reliable watch can be your most trusted companion. But we're not talking about just any old waterproof ticker. Surf watches, made of sturdy materials such as stainless steel, urethane and fiberglass, are built specifically to withstand the pressures of the deep. Aside from tracking the duration of your activities, many feature calendar, alarm, compass and stop-watch functions. High-tech models can even chart wind velocity, store data from previous plunges and count waves and laps so you don't have to. And they look as great on land as they do under the sea, with some so colorful they give the fish a run for their money. Sorry, Charley!

Clockwise from top right: Shark Wave surfer's watch with stop watch and click-stop bezel that counts waves and laps, by FreeStyle USA, $45. Scuba Master with dive log that stores data for as many as 30 dives, by Seiko, $1000. Formula 1 Heuer diver's watch that calculates dive time, by Tag Heuer, $195. Nautica Swiss-made quartz surfer's watch with built-in compass, $195. G-Shock surfer's watch with daily alarm, hourly time signals and elapsed-time counter, by Casio, about $100. Windsurfer's watch with wind-velocity conversion chart, by Citizen, $175.

STEVE CONWAY

Where & How to Buy on page 168.

Back to Basics

Actress ANDIE MACDOWELL, who is fresh from her pairing with Gérard Depardieu in *Green Card*, can now be found acting up with Bruce Willis in *Hudson Hawk*. Andie's dandy.

© RON GALELLA

Ain't Nothin' Like the Real Thing

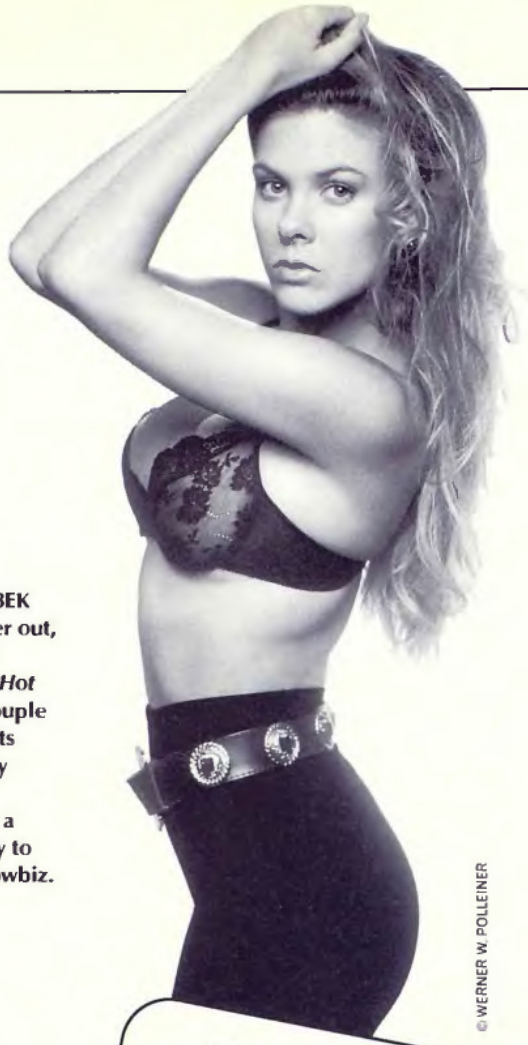
Songwriters/singers NICK ASHFORD and VALERIE SIMPSON got their party clothes on (and slightly off) for a reception for the Congress of Racial Equality. With their new album hitting the streets, you can expect a concert tour, so put on *your* party clothes.

© RON GALELLA

The Thighs Have It

Actress DEBRA LAMB has worked in movies, in videos and on TV, often performing her special trick—eating fire. Speaking of hot stuff, run down to the video store and get *Satan's Princess*. Watch Debra fan the flames.

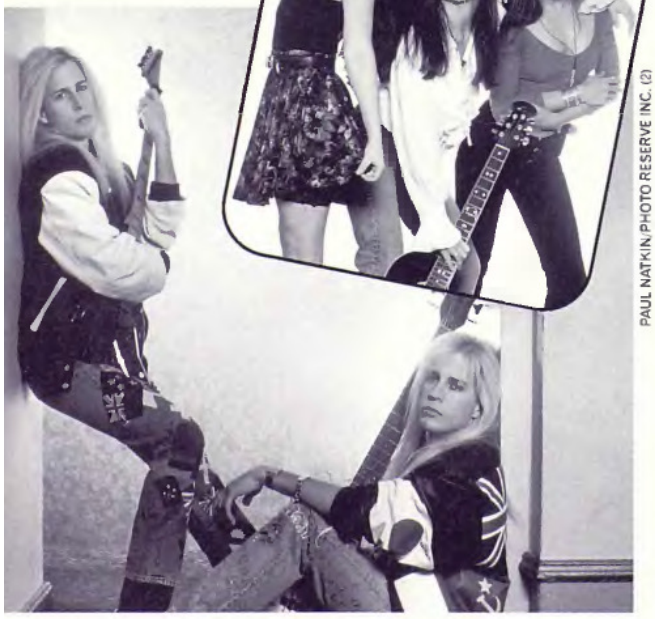
© DAN GOLDEN



© WERNER W. POLLEINER

Linda Loses Her Shirt

LINDA SOBEK has a poster out, a swimsuit video, *Too Hot Brazil*, a couple of TV credits and a really cute tush. Seems like a perfect way to start in showbiz.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC. (2)

Family Affair

What we have here are twins and triplets: GUNNAR and MATTHEW NELSON, whose debut album, *After the Rain*, has already gone platinum, and the TRIPLETS, whose debut LP, . . . *Thicker than Water*, had the largest initial radio response of any debut artist on their label. Double or triple your fun: Nelson's first tour sold out and the Triplets will be on the road through the fall. See for yourself why two or three are better than one.

© EBET ROBERTS

A Poke and a Joke

At a reception for radio and late-night talk-show host RICK DEES, C & C Music Factory singer ZELMA DAVIS stopped by to say hello and check out these nudes, originally commissioned for the 1980 summer Olympics. An informal anatomy lesson separated the buns from the puns.

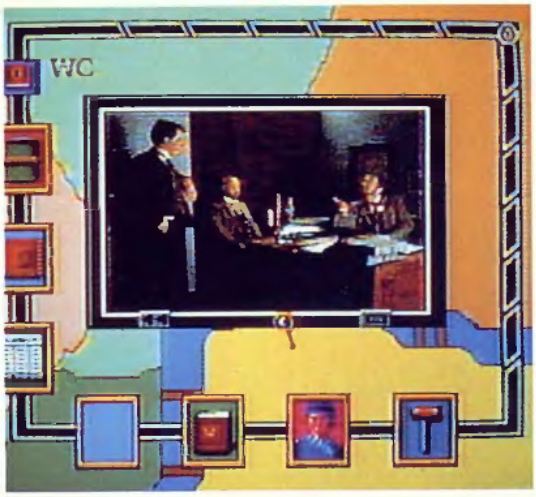
ANDY PEARLMAN

Why We Love the Beach

As you can see, actress TERRI WILGREN has no tan lines. When she's not in *Grapevine*, she's acting in Prince's movies, most recently *Graffiti Bridge*. Surf's up, Terri!

THE CD DUNNIT

There's nothing elementary about *Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Detective*, the first in a series of software titles designed for NEC's TurboGrafx CD player. The game features three murder mysteries in which the player becomes Holmes, interacting with 50 characters while attempting to deduce which clues are valuable and which are red herrings. Real actors were cast for the games and their images were then digitized along with other graphics onto the compact disc. The price: about $60. Quick, Watson, the wallet!

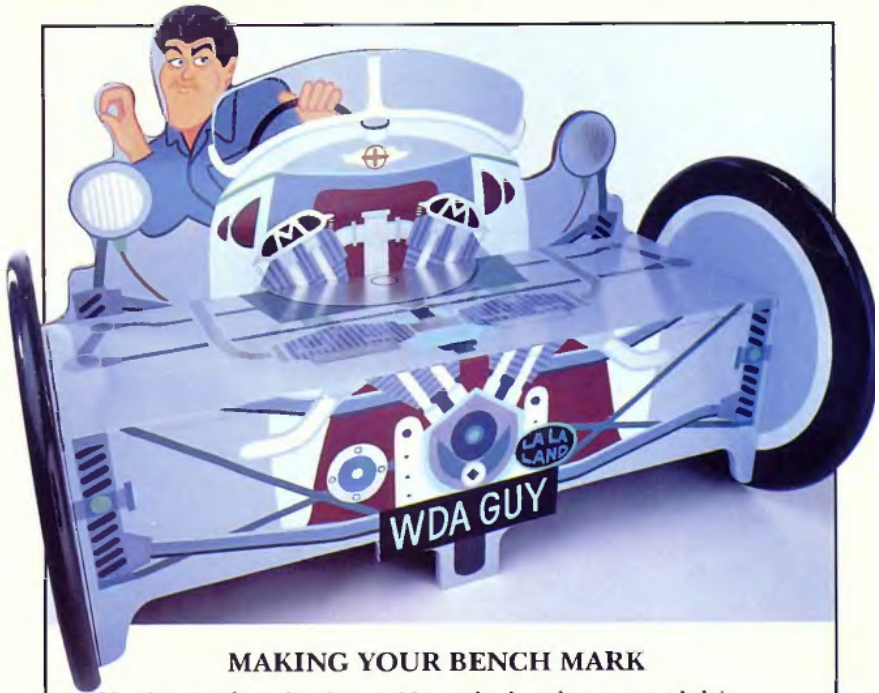


WAY TO FLY!

When it comes to airplanes, if you believe that the only class is first class, consider subscribing to *The First Class Review*, a newsletter that rates 40 domestic and international airlines. A year's subscription costs $100, or you can purchase individual airline reviews for three dollars each by calling 800-735-2819. Singapore Airlines, for example, gets an A for in-flight service but only a C for entertainment. Take your time eating.

NO STRINGS ATTACHED

You might say that Reversitiles by Jerice has the women's swimsuit market nicely wrapped up. But while Jerice may have invented the bathing suit pictured here, the lady in your life actually creates it—winding the straps that form the top of the nylon/Lycra suit around her body any way she wants to. The suits come in sizes three through 16, with bottoms in both full and thong style. You can choose from 600 color combinations, including black and fuchsia, yellow and pink, orange and purple—plus, there's a leopard-skin look. Reversitiles by Jerice's price is $68 each. Call 800-486-9116 for details.



MAKING YOUR BENCH MARK

Oh, that madcap Jay Leno. Not only does he own and drive great cars and motorcycles in real life, he gets his likeness depicted on a piece of automotive furniture, too. Actually, the five-foot-wide bench shown here, painted to depict Leno aboard a Morgan three-wheeler, was a surprise birthday present from friends—Leno being the proud owner of a real Morgan trike. The company that created the bench, Eccentric Seating, 1644 North Sedgwick Street, Chicago 60614, offers several colors and seating styles with a variety of sports-related themes. Chairs are $1600, a bench is $2800 and a customized bench with an individual portrait is $3200. Jay, you look good!

PUTTIN' ON A FIVE-STAR RITZ

The Ritz-Carlton in Naples, Florida, itself a *Mobil Travel Guide* Five-Star winner, was host for this year's gala Five-Star awards weekend, with only 33 out of more than 21,000 restaurants and lodgings rated receiving the accolade. New Mobil Five-Star winners are the Four Seasons Hotel in Beverly Hills, The Inn at Little Washington Restaurant (the inn also has Five Stars) and La Côte Basque in New York.

POP GOES THE BLANKET

Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon would have loved this—a beach blanket that pops open from a 20-inch disc to a 64"x 40" sun spot faster than Annette could say, "Can somebody rub some oil on my back?" The blanket is of sturdy, quick-drying polyester/cotton and, yes, it easily folds up when you're heading for home. The popOPEN Company sells the popOPEN blanket for $29.95, postpaid, sent to P.O. Box 23, Pacific Palisades, California 90272. A 64"x 52" picnic version costs $39.95.

HOT METAL

Think the largest car manufacturer in the world is General Motors, Volkswagen or Toyota? Think again. They're small potatoes compared with mighty Mattel, the toy company that recently produced its billionth pint-sized automobile. To commemorate the event, Mattel is introducing the Hot Wheels Billionth Car Collection, featuring four gold-toned Corvette models: the 1963 Split-Window, the 1968 Stingray, the Eighties Hardtop and the Custom Convertible. The cars and the commemorative stand are about five dollars each at hobby shops and toy stores. Take two; they're small. *Very* small.

MAKING CRIME PAY

"Do you guys know there's a bigger markup in fresh milk than there is in alcohol? We've been in the wrong racket all along!" Yes, we're quoting Big Al Capone, who also said, "I give the public what it wants." These and other pearls of wisdom on vice and violence are in *The Quotable Al Capone*, by Mark Levell and *Playboy* Contributing Editor William J. Helmer. The Chicago Typewriter Company, 14170 South Cicero, #201, Crestwood, Illinois 60445, sells the book for $10.50, postpaid.

CONVERSATION STARTER

Banning Enterprises of Farmingdale, New York, manufactures Lady's Choice, "the hilarious talking key chain that lets you 'pick him up' or 'put him down.'" And what does the talking key chain say? Well, depending on where you press its red button, you'll hear "Nice buns!" or "What a hunk!" or "Get lost!" or "You're a loser!" Card and novelty stores stock Lady's Choice, or you can call 800-426-9881 for information on a local retailer. The price: about ten dollars. For that kind of money, buy us a drink and we'll follow you anywhere.

NEXT MONTH

FUTURE STUFF

LENNY'S LEGACY

SWINGING SPORT

DREAMY WOMEN

"UNCLE SAM TAKES A SNOOZE"—WHY DO WE ENCOURAGE REVOLT AGAINST TYRANTS AND THEN ABANDON OUR REBEL PALS?—A MEMOIR BY *PLAYBOY*'S *MEN* COLUMNIST, **ASA BABER**

"VEGAS WINNER"—OUR AUGUST PLAYMATE, **CORINNA HARNEY,** COMES UP ACES IN A TOWN FULL OF PLAYERS

"BACK-TO-THE-FUTURE STUFF"—HOLOGRAPHIC FOOD, LIQUID SUNGLASSES AND SELF-PARKING CARS ARE AMONG THE GALAXY OF GADGETS THAT WILL BE COMING TO STORES NEAR YOU BY THE YEAR 2002—EXCERPTED FROM THE BOOK BY **MALCOLM ABRAMS** AND **HARRIET BERNSTEIN**

ROBERT DOWNEY, JR., TAKES A STAND ON **BRET EASTON ELLIS'** LATEST CONTRIBUTION, REVEALS THE MOST REGRETTABLE THING HE HAS EVER DONE AND TELLS US WHY **DAVID LETTERMAN** FILLS HIM WITH DREAD IN A ZANY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"BOOMTOWN"—LIFE ON AN OIL RIG LEADS TO A FACE-OFF BETWEEN TWO MEN, ONE WITH A KNIFE AND ONE IN A RAGE—FICTION BY **CRAIG VETTER**

"CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'"—A PICTORIAL OF GORGEOUS WOMEN FROM THE HOT SANDS OF THE GOLDEN STATE

"LENNY BRUCE: THE ONE AND ONLY"—ONCE IN A GENERATION COMES A COMIC WITH THE POWER TO CHANGE PEOPLE'S VIEWS OF THEIR CULTURE. THAT'S WHAT LENNY DID WITH HIS FURIOUSLY FUNNY, ACERBIC SHTICK. A *PLAYBOY PROFILE*—BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

"THE MEN FROM D.A.R.P.A."—HOW THE PENTAGON'S LITTLE-KNOWN BAND OF TECHNOLOGICAL GREEN BERETS PUT US OVER THE TOP IN THE PERSIAN GULF—BY **JOHN SEDGWICK**

DARYL GATES, THE BESIEGED LOS ANGELES POLICE CHIEF, TALKS ABOUT THE SCANDAL THAT HAS ROCKED HIS DEPARTMENT AND OFFERS HEATED OPINIONS ABOUT DRUGS AND CRIME IN A DON'T-MISS **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

PLAYBOY'S INDISPENSABLE GOLF PACKAGE INCLUDES THE ULTIMATE LESSON, THE LATEST ON TARGET GOLF AND AN INTERVIEW WITH AMERICA'S FAVORITE SWINGER, **LEE TREVINO**

PLUS: "PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT," BY **KEN GROSS; "GREAT BOWLS OF FIRE"**—FROM TEX-MEX TO CAJUN, FROM SZECHWAN TO THAI, SPICY FOOD ADDS FLAVOR TO AMERICA'S DINING TASTES, BY **JOHN OLDCASTLE;** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

One is suitable for a life led in water; the other is the water of life. What are they? The humble raincoat and Scotch whisky, two of Scotland's finer inventions.

Each of which can be remarkably accommodating in a downpour.

Taste the true flavor of Scotland, Dewar's "White Label."

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BULL DURHAM
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Filters: 14 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
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